Eternal Praise

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ETERNAL PRAISE

FOR THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

Compiled and Edited by

MARION LAWRANCE

General Secretary of International Sunday School Association

AND

E. O. EXCELL

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes with Orchestration

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FOREWORD

THE thought, skill and painstaking care that enter into any kind of effort reveal themselves in the result achieved. It is not necessary to say of a painting or a sculpture that it has taken skill, time and ability to produce it. A view of the finished work of art is its own evidence. Instead, therefore, of writing eulogies of the editors and compilers whose combined effort this book represents, we bid you turn to its musical pages. They have ability to speak for themselves and to sing their own way into your heart. You will be impressed with their beauty, fervor, strength, reverence and devotion. We take pleasure in introducing you at once to *Eternal Praise*.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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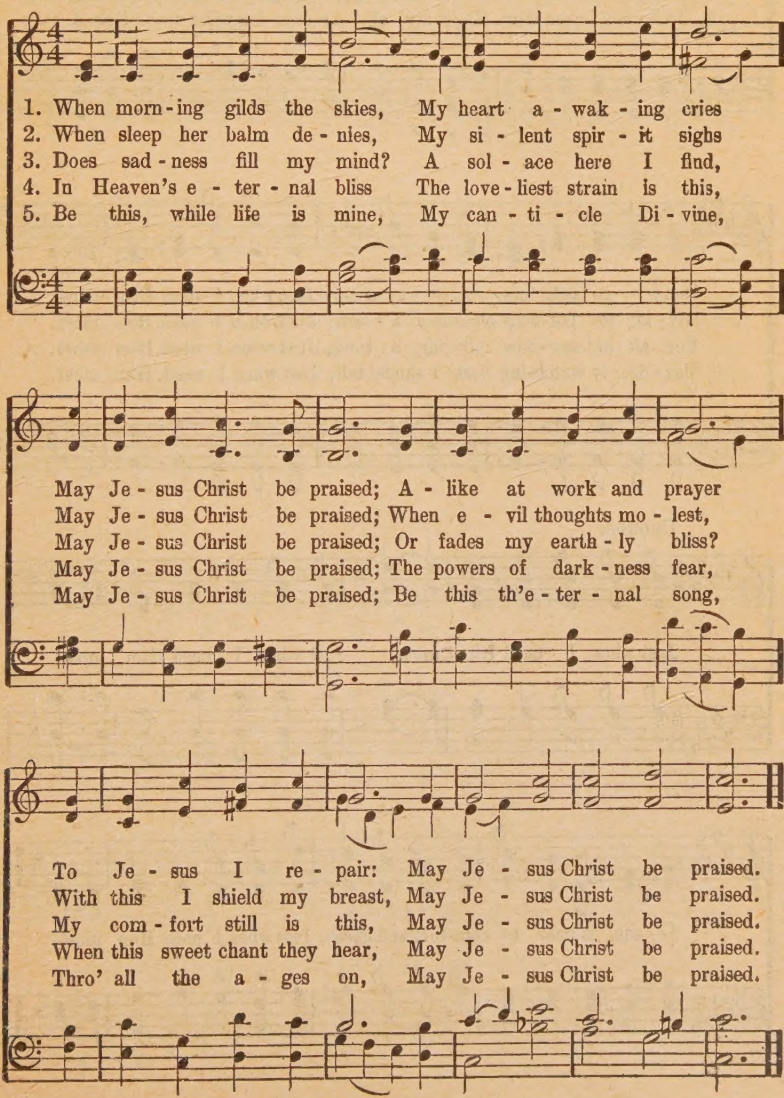
ETERNAL PRAISE

No. 1. May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.
Rev. Edward Caswall, 1853.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries
2. When sleep her balm de-nies, My si-lent spir-it sighs
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol-ace here I find,
4. In Heaven's e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle Di-vine,
May Je-sus Christ be praised; A-like at work and prayer
May Je-sus Christ be praised; When e-vil thoughts mo-lest,
May Je-sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth-ly bliss?
May Je-sus Christ be praised; The powers of dark-ness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised; Be this th'e-ter-nal song,
To Je-sus I re-pair: May Je-sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast, May Je-sus Christ be praised.
My com-fort still is this, May Je-sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a-ges on, May Je-sus Christ be praised.

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No. 2. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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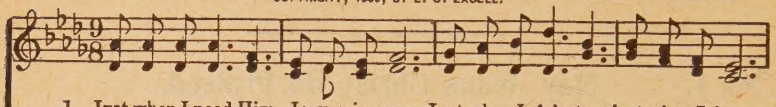
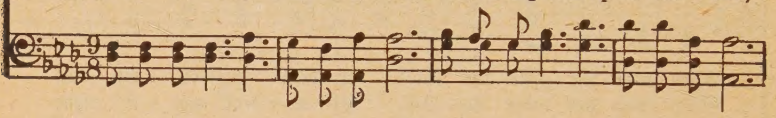
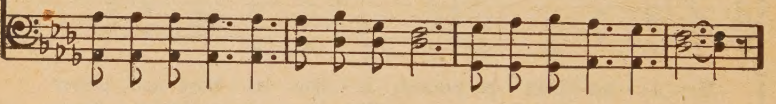
Chas. H. Gabriel.



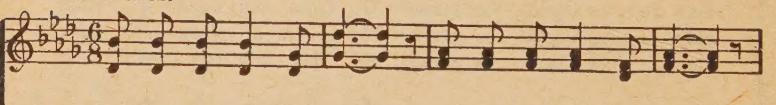
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

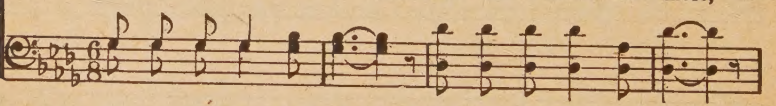
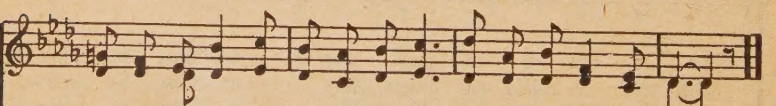


Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

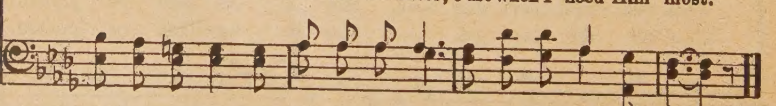


CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 3. Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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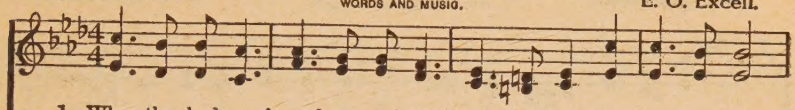
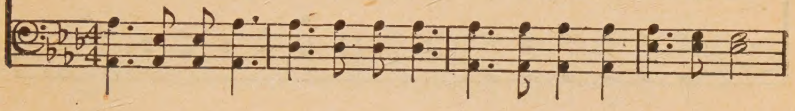
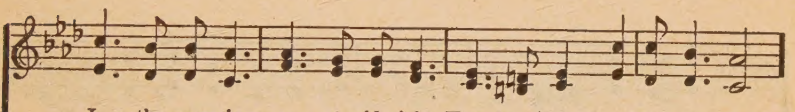
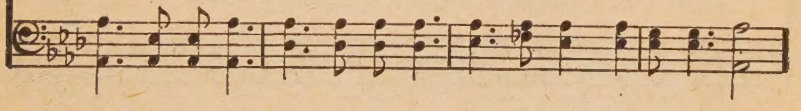


1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fond-est hopes have perished, When so free - ly falls the tear,
4. When the val - ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;





In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



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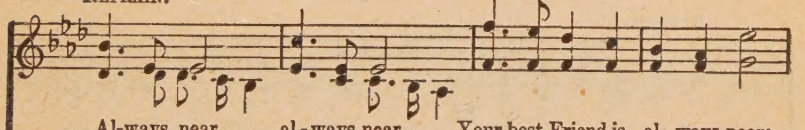
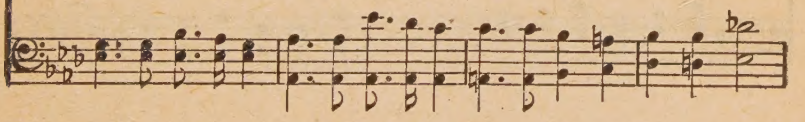
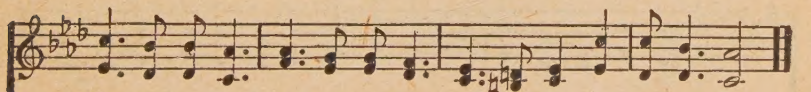
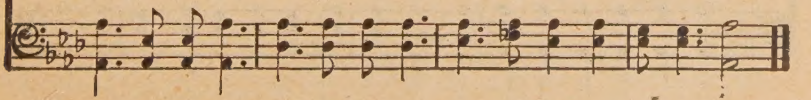


Al-ways near, al - ways near, Your best Friend is al - ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,





In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near.



No. 4. Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

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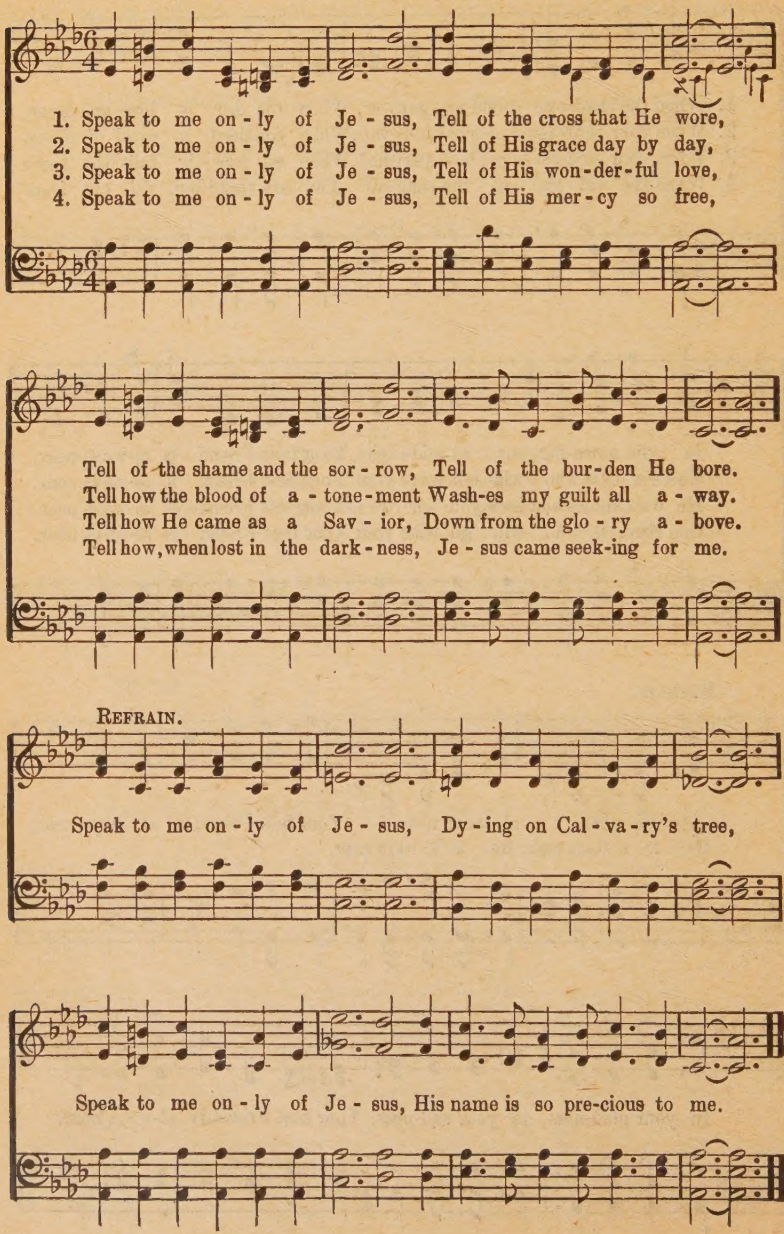
1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won - der - ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,
Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur - den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone - ment Wash-es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark - ness, Je - sus came seek-ing for me.
REFRAIN.
Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,
Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre-cious to me.

No. 5. Thy Kingdom Come.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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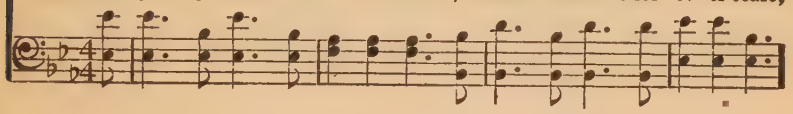
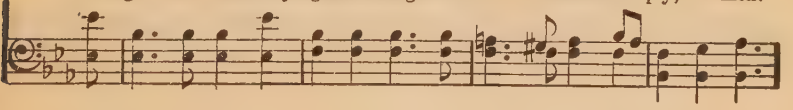
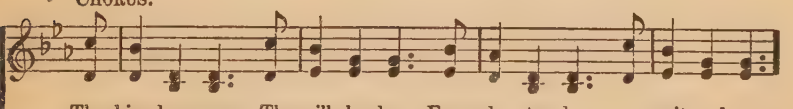
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

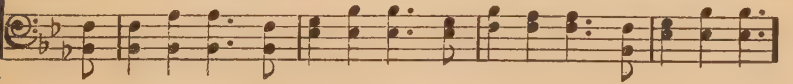
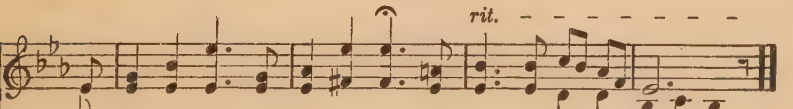
1. "Thy kingdom come," Thy children pray With yearning hearts from day to day,
2. That glo - rious day, so long de-layed, For which all oth-er days were made,
3. When Je - sus' name shall honored be From shore to shore, and sea to sea,
4. Then quick-ly come, Thou Prince of Peace, Bid war and strife for - ev - er cease;

And wait the dawn-ing of the hour Which man - i - fests the Savior's pow'r.
The time, to trust-ing hearts so dear, When Christ shall in the clouds ap-pear.
And ev - 'ry hu - man tongue confess The beau - ty of His ho - li - ness.
Be - gin on earth Thy righteous reign And let all hearts re - ply, "A-men."

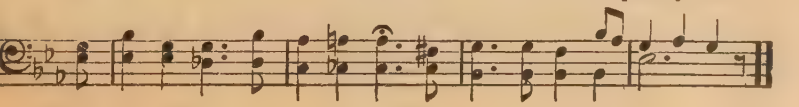


CHORUS.



Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, From day to day we wait and pray;



Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done, We pray Thy king-dom come.
quick-ly come.

No. 6. Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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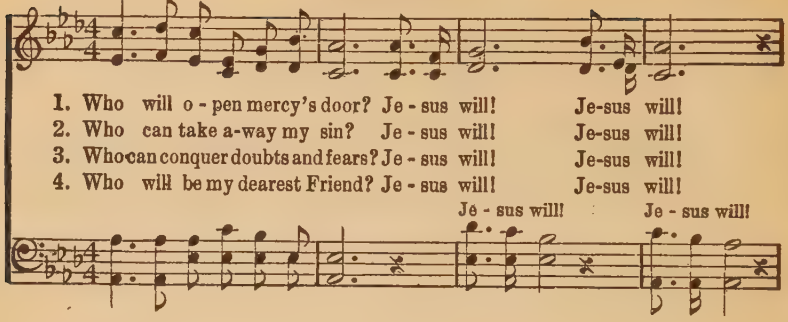
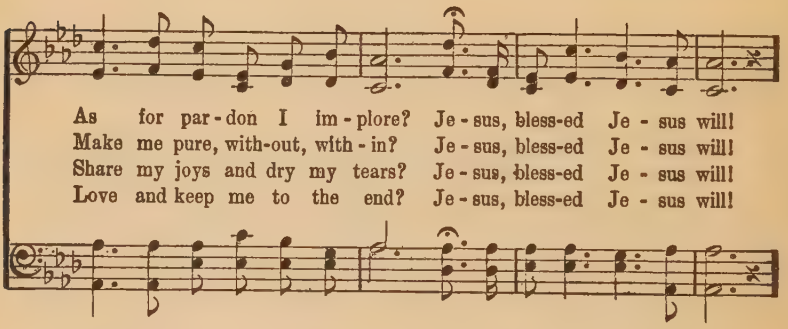
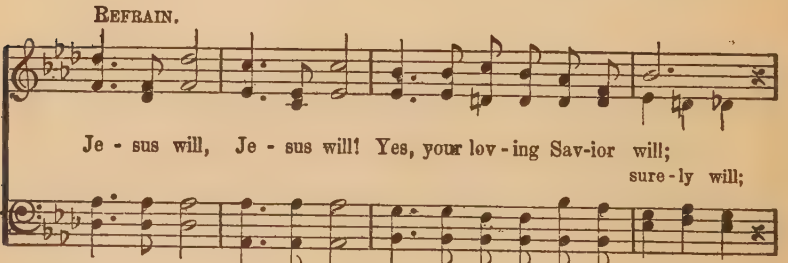
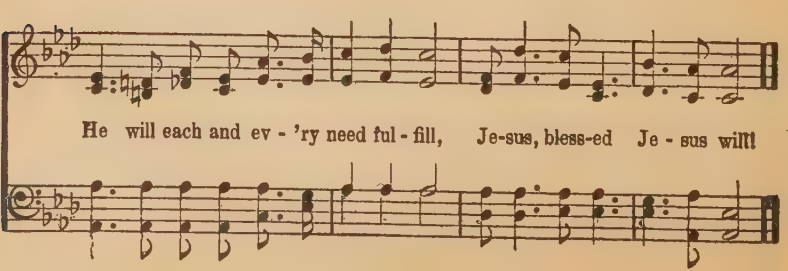

1. Who will o - pen mercy's door? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a-way my sin? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

REFRAIN.





No. 7.

Some One Who Knows.

Mrs. F. A. Breck.

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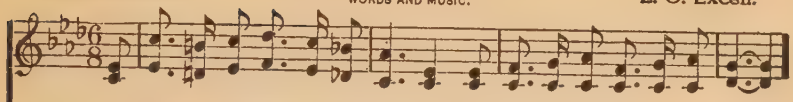
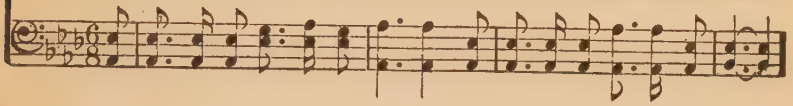


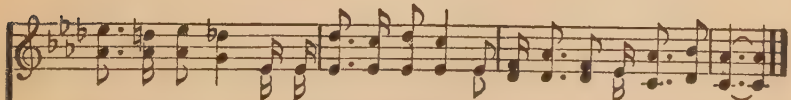
1. How man-y are lost in the darkness, With spirits whose sorrow o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You surely will has-ten to go,
4. Wher-ev-er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temptation o'er-thrown,



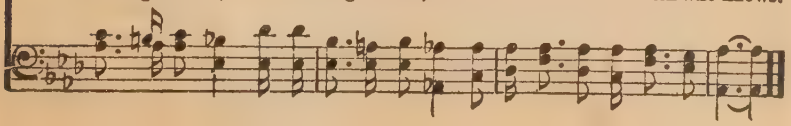
They know not of Christ or salvation,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom, Of gladness and glo-ry a-bove.
And teach them of life ev-er-last-ing, The wonderful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Jesus the Com-fort-er known.

CHORUS.

Some one must tell them who knows The mer-cy that Je-sus be-stows: Oh,



let the Light shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows.



No. 8. O Love Divine.

Maude Frazer.

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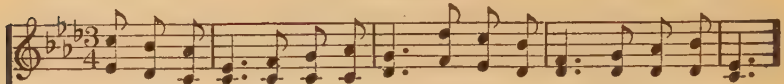
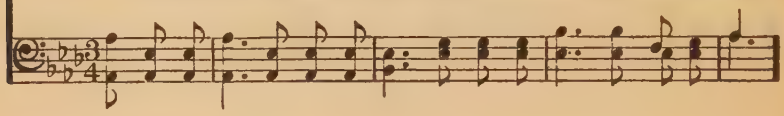
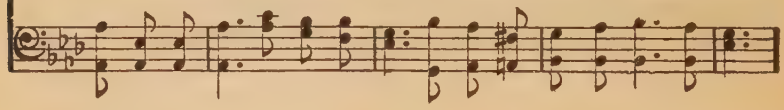
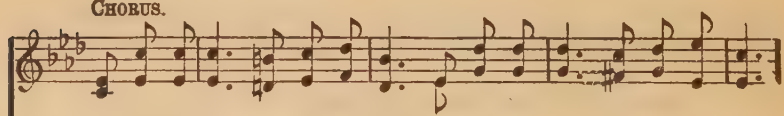
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall,
2. Thy pleading eyes have looked on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "Child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail, my sword of might;

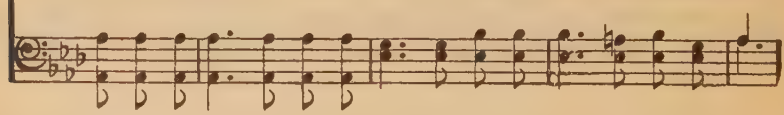
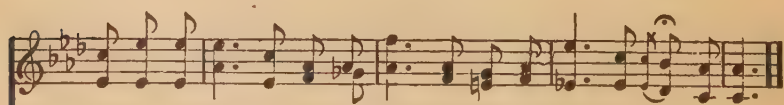


And un - to Thee sur - ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



CHORUS.

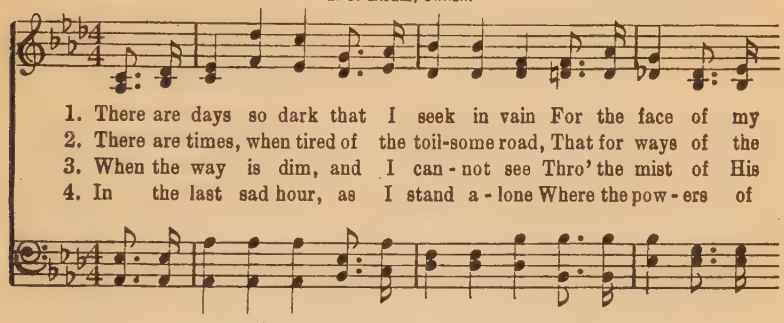


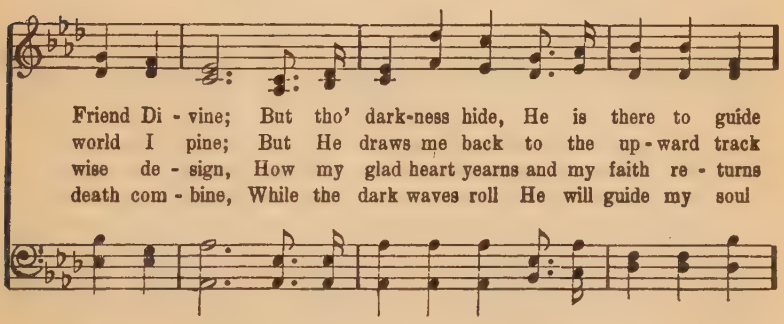
O Love di-vine, so full, so free, Thy wondrous pow'r has conquered me!



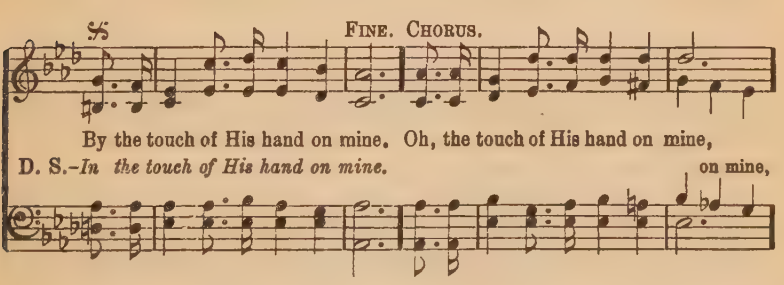
For - ev - er-more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di-vine!

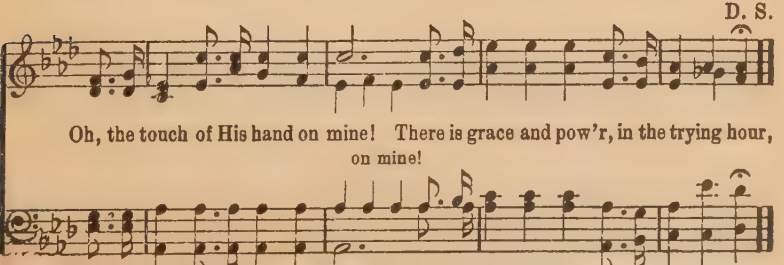
No. 9. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

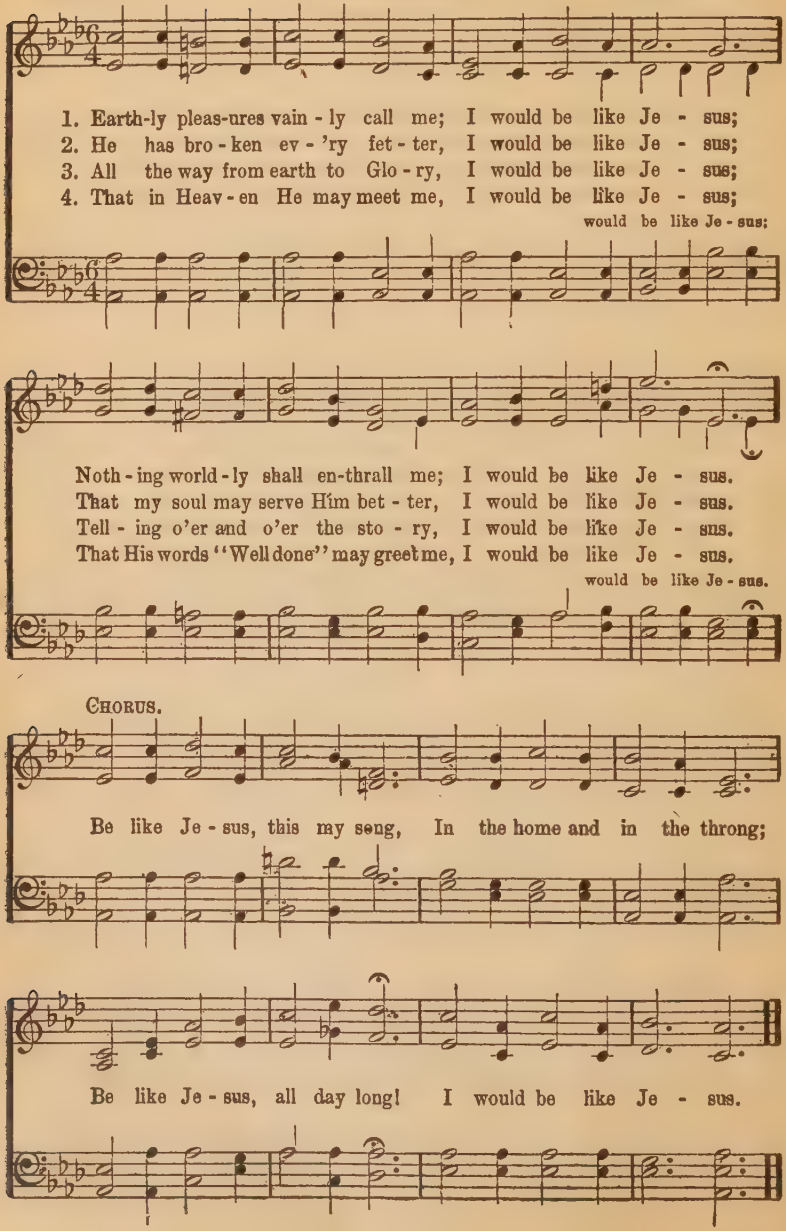

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul





No. 10. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je - sus;
Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 11. My Choice.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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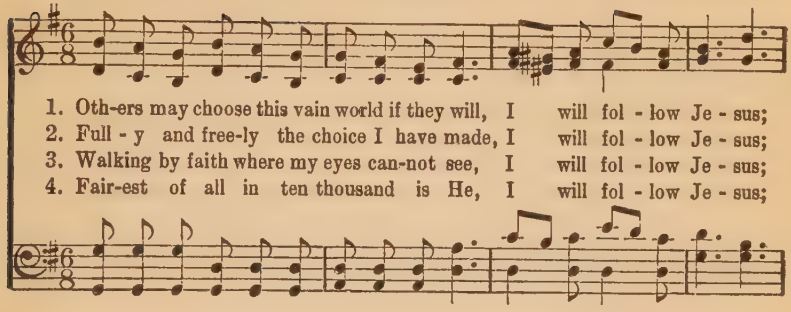
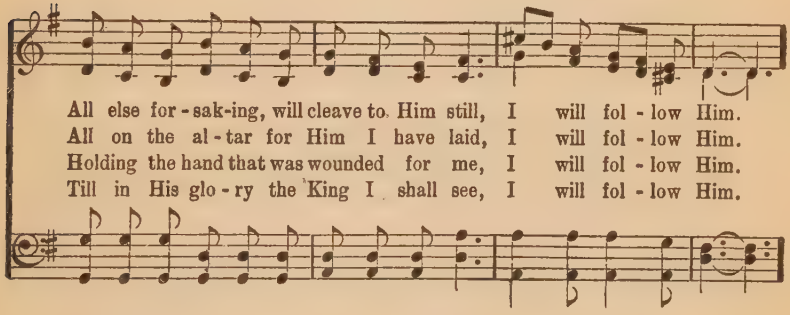
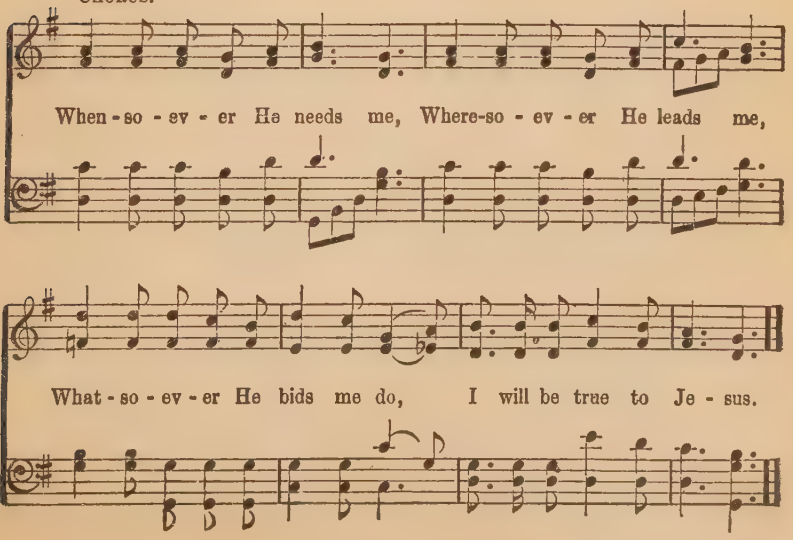
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Oth-ers may choose this vain world if they will, I will fol - low Je - sus;
2. Full - y and free-ly the choice I have made, I will fol - low Je - sus;
3. Walking by faith where my eyes can-not see, I will fol - low Je - sus;
4. Fair-est of all in ten thousand is He, I will fol - low Je - sus;

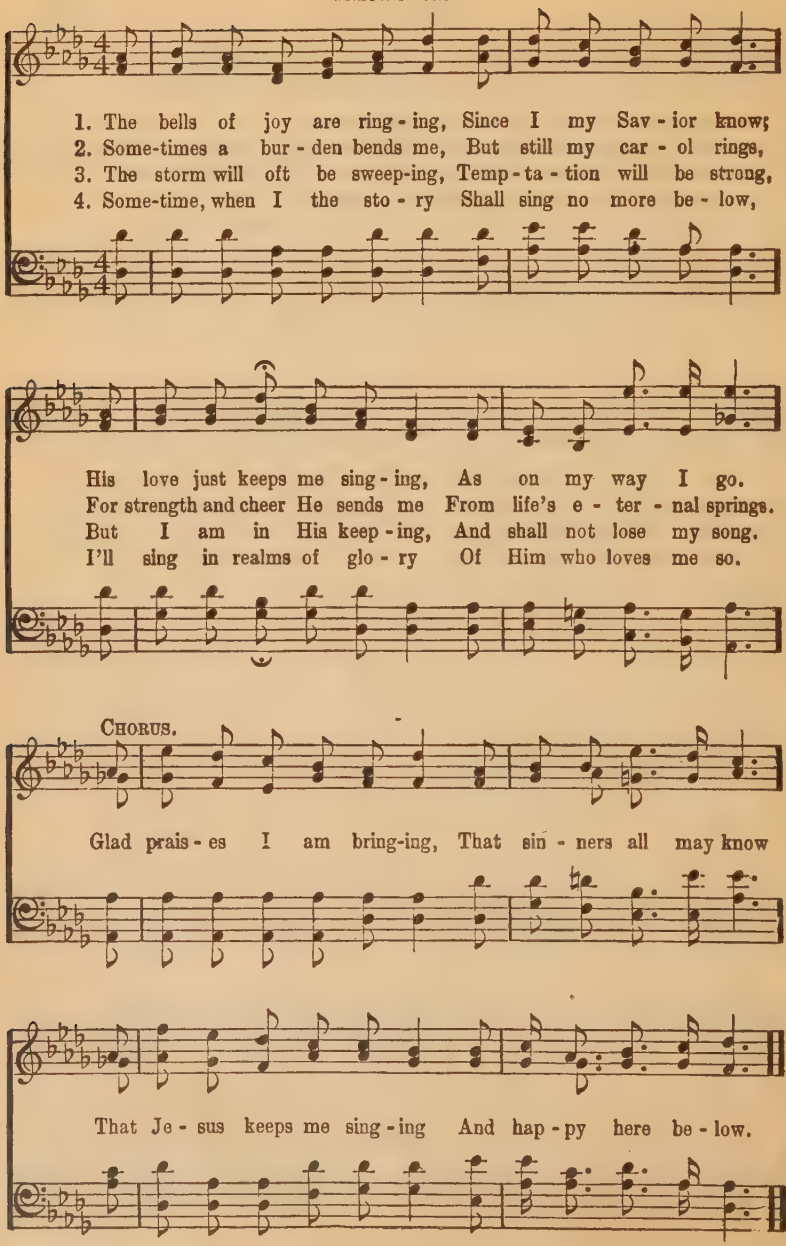

All else for - sak-ing, will cleave to Him still, I will fol - low Him.
All on the al - tar for Him I have laid, I will fol - low Him.
Holding the hand that was wounded for me, I will fol - low Him.
Till in His glo - ry the King I shall see, I will fol - low Him.

CHORUS.



No. 12. His Love Keeps Me Singing.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.


1. The bells of joy are ring - ing, Since I my Sav - ior know;
2. Some-times a bur - den bends me, But still my car - ol rings,
3. The storm will oft be sweep-ing, Temp - ta - tion will be strong,
4. Some-time, when I the sto - ry Shall sing no more be - low,
His love just keeps me sing - ing, As on my way I go.
For strength and cheer He sends me From life's e - ter - nal springs.
But I am in His keep - ing, And shall not lose my song.
I'll sing in realms of glo - ry Of Him who loves me so.
CHORUS.
Glad prais - es I am bring-ing, That sin - ners all may know
That Je - sus keeps me sing - ing And hap - py here be - low.

No. 13. Just Such a Friend is Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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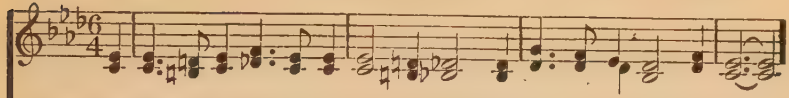
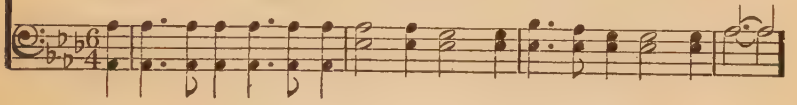
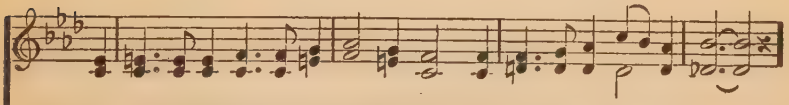
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

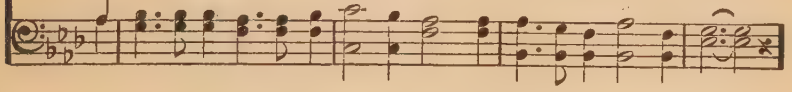


1. Oh, who has not felt that the cares of earth Were more than man's strength could bear,
2. Oh, who has not felt the dark stain of sin Like crim-son up - on his soul,
3. When those that we love have been snatched away, And walk no more by our side,
4. Thou Friend of the friendless, so kind and true, Thou Sav-ior of sin - ners lost,

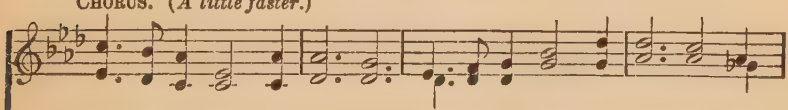




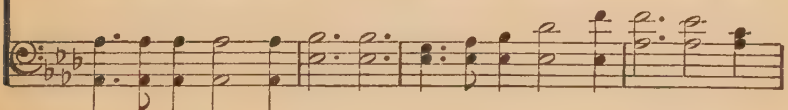
And longed for a friend who could understand, And all of life's bur-dens share?
And sought for a friend who had pow'r to free From passions which held control?
Oh, where is the One who will dear-er be Than all of earth's friends be-side?
Pro-tect us and guide us life's journey thro' Till safely death's stream we've crossed.

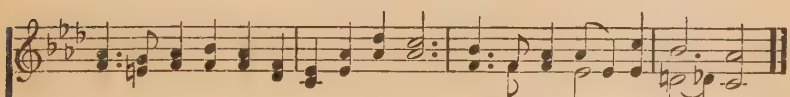


CHORUS. (*A little faster.*)

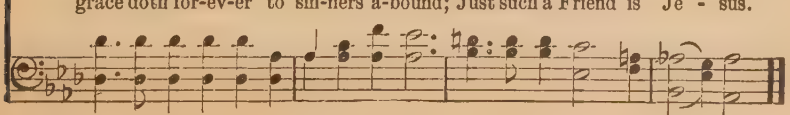


Just such a Friend is Je - sus, Just such a Friend is Je - sus: His



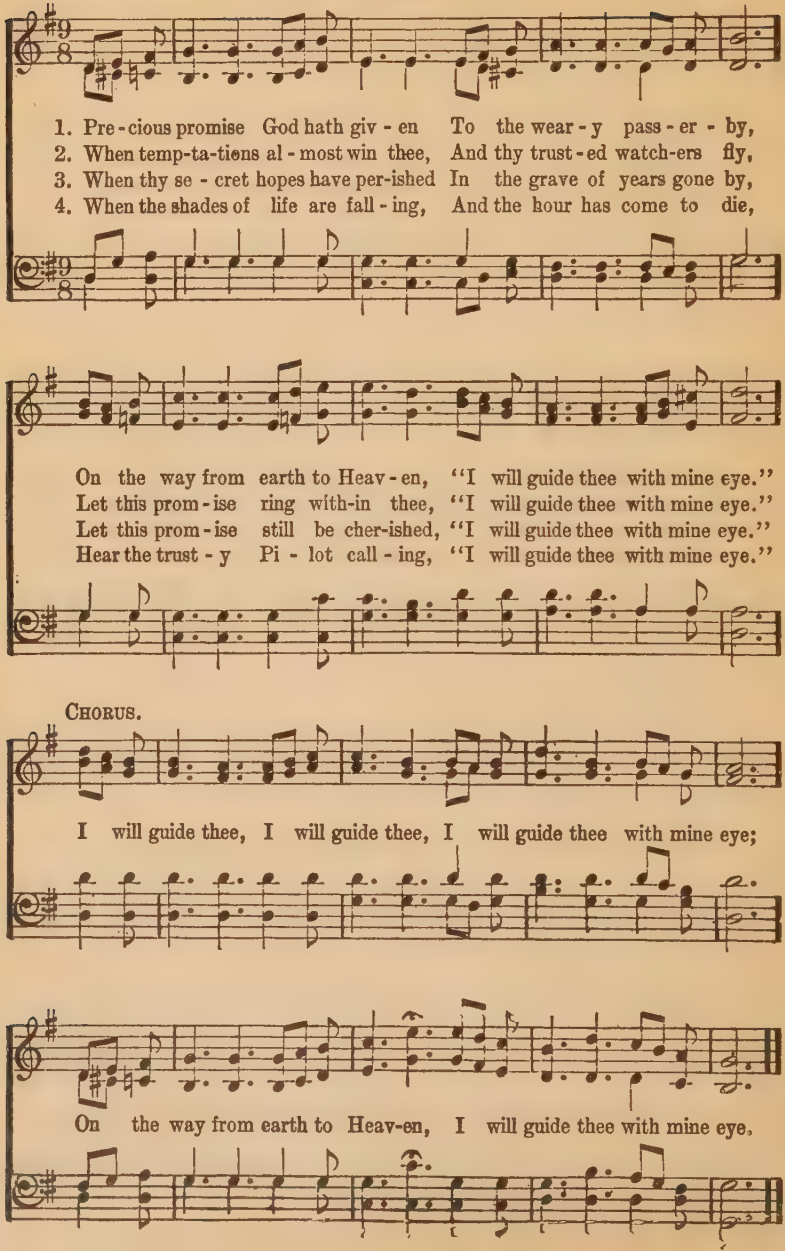


grace doth for-ev-er to sin-ners a-bound; Just such a Friend is Je - sus.



No. 14. Precious Promise.

Nathaniel Niles. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. Pre-cious promise God hath giv-en To the wear-y pass-er-by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al-most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se-cret hopes have per-ished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall-ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to Heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear the trust-y Pi-lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
CHORUS.
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to Heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

No. 15. The Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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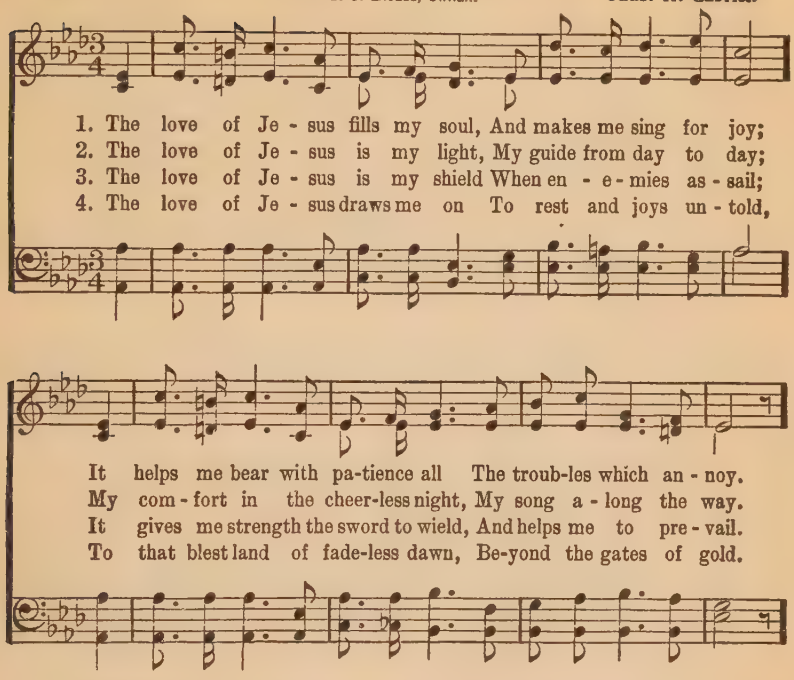
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The love of Je - sus fills my soul, And makes me sing for joy;
2. The love of Je - sus is my light, My guide from day to day;
3. The love of Je - sus is my shield When en - e - mies as - sail;
4. The love of Je - sus draws me on To rest and joys un - told,
It helps me bear with pa-tience all The troub-les which an - noy.
My com - fort in the cheer-less night, My song a - long the way.
It gives me strength the sword to wield, And helps me to pre - vail.
To that blest land of fade-less dawn, Be-yond the gates of gold.
CHORUS.
O pre-cious love, O love di-vine, A - bide with-in this soul of mine,
And I will sing with joy thy praise, Still more and more thro' endless days.

No. 16. Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

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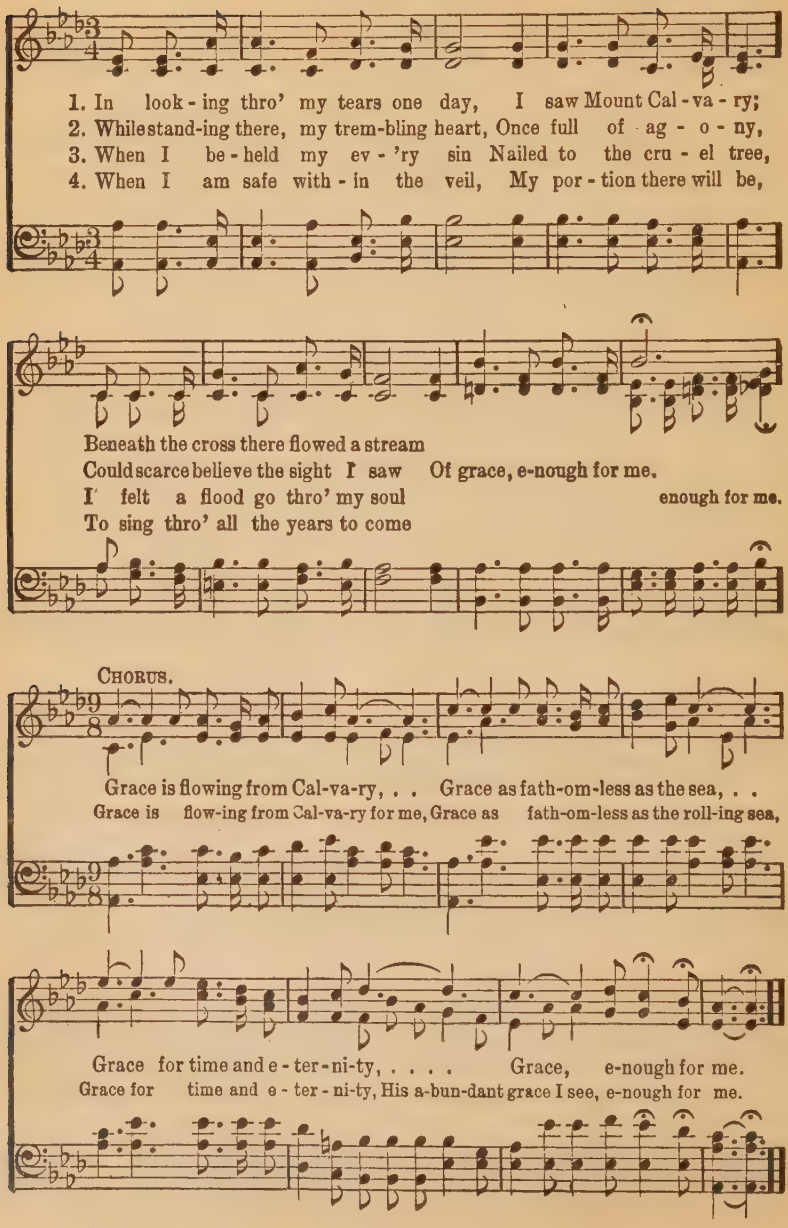
E. O. Excell.


1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come
CHORUS.
Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, . . Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,
Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, ... Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 17. I Owe It All to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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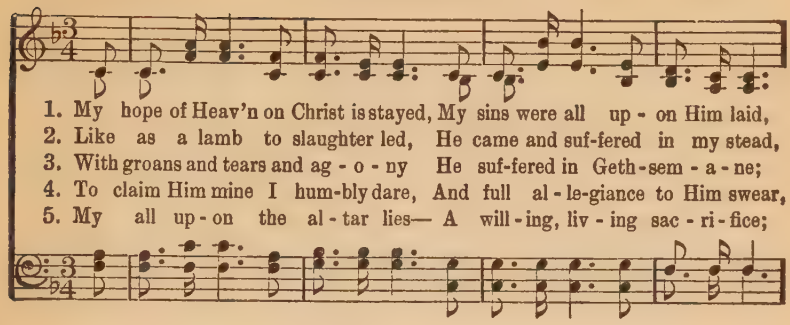
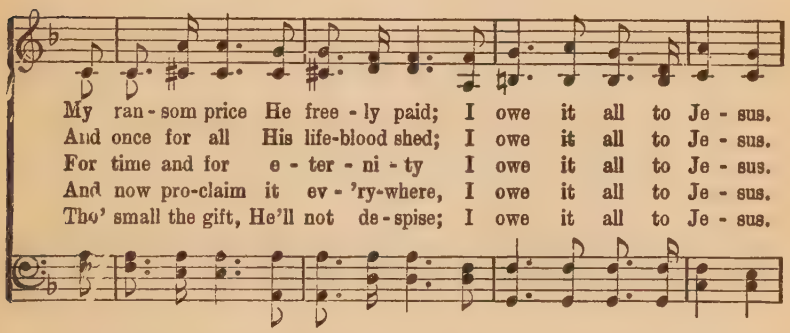
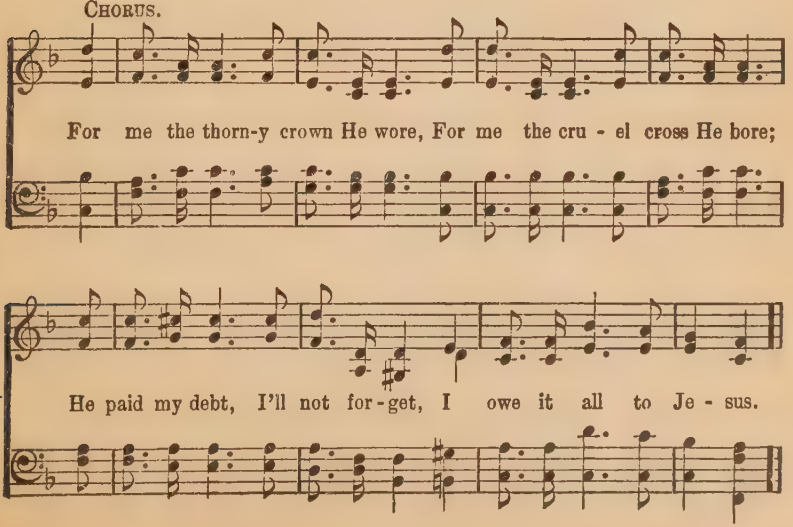
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will - ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;


My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.



No. 18. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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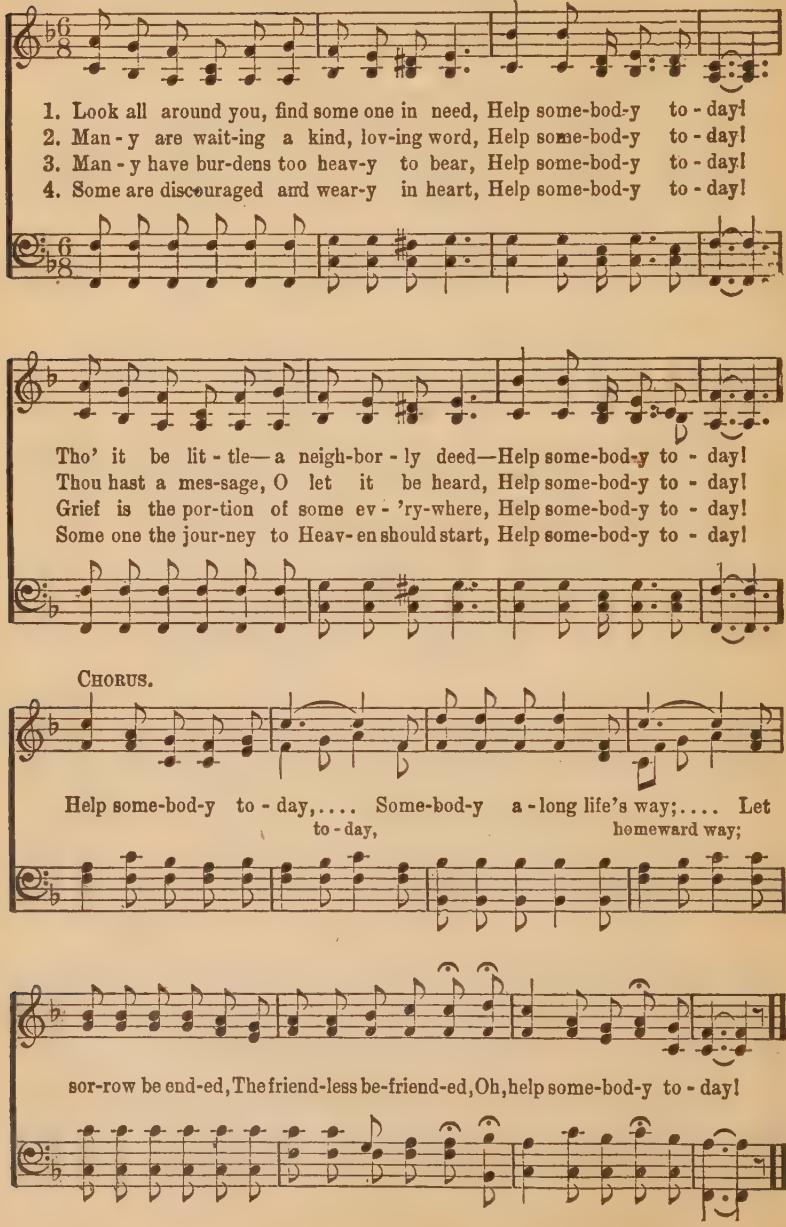
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav- en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 19. Just One Step At a Time.

James Rowe.

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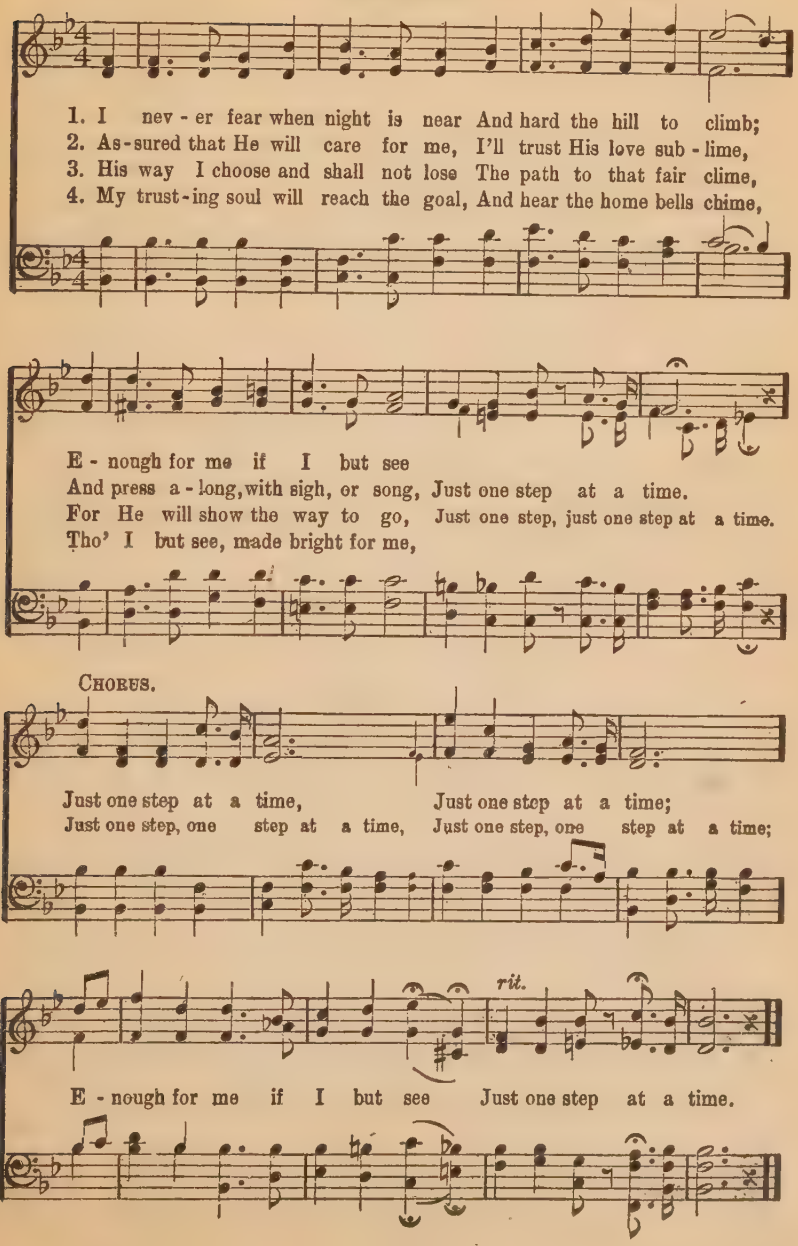
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Albert C. Fisher.


1. I nev - er fear when night is near And hard the hill to climb;
2. As - sured that He will care for me, I'll trust His love sub - lime,
3. His way I choose and shall not lose The path to that fair clime,
4. My trust - ing soul will reach the goal, And hear the home bells chime,
E - nough for me if I but see
And press a - long, with sigh, or song, Just one step at a time.
For He will show the way to go, Just one step, just one step at a time.
Tho' I but see, made bright for me,
CHORUS.
Just one step at a time, Just one step at a time;
Just one step, one step at a time, Just one step, one step at a time;
rit.
E - nough for me if I but see Just one step at a time.

No. 20. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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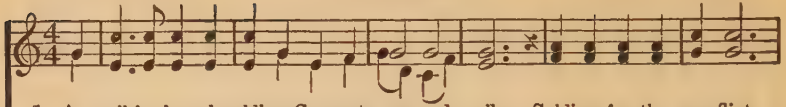
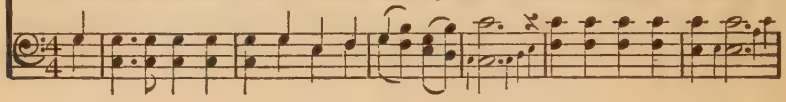
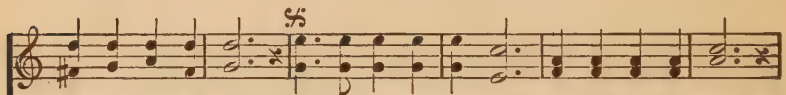
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

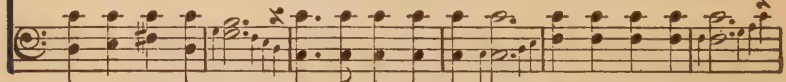
Chas. H. Gabriel.



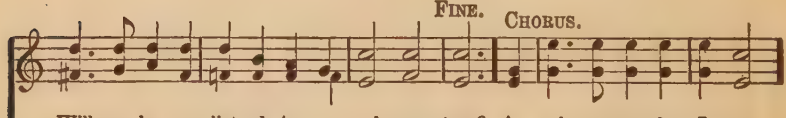
1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful



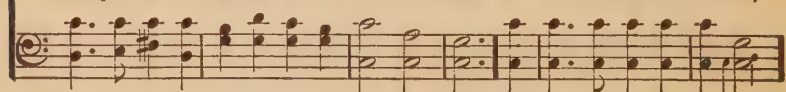


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

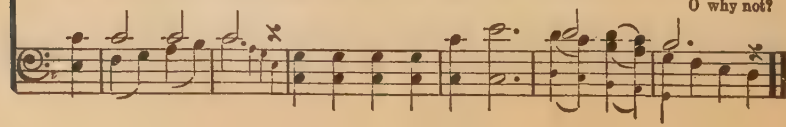


Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

O why not?



No. 21.

Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt.

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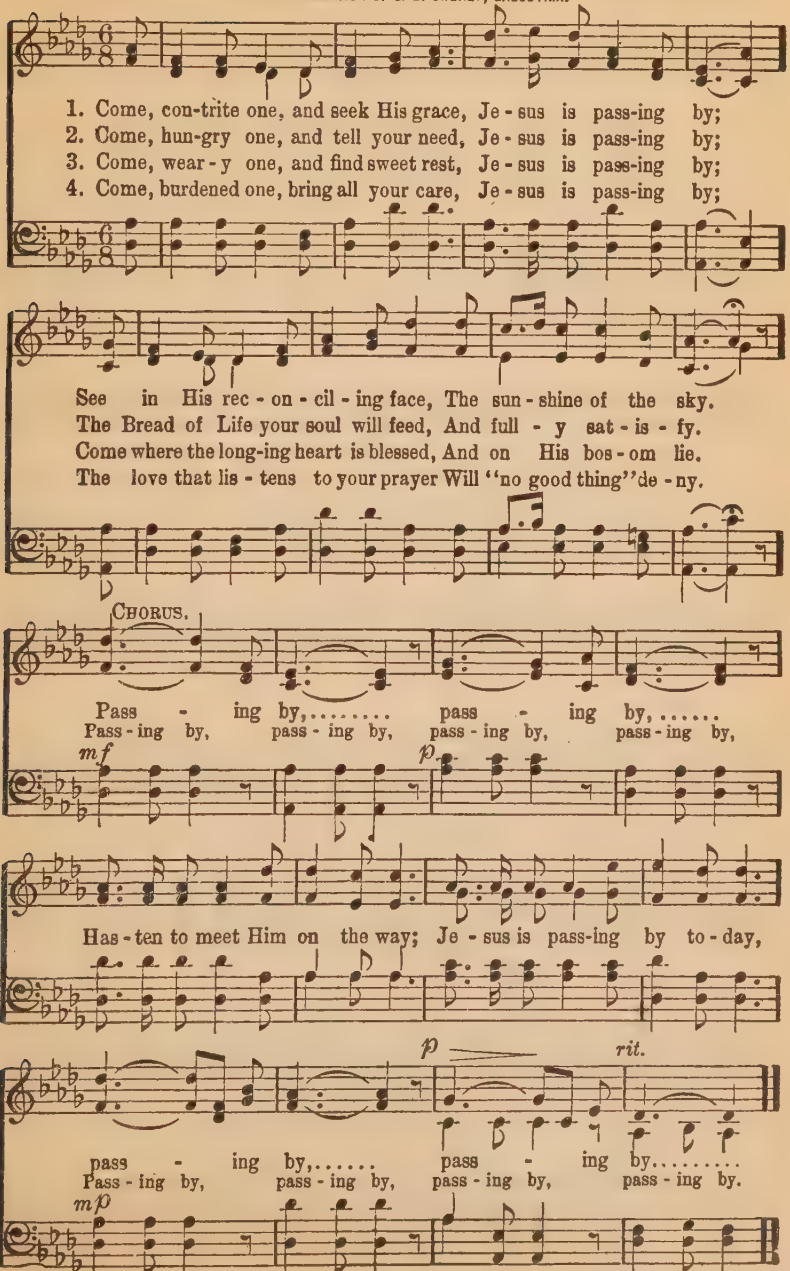
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, con-trite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, hun-gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, wear - y one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
See in His rec - on - cil - ing face, The sun - shine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And full - y sat - is - fy.
Come where the long-ing heart is blessed, And on His bos - om lie.
The love that lis - tens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.
CHORUS.
Pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by,.....
Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
mf
p
Has - ten to meet Him on the way; Je - sus is pass-ing by to - day,
p
rit.
pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by.....
Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by.
mp

No. 22. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. Crosby.

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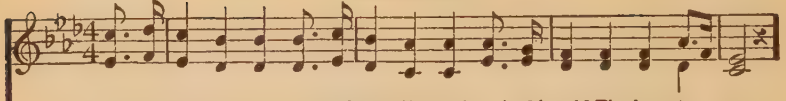
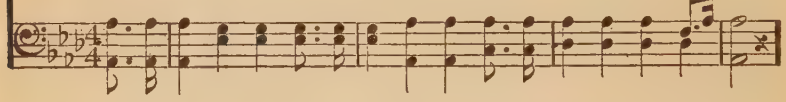
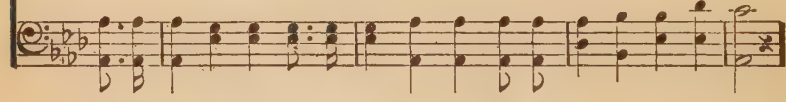
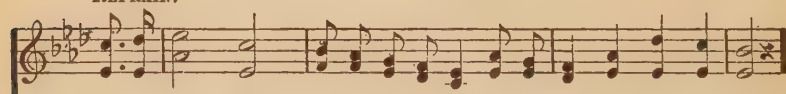
W. H. Doane.

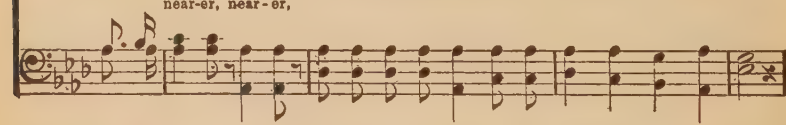


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

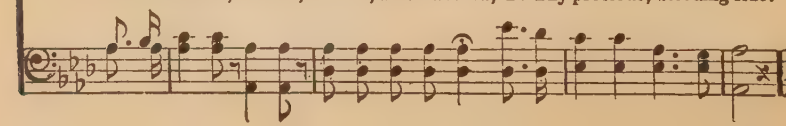


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

near-er, near-er,

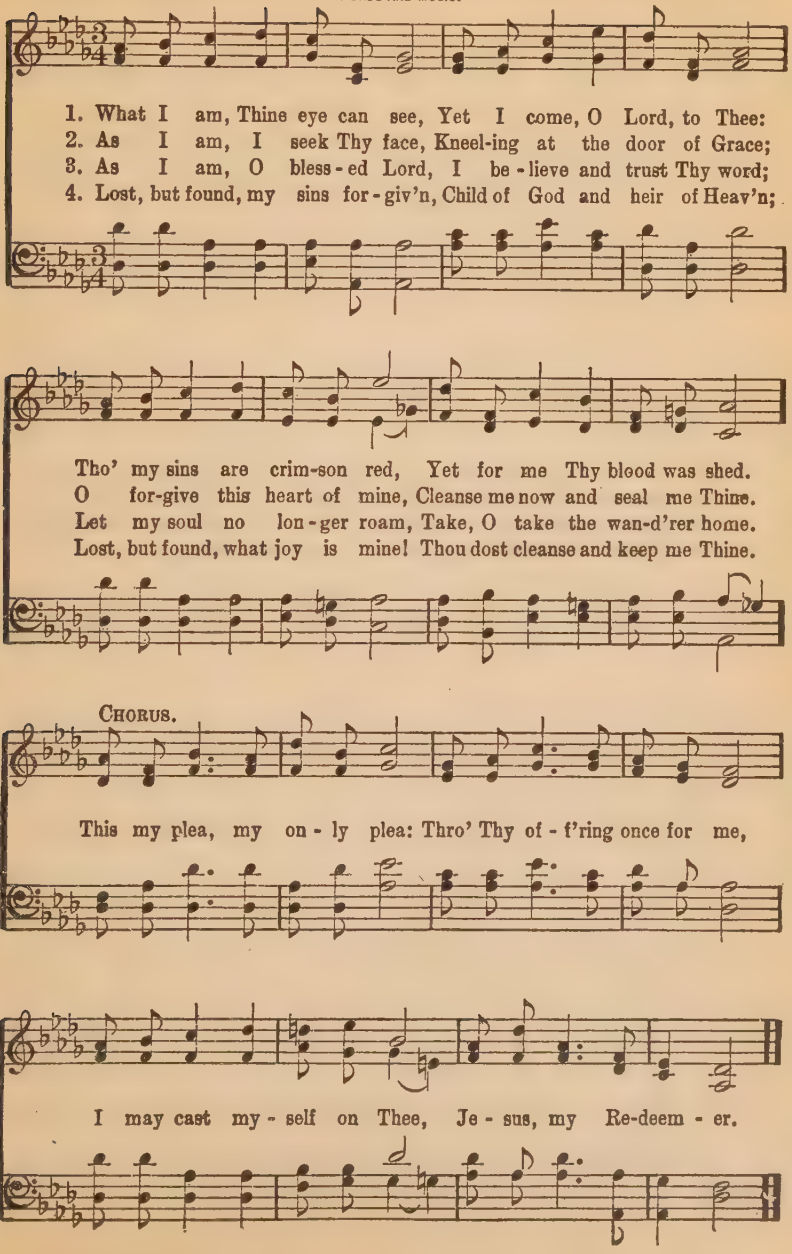


Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



No. 23. This My Plea.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.


1. What I am, Thine eye can see, Yet I come, O Lord, to Thee:
2. As I am, I seek Thy face, Kneel-ing at the door of Grace;
3. As I am, O bless-ed Lord, I be-lieve and trust Thy word;
4. Lost, but found, my sins for-giv'n, Child of God and heir of Heav'n;
Tho' my sins are crim-son red, Yet for me Thy blood was shed.
O for-give this heart of mine, Cleanse me now and seal me Thine.
Let my soul no lon-ger roam, Take, O take the wan-d'rer home.
Lost, but found, what joy is mine! Thou dost cleanse and keep me Thine.
CHORUS.
This my plea, my on-ly plea: Thro' Thy of-f'ring once for me,
I may cast my-self on Thee, Je-sus, my Re-deem-er.

No. 24. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
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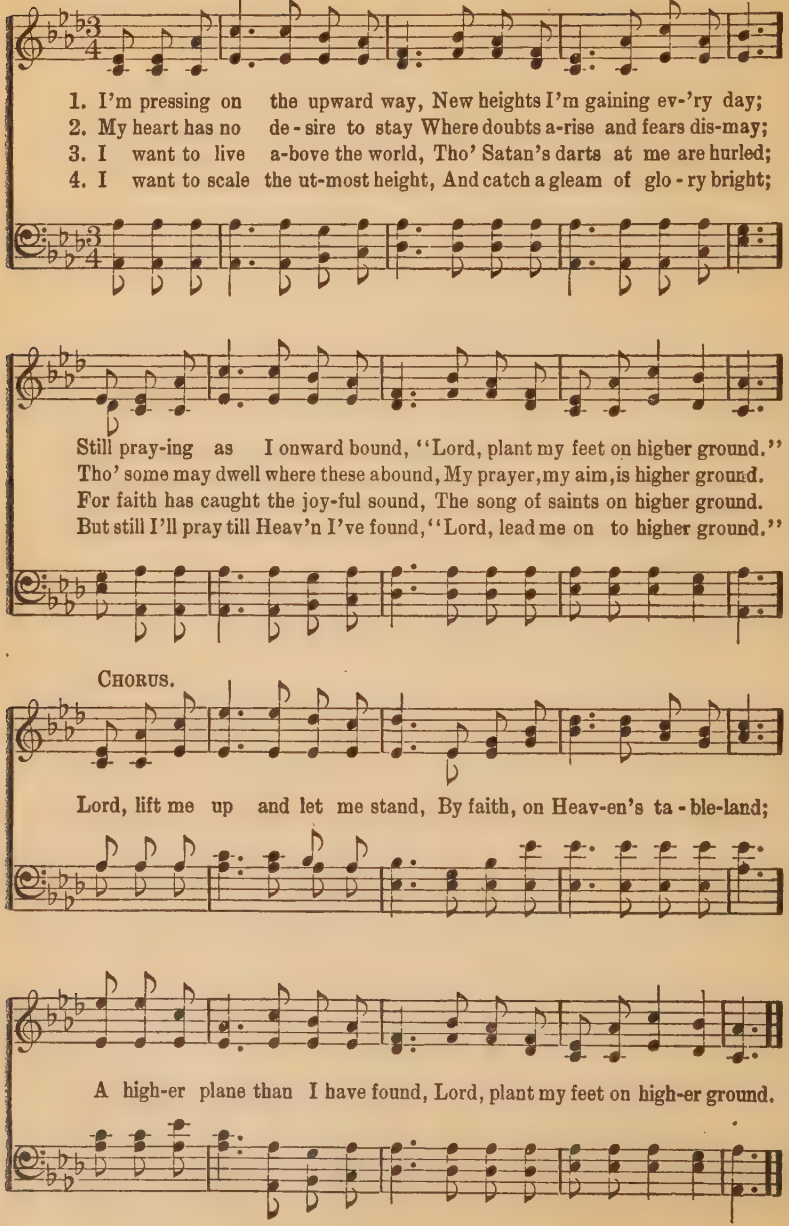
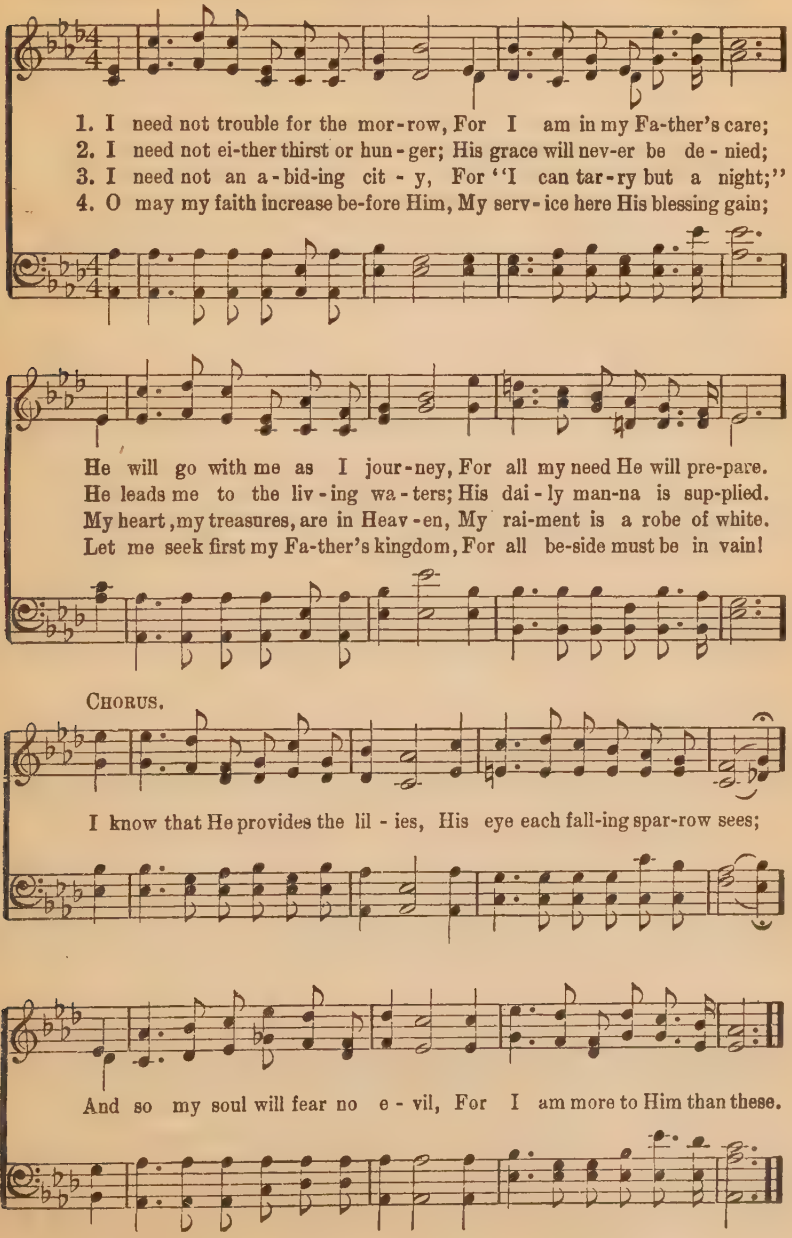
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

No. 25. More Than These.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.


1. I need not trouble for the mor-row, For I am in my Fa-ther's care;
2. I need not ei-ther thirst or hun-ger; His grace will nev-er be de-nied;
3. I need not an a-bid-ing cit-y, For "I can tar-ry but a night;"
4. O may my faith increase be-fore Him, My serv-ice here His blessing gain;
He will go with me as I jour-ney, For all my need He will pre-pare.
He leads me to the liv-ing wa-ters; His dai-ly man-na is sup-plied.
My heart, my treasures, are in Heav-en, My rai-ment is a robe of white.
Let me seek first my Fa-ther's kingdom, For all be-side must be in vain!
CHORUS.
I know that He provides the lil-ies, His eye each fall-ing spar-row sees;
And so my soul will fear no e-vil, For I am more to Him than these.

No. 26. My Father Planned It All.

H. H. Pierson.

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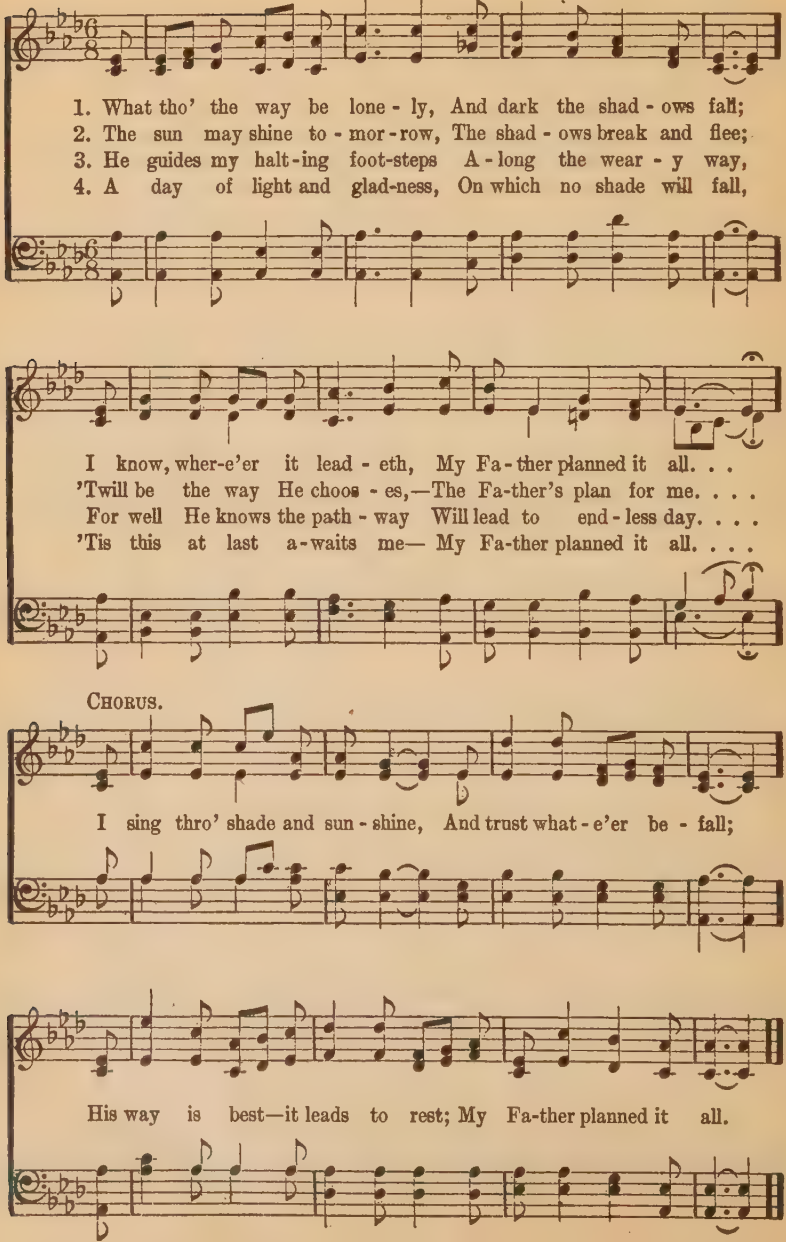
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What tho' the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot-steps A - long the wear - y way,
4. A day of light and glad-ness, On which no shade will fall,
I know, wher-e'er it lead - eth, My Fa - ther planned it all. . .
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa-ther's plan for me. . . .
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . . .
'Tis this at last a - waits me— My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .
CHORUS.
I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what - e'er be - fall;
His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa-ther planned it all.

No. 27.

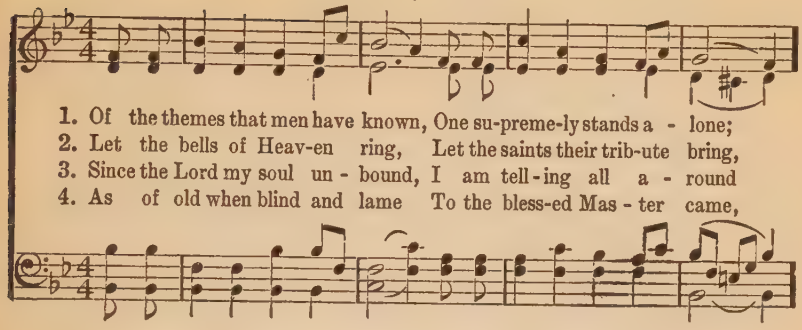
A. C. F.

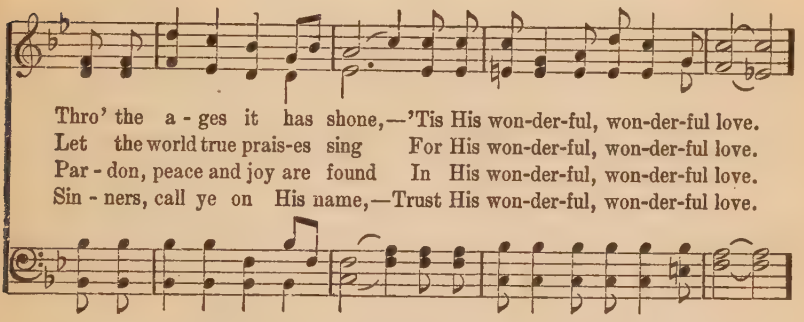
Love Is the Theme.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

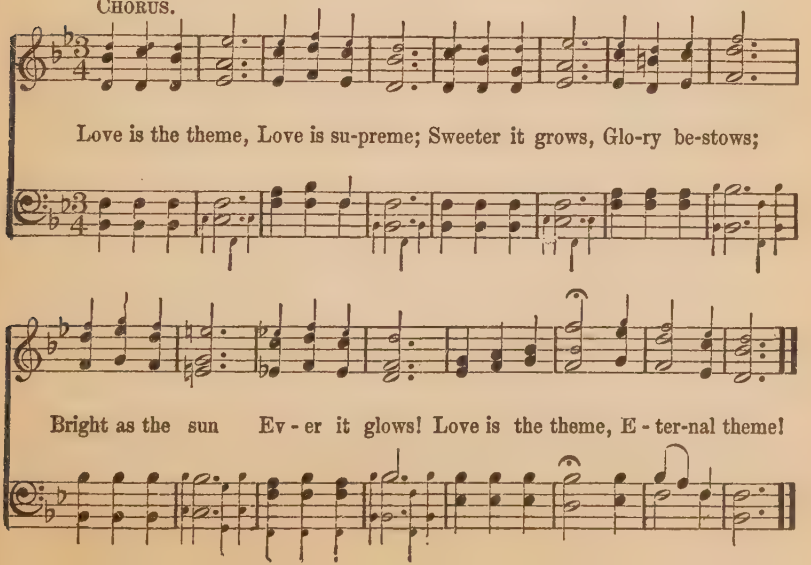
Albert C. Fisher.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.


1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell-ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas - ter came,


Thro' the a - ges it has shone,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par - don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin - ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.

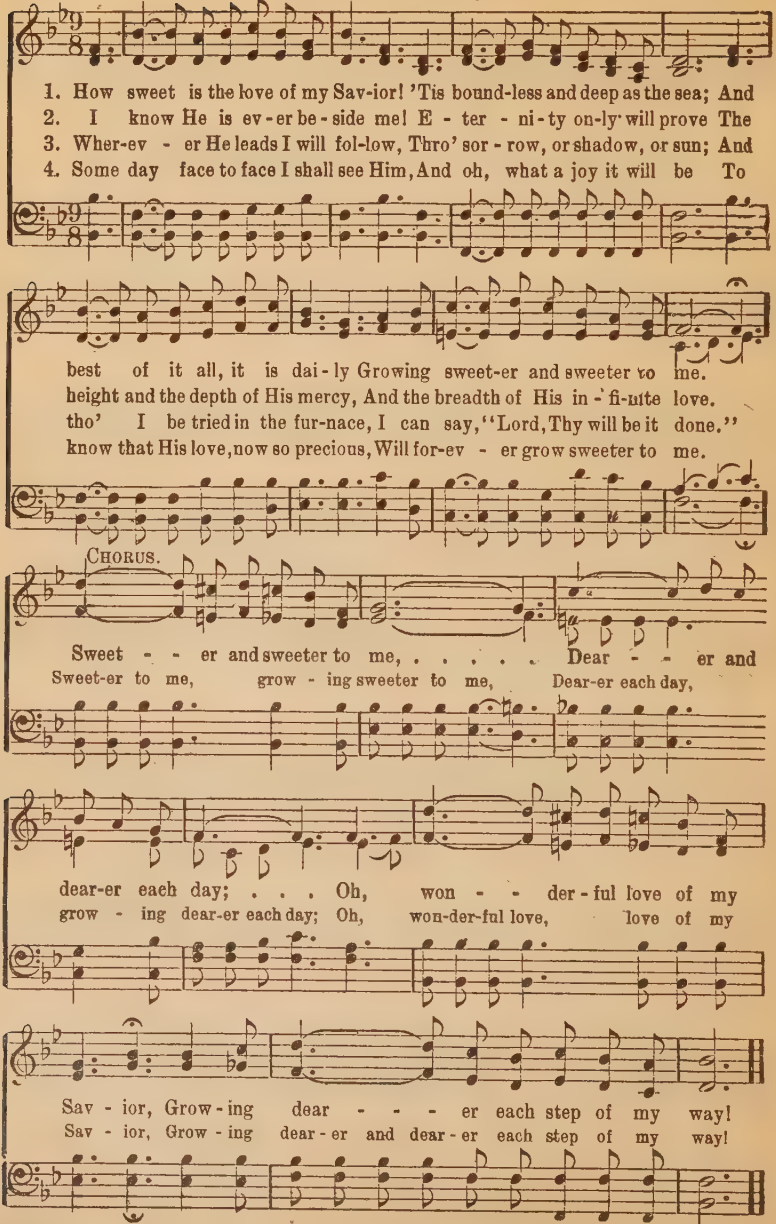

Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweeter it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;
Bright as the sun Ev - er it glows! Love is the theme, E - ter-nal theme!

No. 28. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai-ly Growing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me.
CHORUS.
Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweeter to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

No. 29. No Grown Without the Cross.

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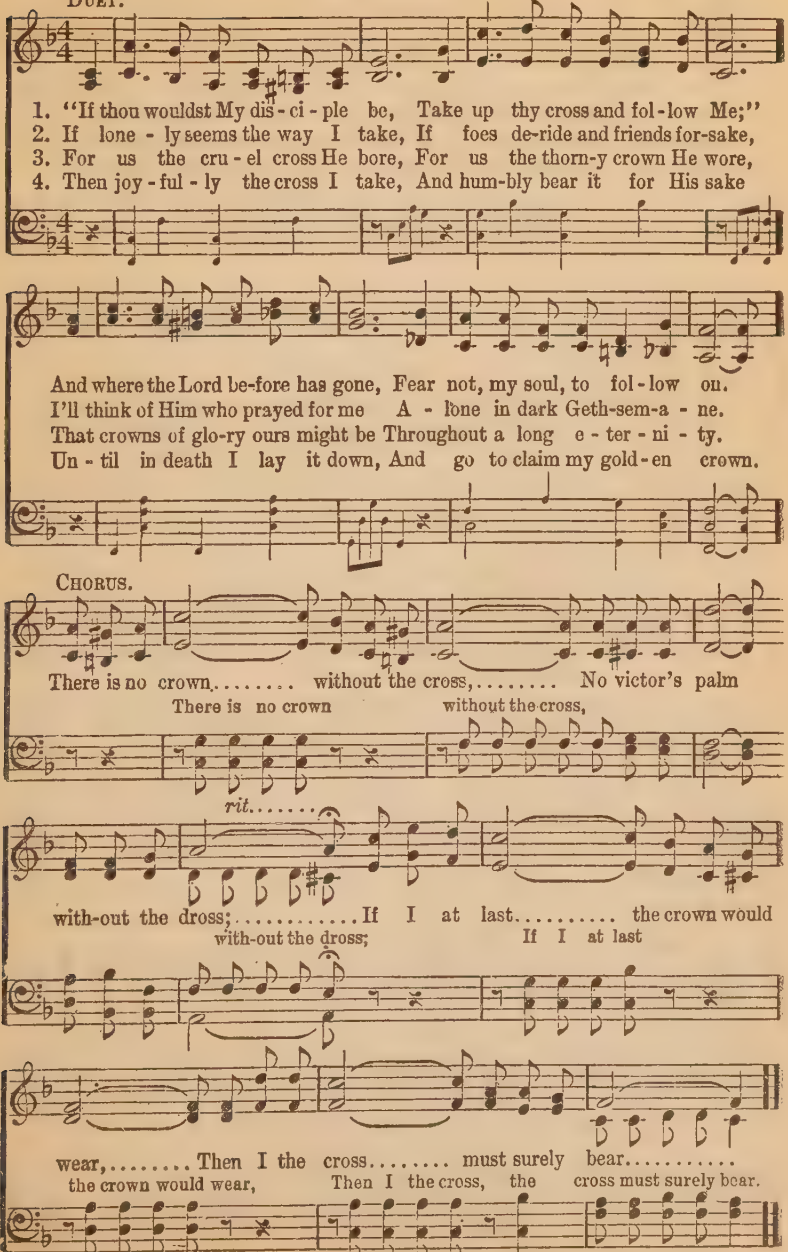
Mrs. C. H. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.


1. "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be, Take up thy cross and fol - low Me;"
2. If lone - ly seems the way I take, If foes de-ride and friends for-sake,
3. For us the cru - el cross He bore, For us the thorn-y crown He wore,
4. Then joy - ful - ly the cross I take, And hum-bly bear it for His sake
And where the Lord be-fore has gone, Fear not, my soul, to fol - low on.
I'll think of Him who prayed for me A - lone in dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
That crowns of glo-ry ours might be Throughout a long e - ter - ni - ty.
Un - til in death I lay it down, And go to claim my gold - en crown.
CHORUS.
There is no crown..... without the cross,..... No victor's palm
There is no crown without the cross,
rit.....
with-out the dross;.....If I at last..... the crown would
with-out the dross; If I at last
wear,..... Then I the cross..... must surely bear.....
the crown would wear, Then I the cross, the cross must surely bear.

No. 30. The Gates Never Close.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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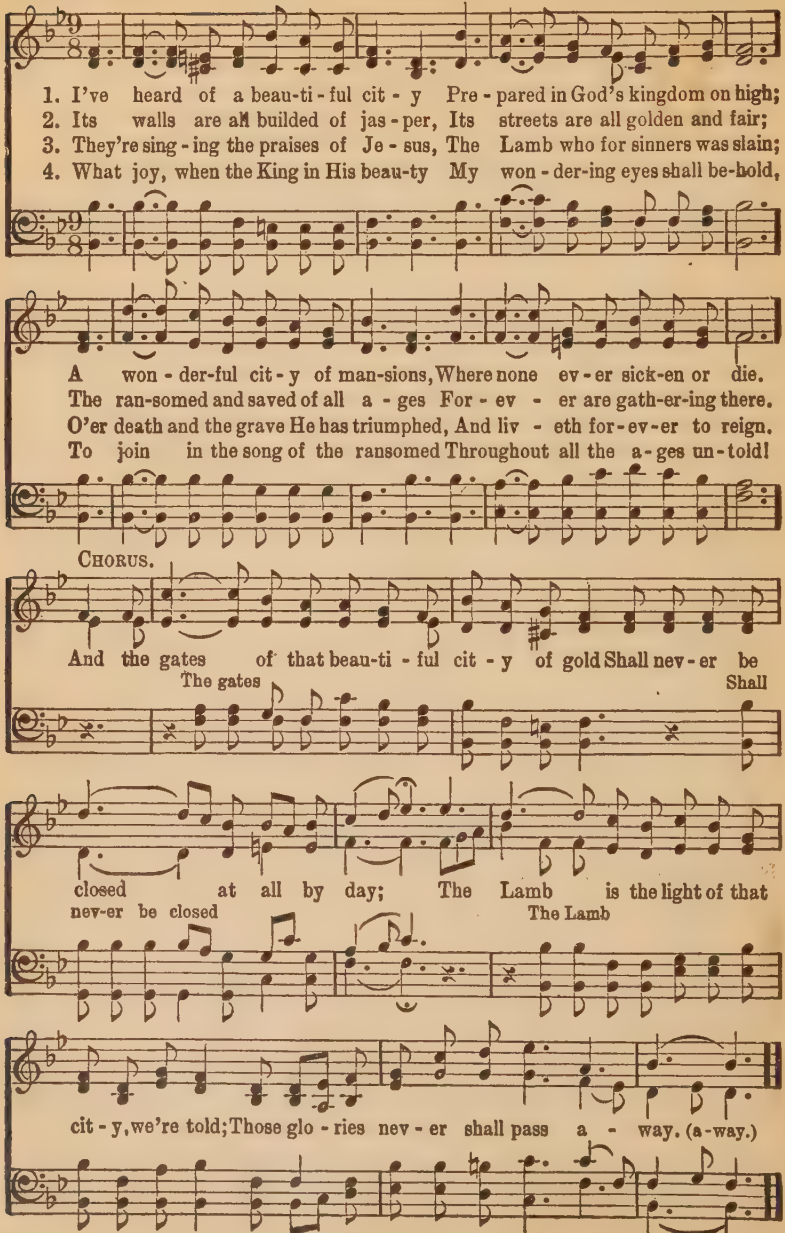
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I've heard of a beau-ti-ful cit-y Pre-pared in God's kingdom on high;
2. Its walls are all builded of jas-per, Its streets are all golden and fair;
3. They're sing-ing the praises of Je-sus, The Lamb who for sinners was slain;
4. What joy, when the King in His beau-ty My won-der-ing eyes shall be-hold,
A won-der-ful cit-y of man-sions, Where none ev-er sick-en or die.
The ran-somed and saved of all a-ges For-ev-er are gath-er-ing there.
O'er death and the grave He has triumphed, And liv-eth for-ev-er to reign.
To join in the song of the ransomed Throughout all the a-ges un-told!
CHORUS.
And the gates of that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold Shall nev-er be
The gates
Shall
closed at all by day; The Lamb is the light of that
nev-er be closed
The Lamb
cit-y, we're told; Those glo-ries nev-er shall pass a-way. (a-way.)

No. 31. He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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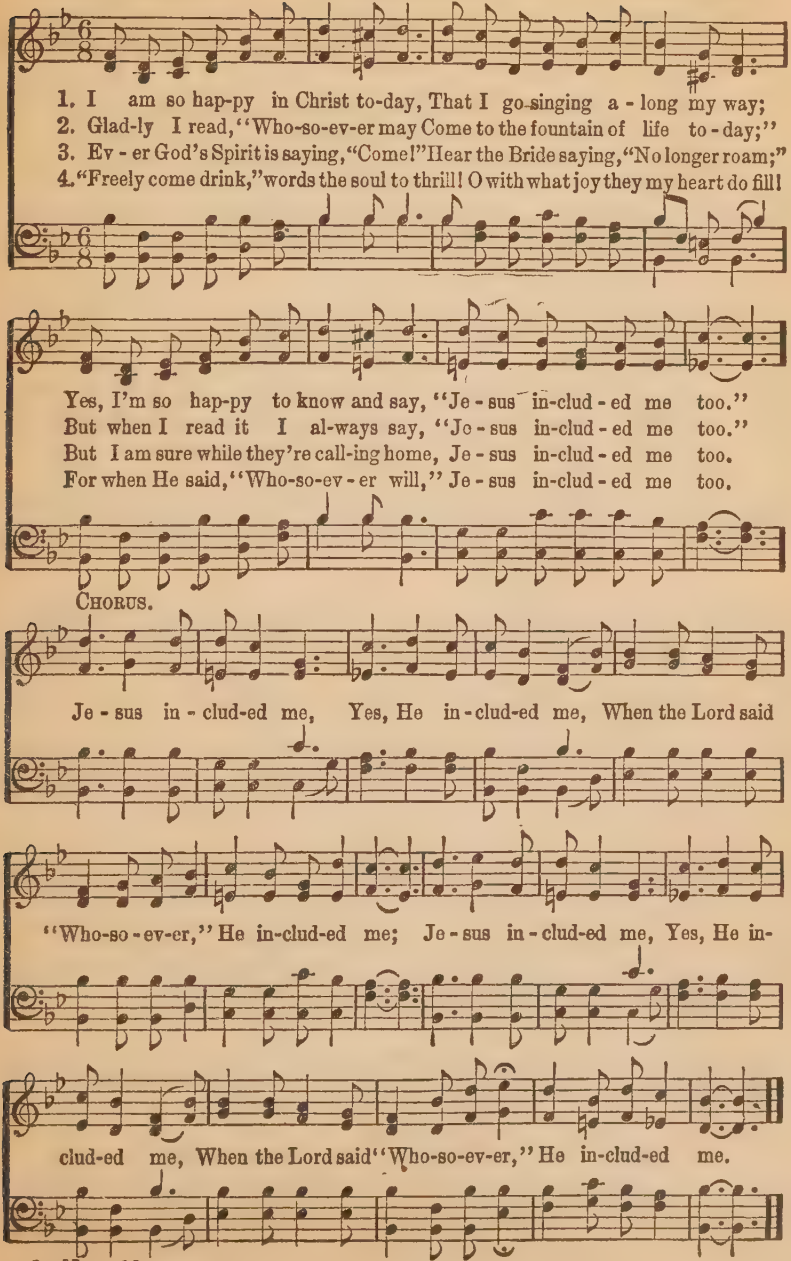
Hamp Sewell.


1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ev-er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 32. Is It The Crowning Day?

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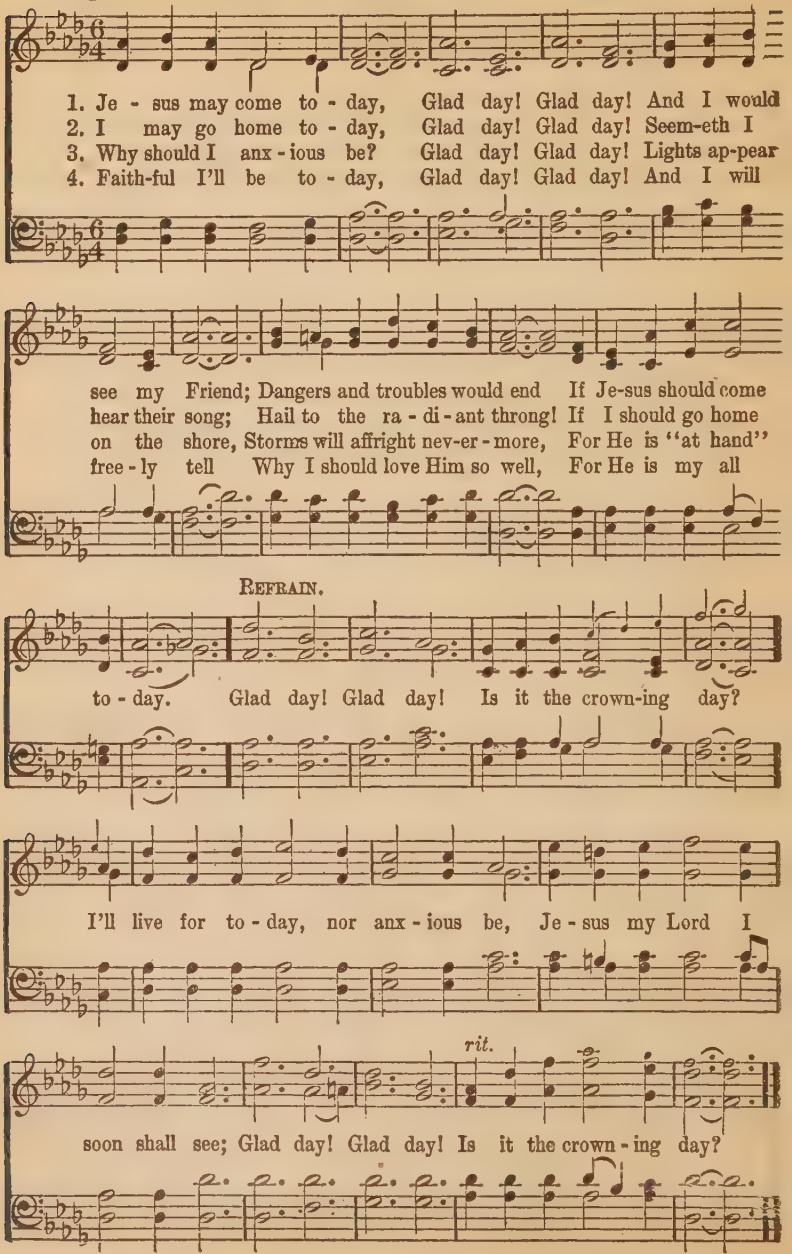
George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will
see my Friend; Dangers and troubles would end If Je-sus should come
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home
on the shore, Storms will affright nev-er - more, For He is "at hand"
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For He is my all
REFRAIN.
to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?
I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus my Lord I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

No. 33. What a Savior Jesus Is!

Avis M. Burgeson.

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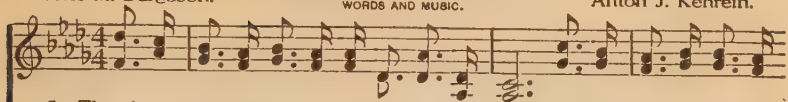
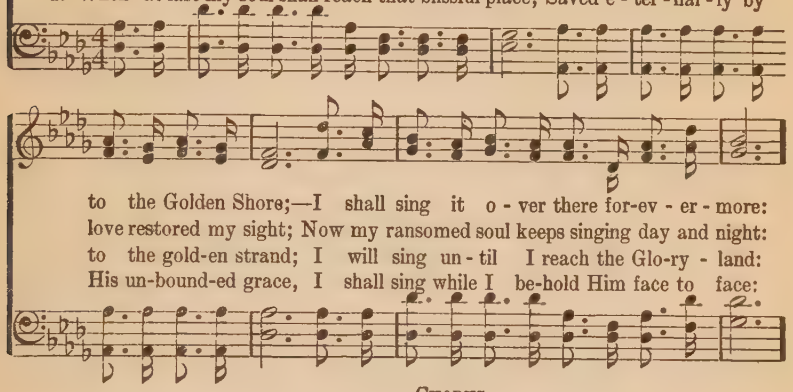
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Anton J. Kehrein.

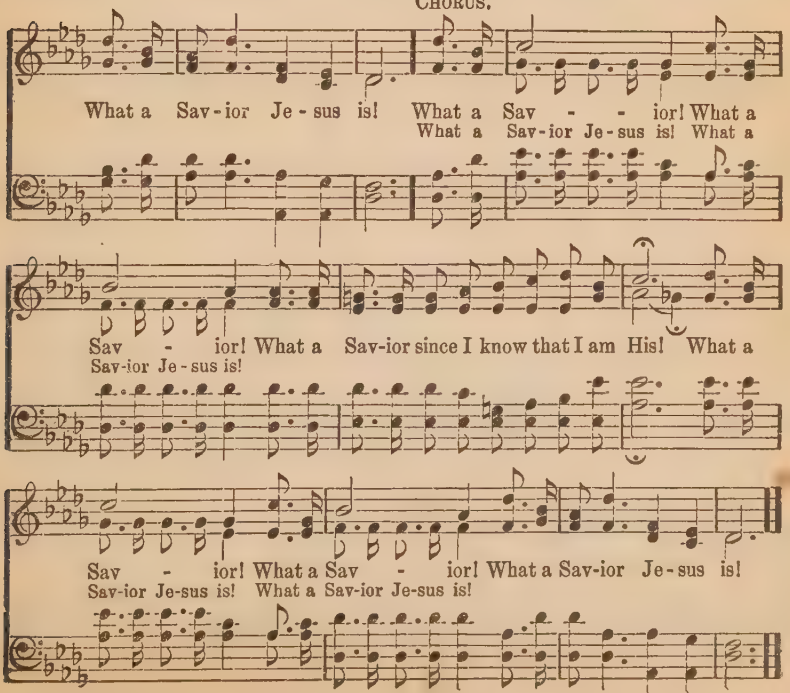


1. There's a song my soul keeps singing o'er and o'er, As I trav - el on-ward
2. I was blind, but Je-sus bro't me to the light, And His ten-der touch of
3. I am trav -'ling on with Je-sus hand in hand, Ev - er draw-ing near-er
4. When at last my soul shall reach that blissful place, Saved e - ter - nal - ly by



to the Golden Shore;—I shall sing it o - ver there for-ev - er - more:
love restored my sight; Now my ransomed soul keeps singing day and night:
to the gold-en strand; I will sing un - til I reach the Glo-ry - land:
His un-bound-ed grace, I shall sing while I be-hold Him face to face:

CHORUS.



What a Sav - ior Je - sus is! What a Sav - - ior! What a Sav - ior!
What a Sav - ior Je - sus is! What a Sav - ior Je - sus is!
What a Sav - ior Je - sus is! What a Sav - ior Je - sus is!
What a Sav - ior Je - sus is! What a Sav - ior Je - sus is!

No. 34. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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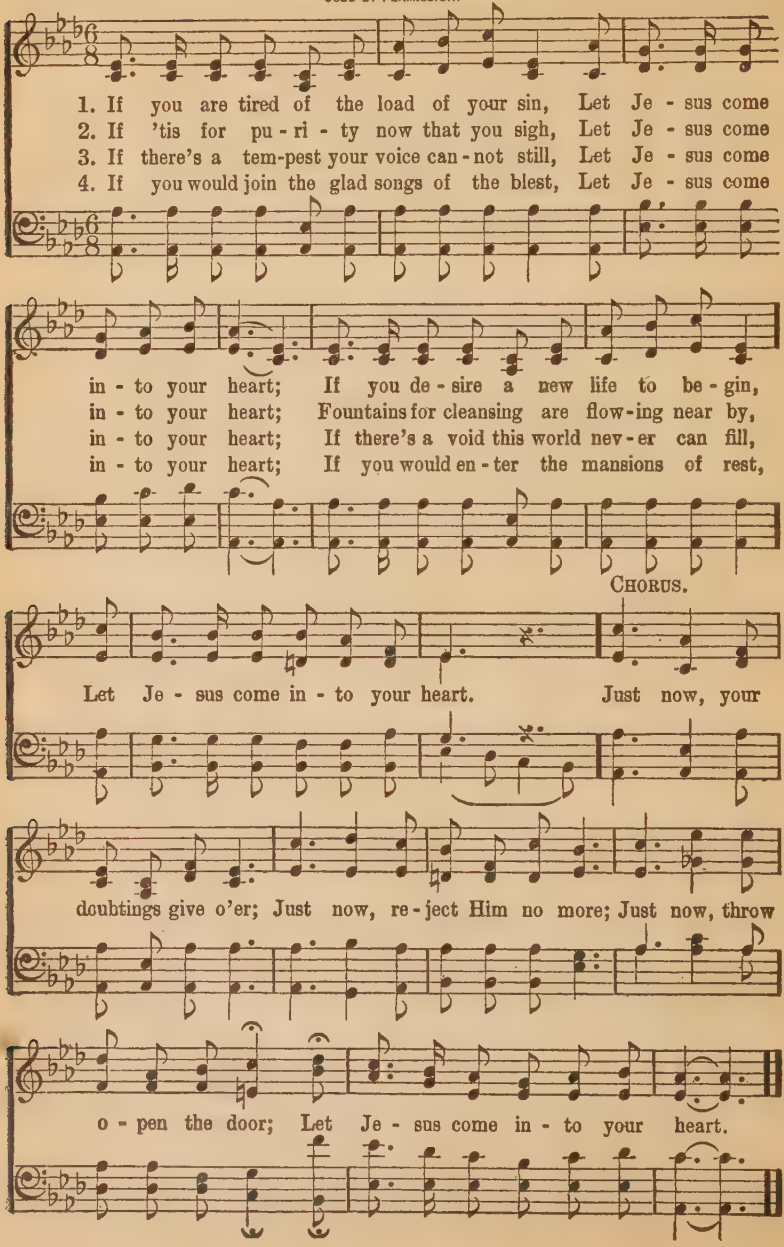
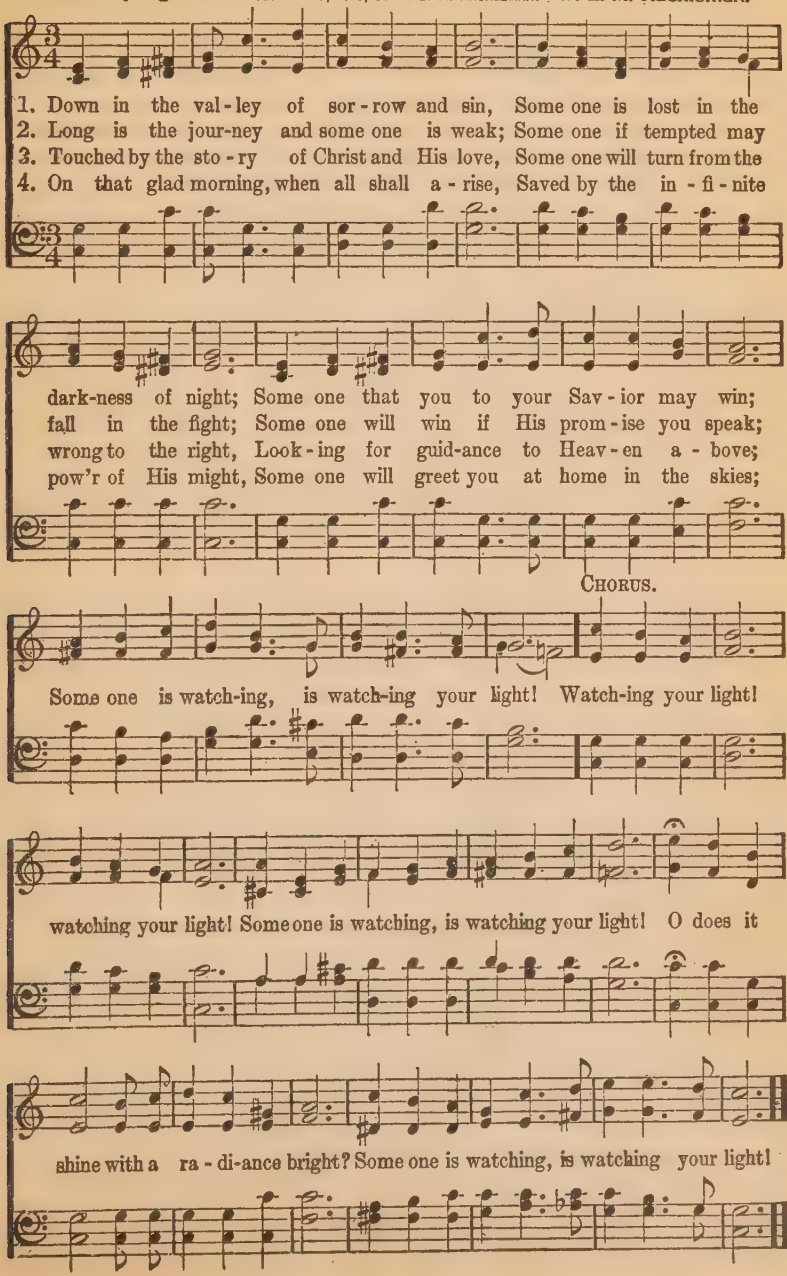
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by,
If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 35. Some One is Watching Your Light.

Dedicated to Frank McDonald.

Ina Duley Ogden. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Down in the val-ley of sor-row and sin, Some one is lost in the
2. Long is the jour-ney and some one is weak; Some one if tempted may
3. Touched by the sto-ry of Christ and His love, Some one will turn from the
4. On that glad morning, when all shall a-rise, Saved by the in-fi-nite
dark-ness of night; Some one that you to your Sav-ior may win;
fall in the fight; Some one will win if His prom-ise you speak;
wrong to the right, Look-ing for guid-ance to Heav-en a-bove;
pow'r of His might, Some one will greet you at home in the skies;
CHORUS.
Some one is watch-ing, is watch-ing your light! Watch-ing your light!
watching your light! Some one is watching, is watching your light! O does it
shine with a ra-di-ance bright? Some one is watching, is watching your light!

No. 36.

The Story Never Old.

C. H. G.

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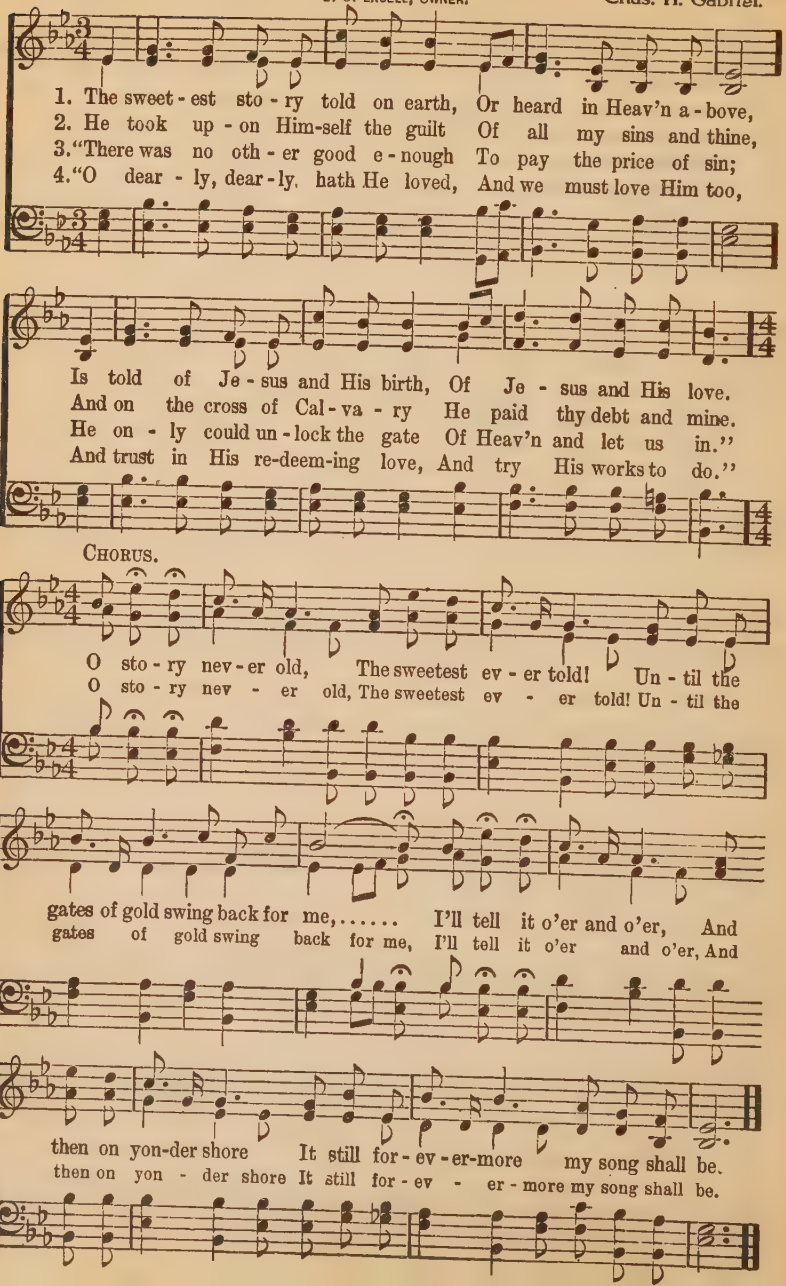
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The sweet - est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in Heav'n a - bove,
2. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
3. "There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
4. "O dear - ly, dear - ly, hath He loved, And we must love Him too,
Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re-deem-ing love, And try His works to do."
CHORUS.
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
gates of gold swing back for me, ... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
then on yon-der shore It still for - ev - er-more my song shall be.
then on yon - der shore It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

No. 37.

Do your Best.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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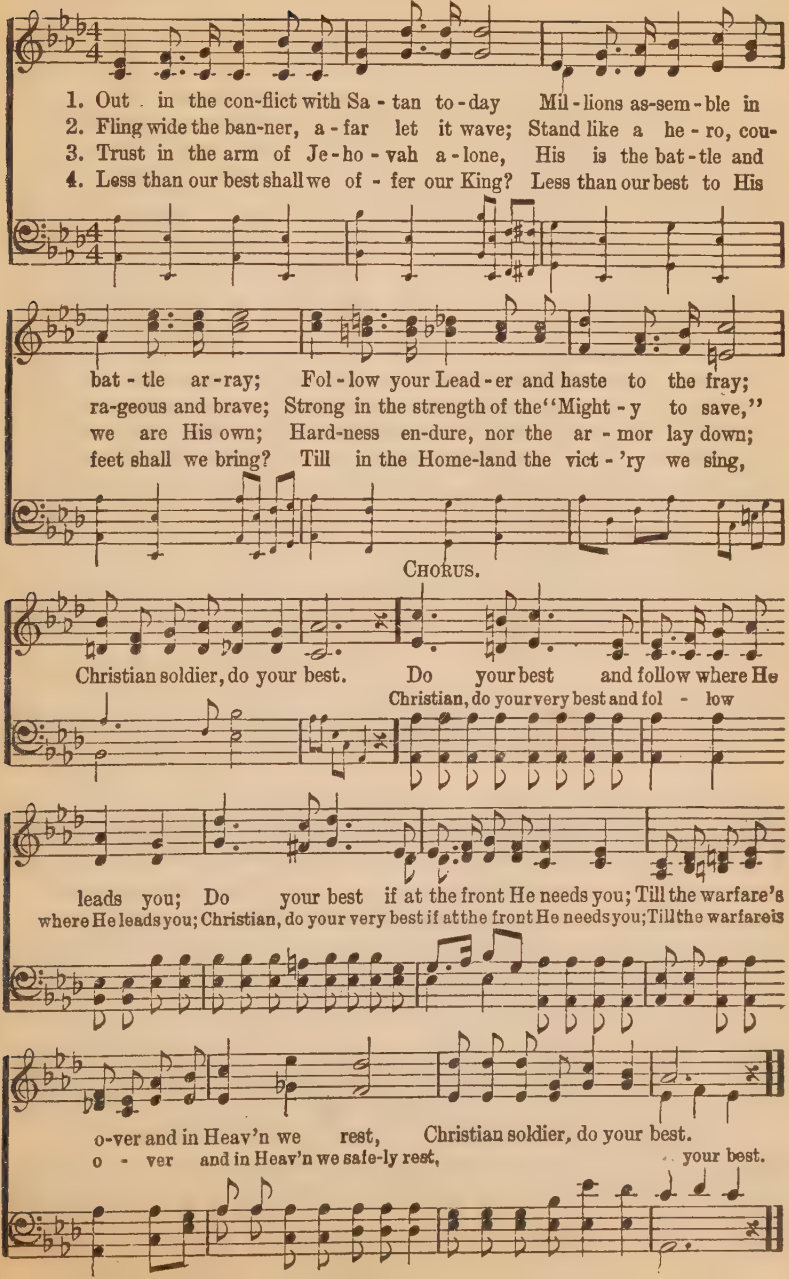
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Out in the con-flict with Sa-tan to-day Mil-lions as-sem-ble in
2. Fling wide the ban-ner, a-far let it wave; Stand like a he-ro, cou-
3. Trust in the arm of Je-ho-vah a-lone, His is the bat-tle and
4. Less than our best shall we of-fer our King? Less than our best to His
bat-tle ar-ray; Fol-low your Lead-er and haste to the fray;
ra-geous and brave; Strong in the strength of the "Might-y to save,"
we are His own; Hard-ness en-dure, nor the ar-mor lay down;
feet shall we bring? Till in the Home-land the vict-'ry we sing,
CHORUS.
Christian soldier, do your best. Do your best and follow where He
Christian, do your very best and fol-low
leads you; Do your best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
where He leads you; Christian, do your very best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare is
o-ver and in Heav'n we rest, Christian soldier, do your best.
o-ver and in Heav'n we safe-ly rest, your best.

No. 38. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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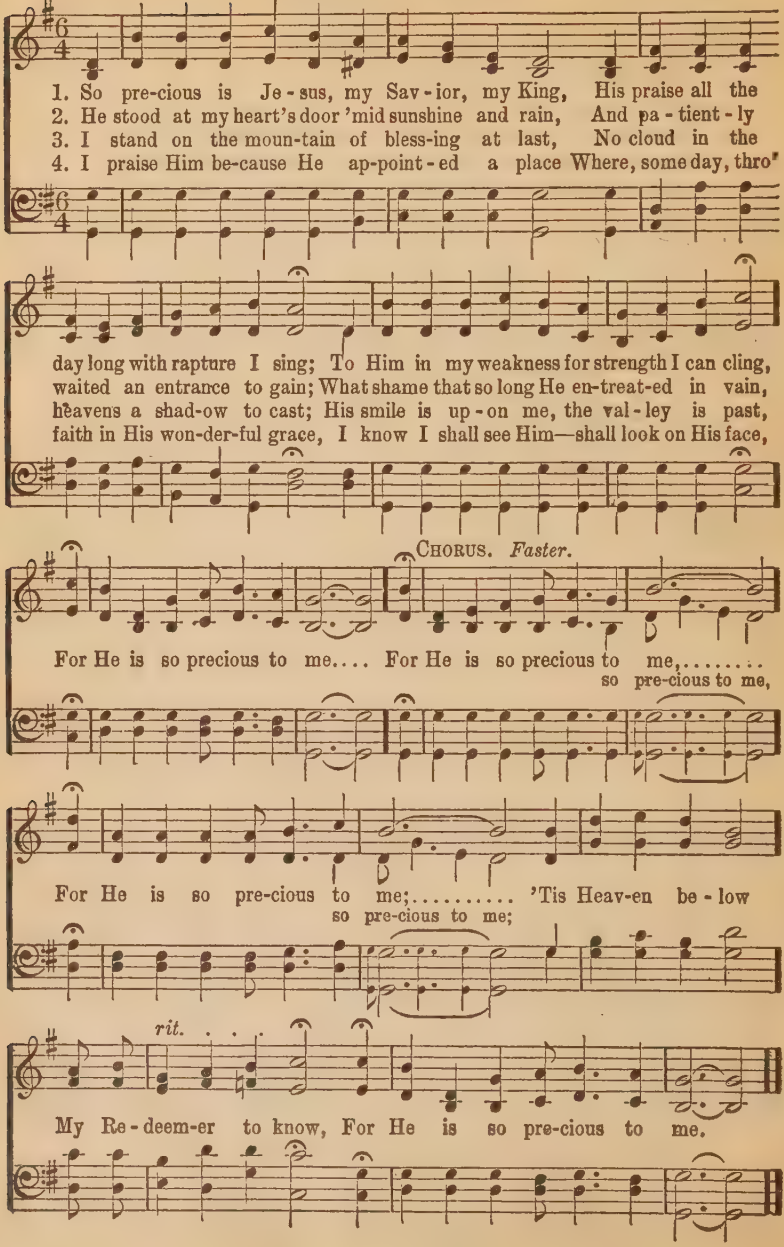
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro'
day long with rapture I sing; To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling,
waited an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
heavens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS. Faster.
For He is so precious to me.... For He is so precious to me,.....
so pre-cious to me,
For He is so pre-cious to me;..... 'Tis Heav-en be-low
so pre-cious to me;
rit.
My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 39. There is Pow'r in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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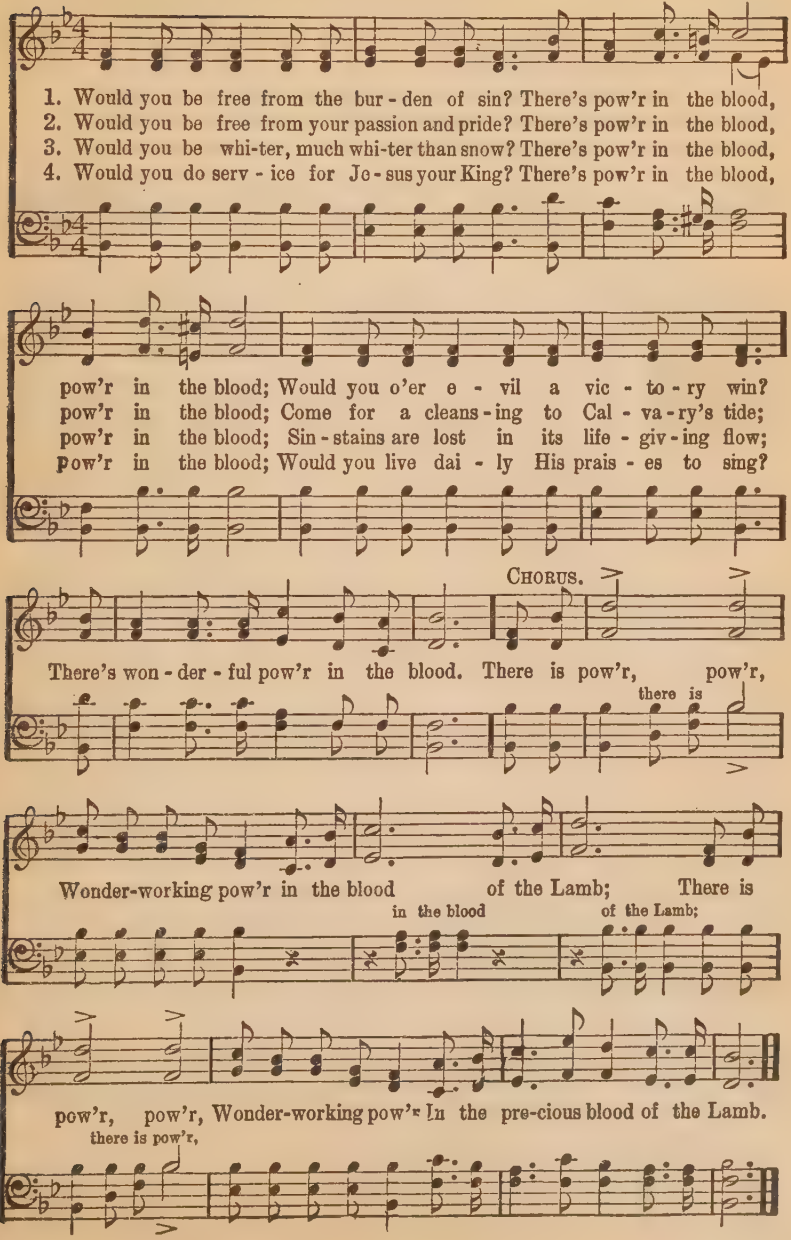
L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood
of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r in the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 40.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

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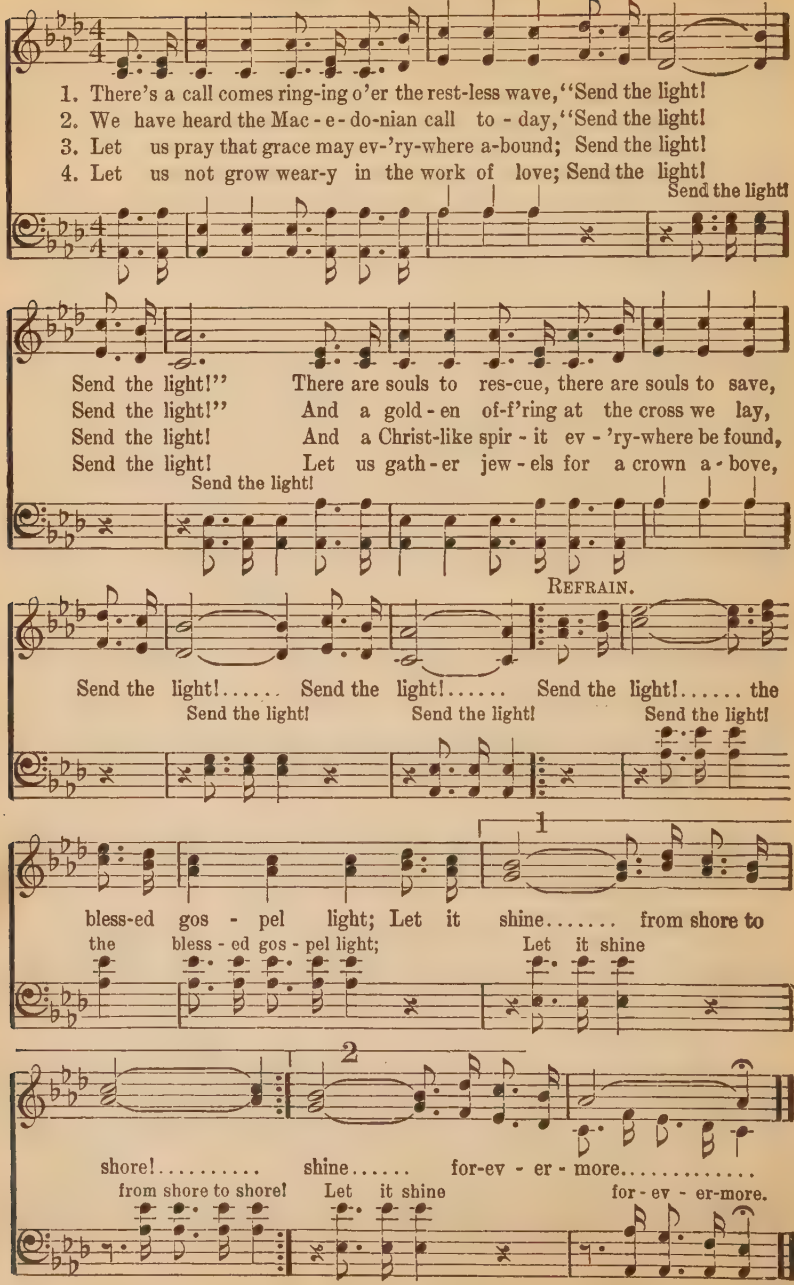
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do-nian call to - day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love; Send the light!
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light!..... Send the light!..... Send the light!..... the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!
1
bless-ed gos - pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine
2
shore!..... shine..... for-ev - er - more.....
from shore to shore! Let it shine for - ev - er-more.

No. 41. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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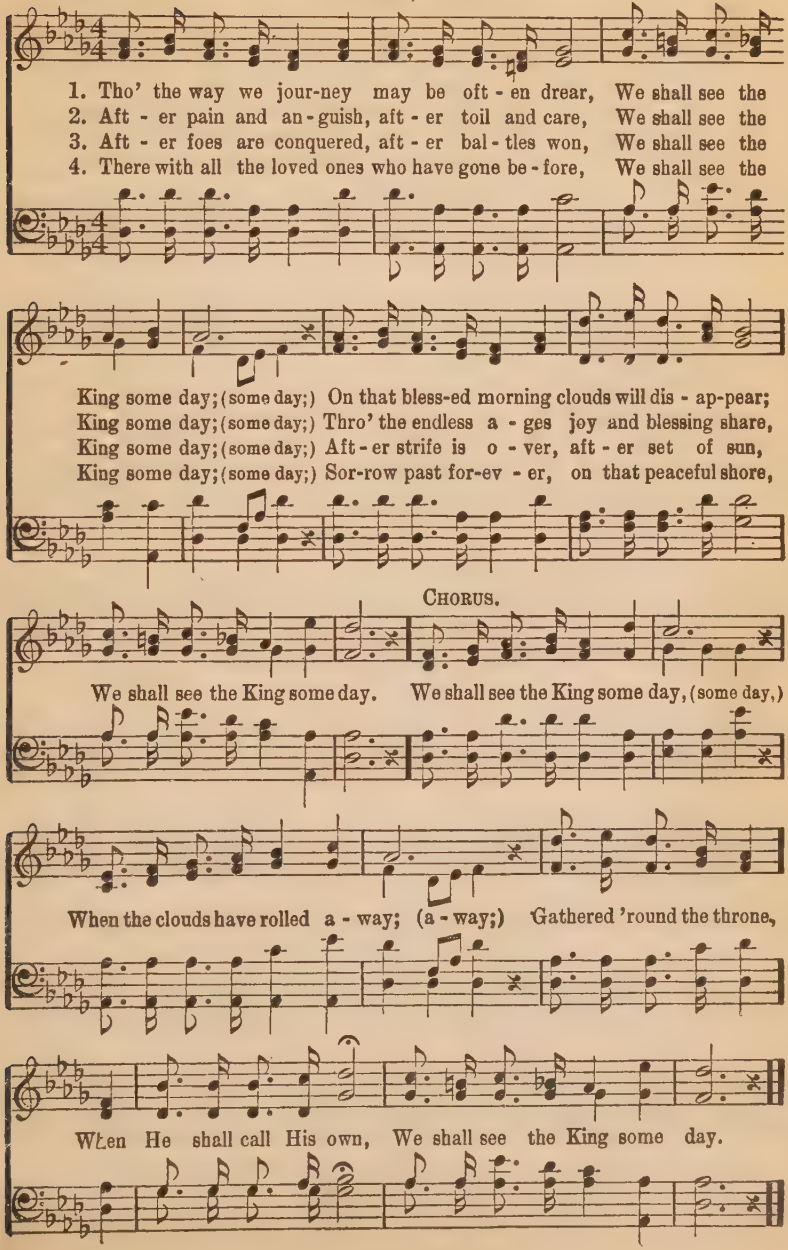
L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the
King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,
CHORUS.
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)
When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a - way;) Gathered 'round the throne,
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 42. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
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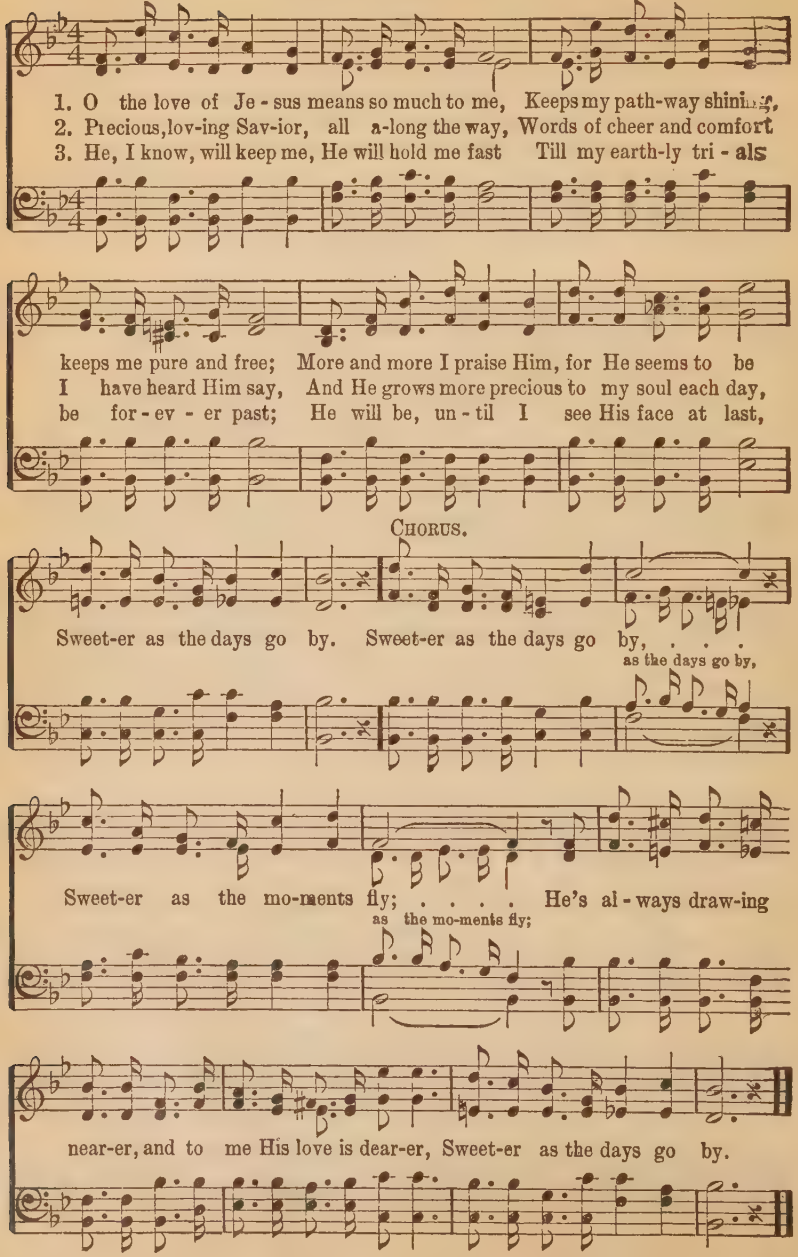
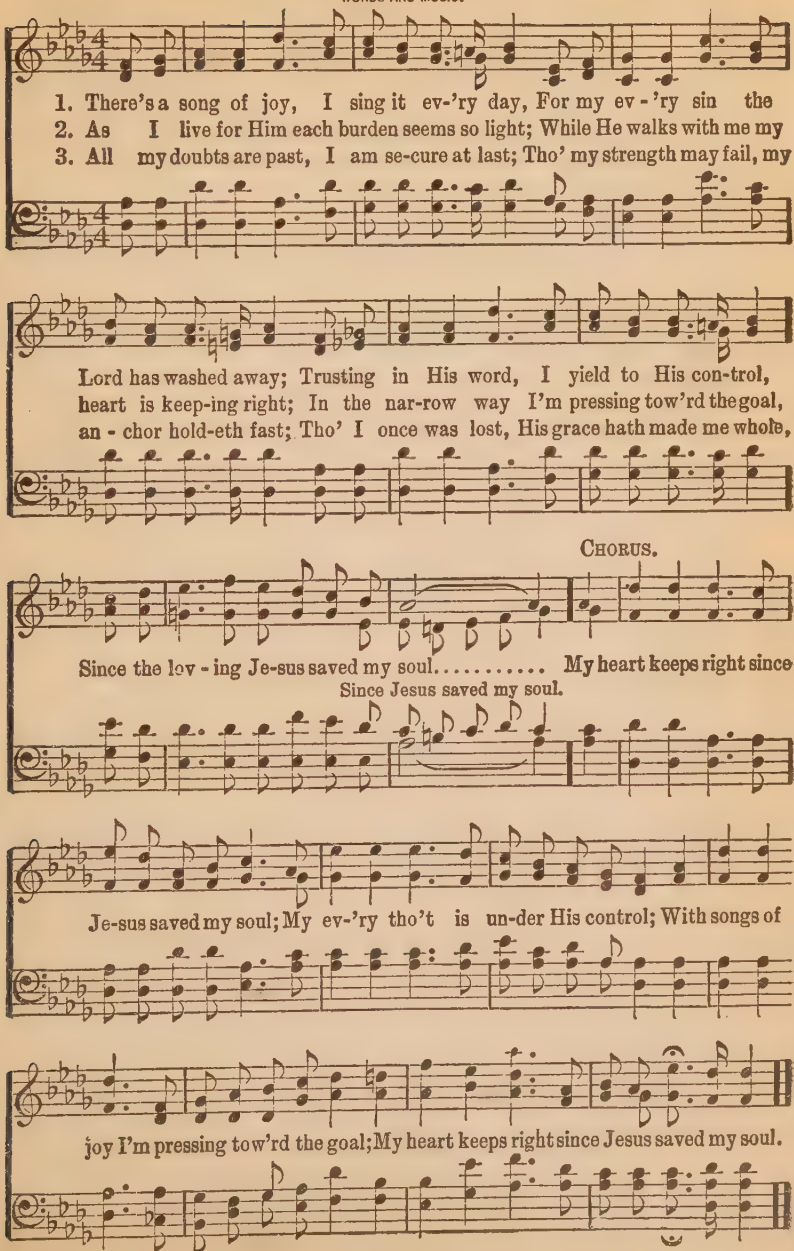

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shining,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and comfort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,
CHORUS.
Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, ...
as the days go by,
Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . He's al - ways draw-ing
as the mo-ments fly;
near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 43. My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my
Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,
CHORUS.
Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
Since Jesus saved my soul.
Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of
joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 44. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down? . . . When I go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown? an-y stars in my crown?

No. 45. Jesus in My Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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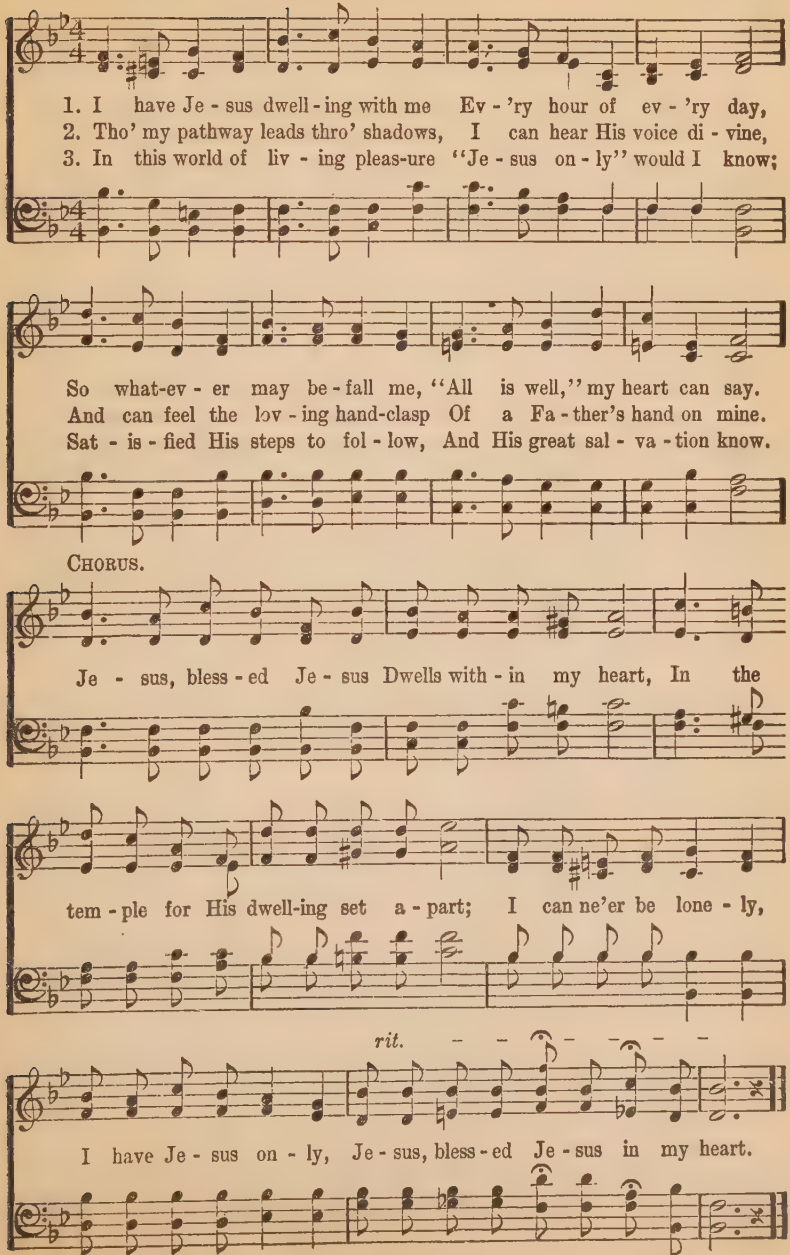
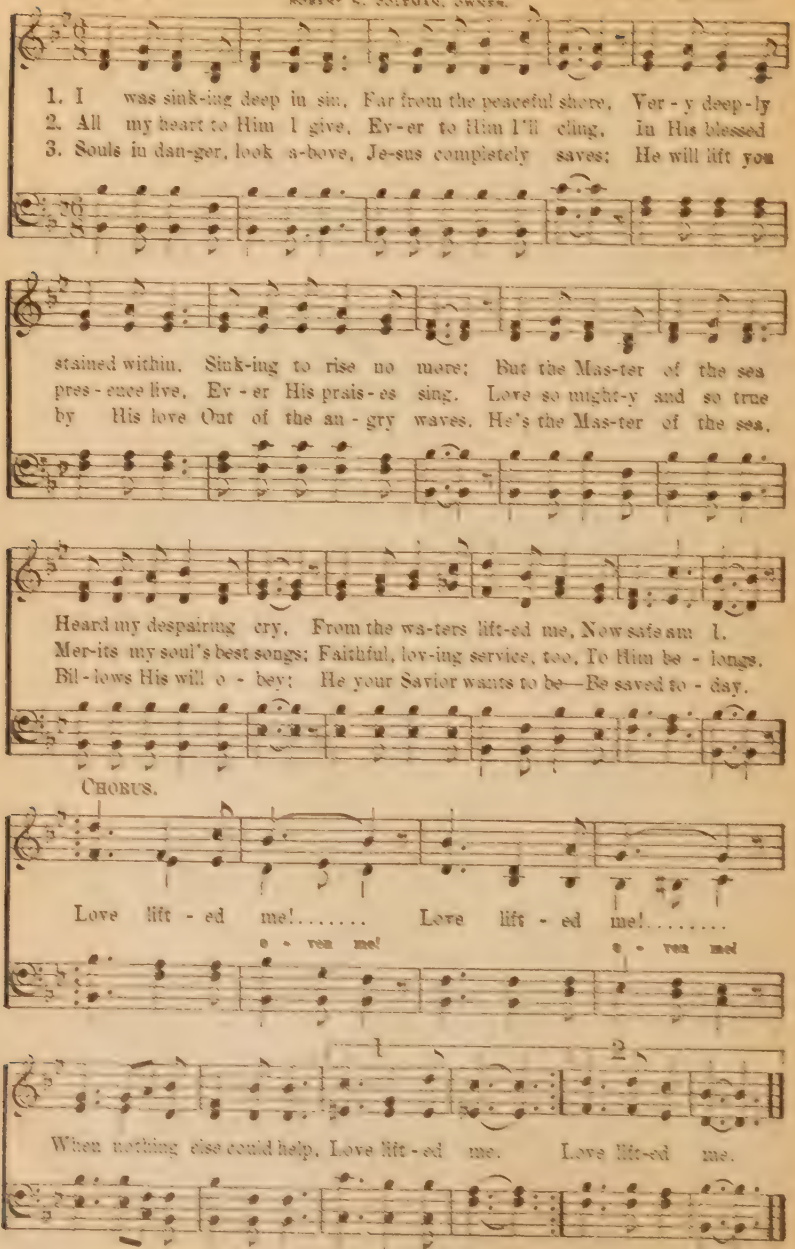
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my pathway leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas-ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;
So what-ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand-clasp Of a Fa - ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus Dwells with - in my heart, In the
tem - ple for His dwell-ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly,
rit.
I have Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart.

No. 46. Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLES H. GABRIEL. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.


1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you
stained within. Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea.
Heard my despairing cry. From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS.
Love lift-ed me!..... Love lift-ed me!.....
When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

No. 47.

I Love Him So.

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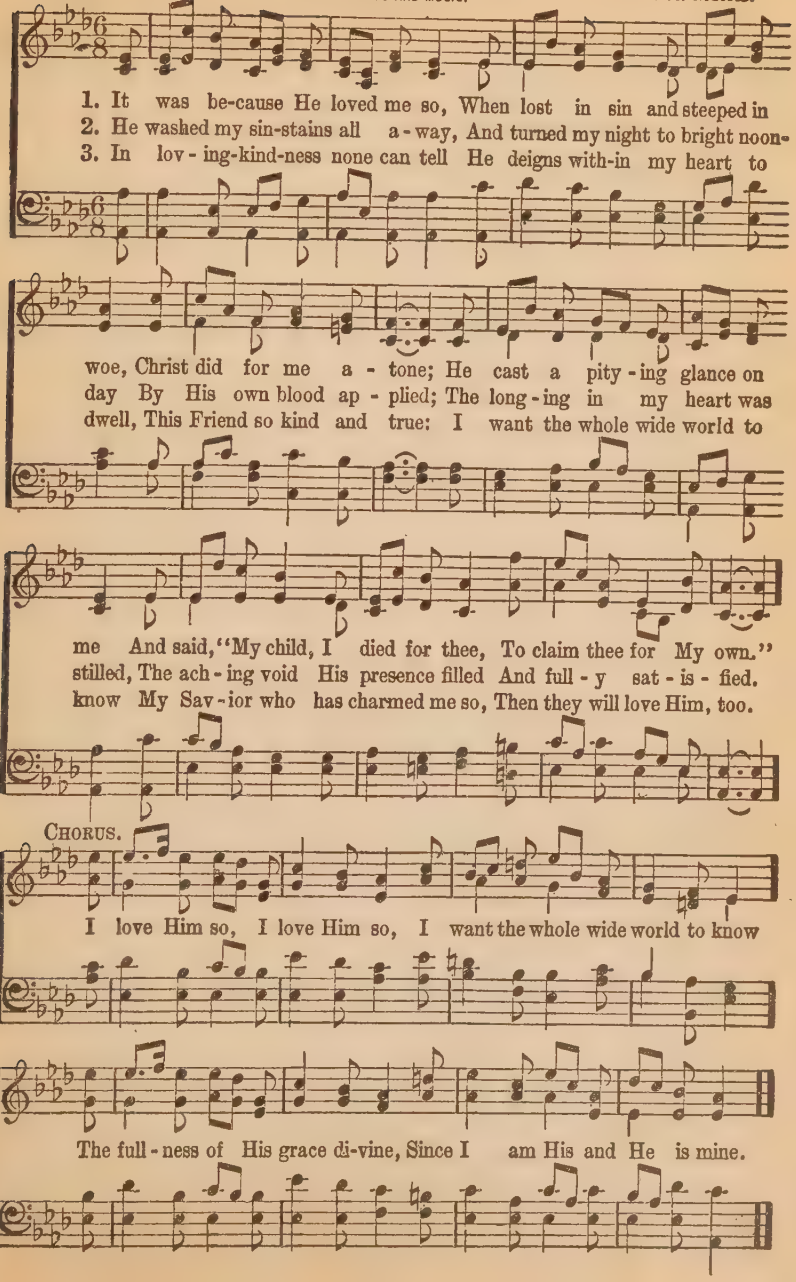
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. It was be-cause He loved me so, When lost in sin and steeped in
2. He washed my sin-stains all a-way, And turned my night to bright noon-
3. In lov-ing-kind-ness none can tell He deigns with-in my heart to
woe, Christ did for me a-tone; He cast a pity-ing glance on
day By His own blood ap-plied; The long-ing in my heart was
dwell, This Friend so kind and true: I want the whole wide world to
me And said, "My child, I died for thee, To claim thee for My own."
stilled, The ach-ing void His presence filled And full-y sat-is-fied.
know My Sav-ior who has charmed me so, Then they will love Him, too.
CHORUS.
I love Him so, I love Him so, I want the whole wide world to know
The full-ness of His grace di-vine, Since I am His and He is mine.

No. 48.

O That Will Be Glory.

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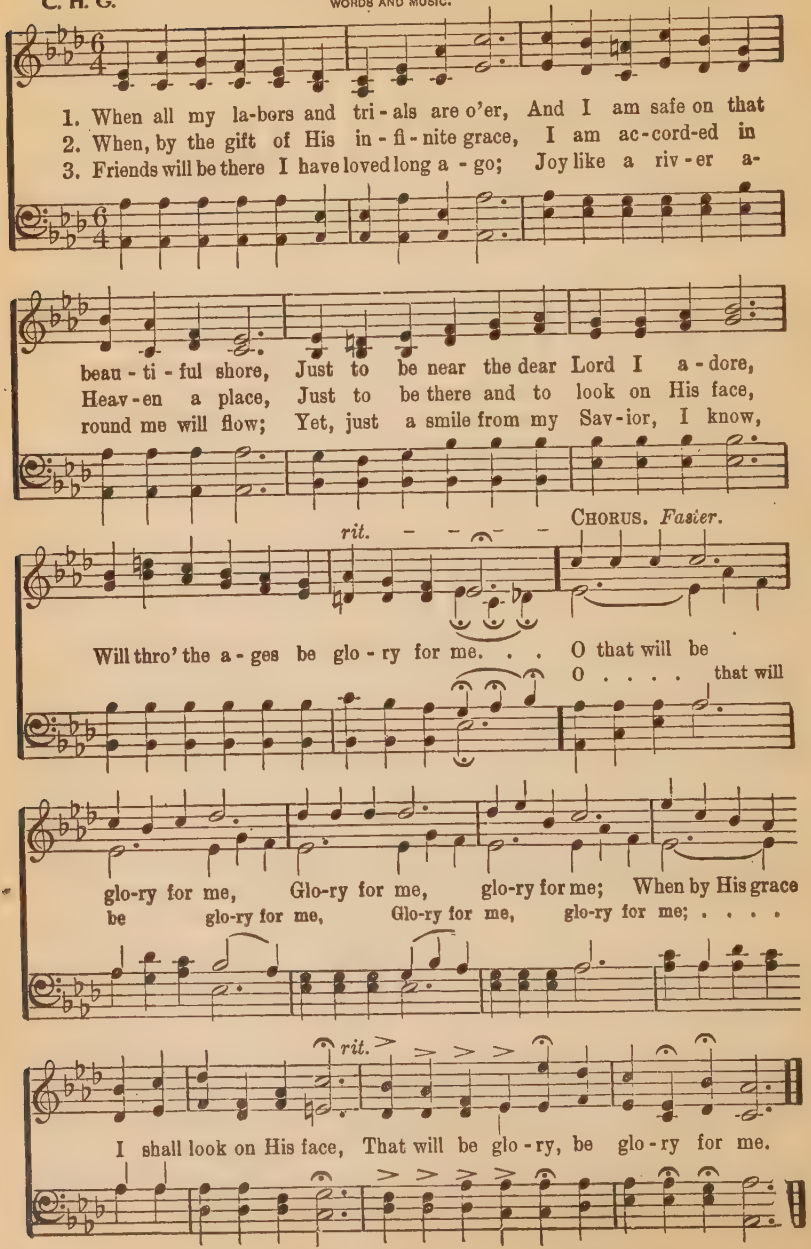
WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
CHORUS. Fasier.
rit.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be
O . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 49. A Mansion Prepared for Me.

J. J. B.

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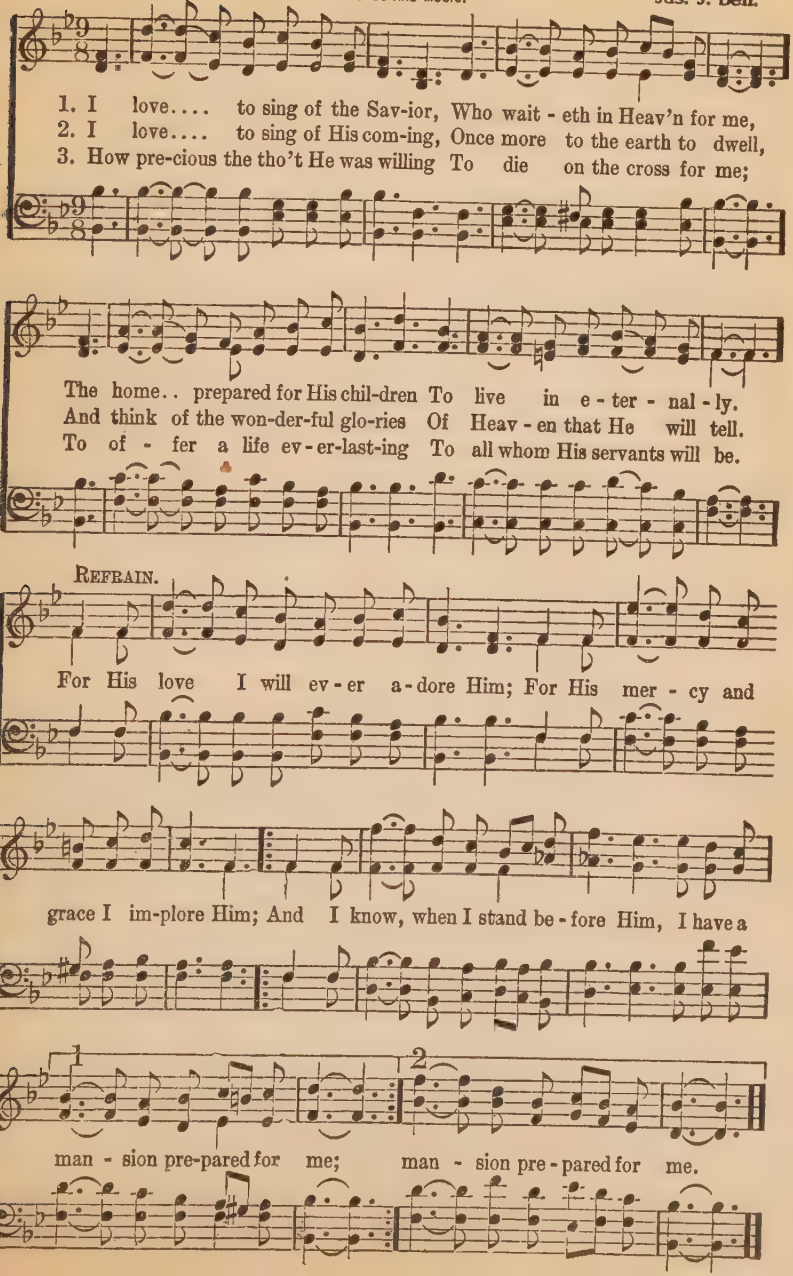
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jas. J. Bell.


1. I love.... to sing of the Sav-ior, Who wait - eth in Heav'n for me,
2. I love.... to sing of His com-ing, Once more to the earth to dwell,
3. How pre-cious the tho't He was willing To die on the cross for me;
The home.. prepared for His chil-dren To live in e - ter - nal - ly.
And think of the won-der-ful glo-ries Of Heav - en that He will tell.
To of - fer a life ev - er-last-ing To all whom His servants will be.
REFRAIN.
For His love I will ev - er a - dore Him; For His mer - cy and
grace I im-plore Him; And I know, when I stand be - fore Him, I have a
1
man - sion pre-pared for me;
2
man - sion pre - pared for me.

No. 50. Who Will Go To-day?

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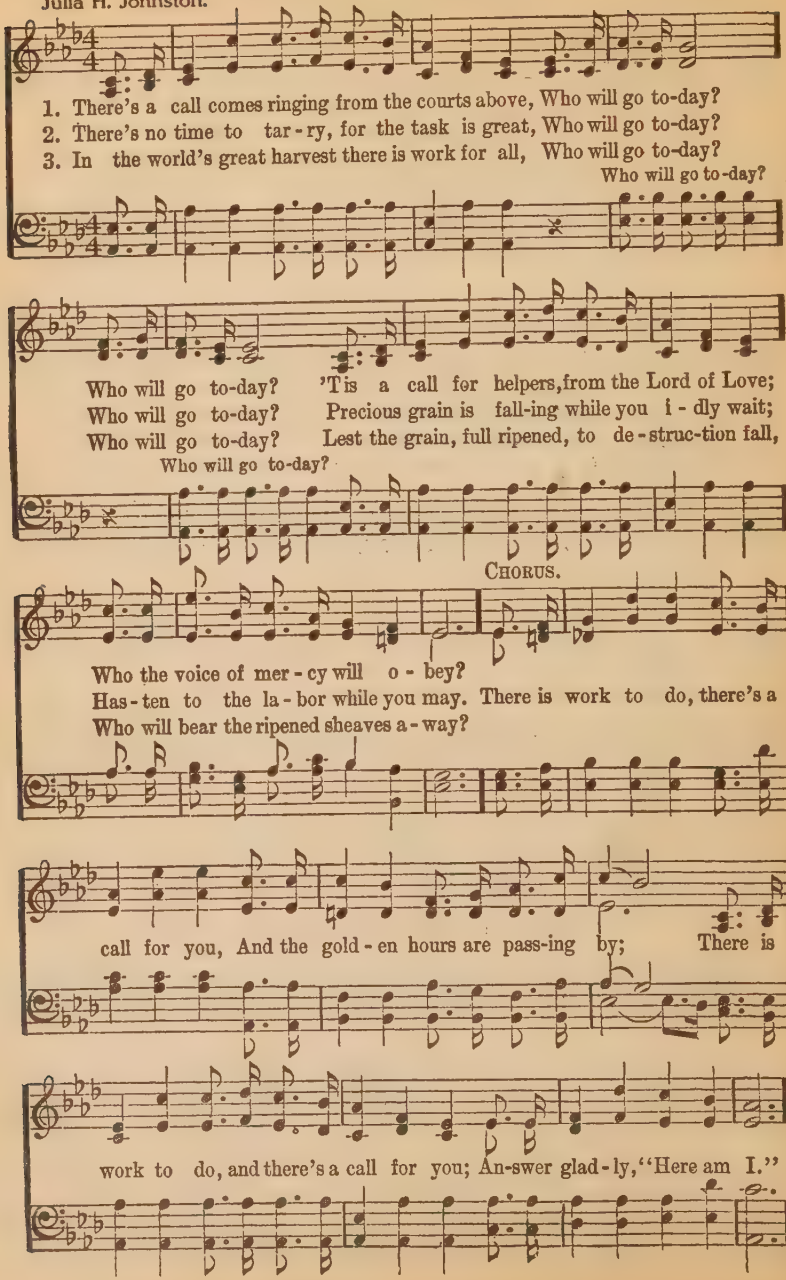
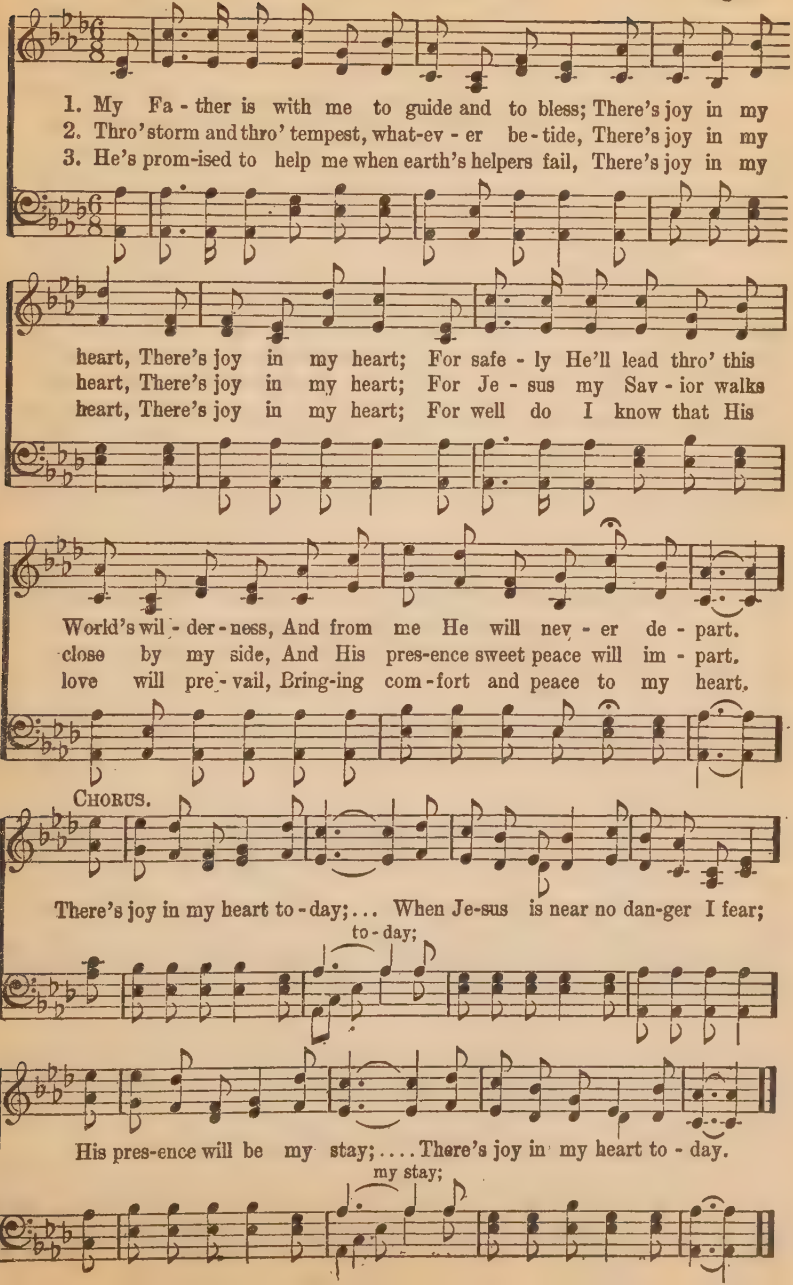
Julia H. Johnston. Ira B. Wilson.


1. There's a call comes ringing from the courts above, Who will go to-day?
2. There's no time to tar - ry, for the task is great, Who will go to-day?
3. In the world's great harvest there is work for all, Who will go to-day?
Who will go to-day?
Who will go to-day? 'Tis a call for helpers, from the Lord of Love;
Who will go to-day? Precious grain is fall-ing while you i - dly wait;
Who will go to-day? Lest the grain, full ripened, to de - struc-tion fall,
Who will go to-day?
CHORUS.
Who the voice of mer - cy will o - bey?
Has - ten to the la - bor while you may. There is work to do, there's a
Who will bear the ripened sheaves a - way?
call for you, And the gold - en hours are pass-ing by; There is
work to do, and there's a call for you; An-swer glad - ly, "Here am I."

No. 51. Joy in the Heart.

Helen M. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. J. M. Dungan.

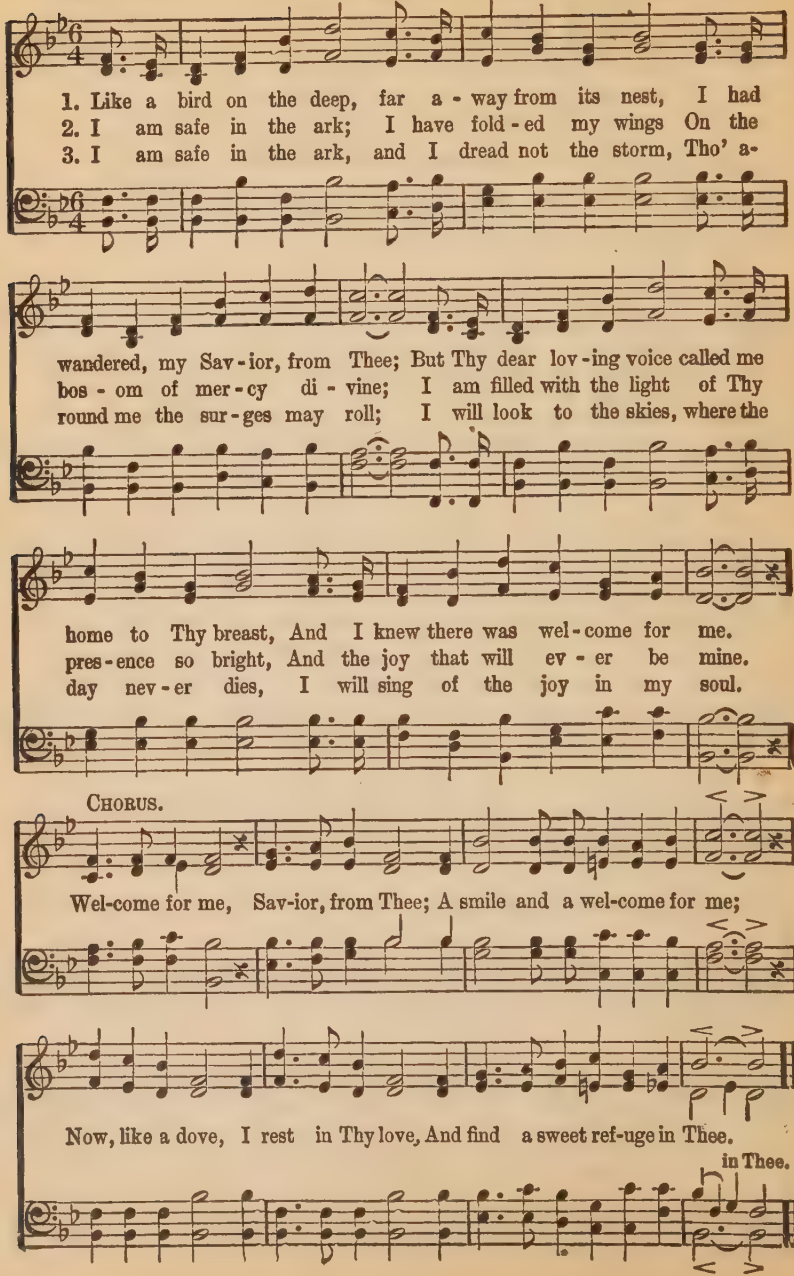

1. My Fa - ther is with me to guide and to bless; There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For safe - ly He'll lead thro' this World's wil - der - ness, And from me He will nev - er de - part.
2. Thro' storm and thro' tempest, what-ev - er be - tide, There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For Je - sus my Sav - ior walks close by my side, And His pres-ence sweet peace will im - part.
3. He's prom-ised to help me when earth's helpers fail, There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For well do I know that His love will pre - vail, Bring-ing com - fort and peace to my heart.
CHORUS.
There's joy in my heart to - day; ... When Je-sus is near no dan-ger I fear; His pres-ence will be my stay; .... There's joy in my heart to - day.
to - day;
my stay;

No. 52.

Welcome for Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-
wandered, my Sav - ior, from Thee; But Thy dear lov - ing voice called me
bos - om of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of Thy
round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the
home to Thy breast, And I knew there was wel - come for me.
pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.
CHORUS.
Wel-come for me, Sav-ior, from Thee; A smile and a wel-come for me;
Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in Thee.
in Thee.

No. 53. There Cometh No Night.

E. E. Hewitt.

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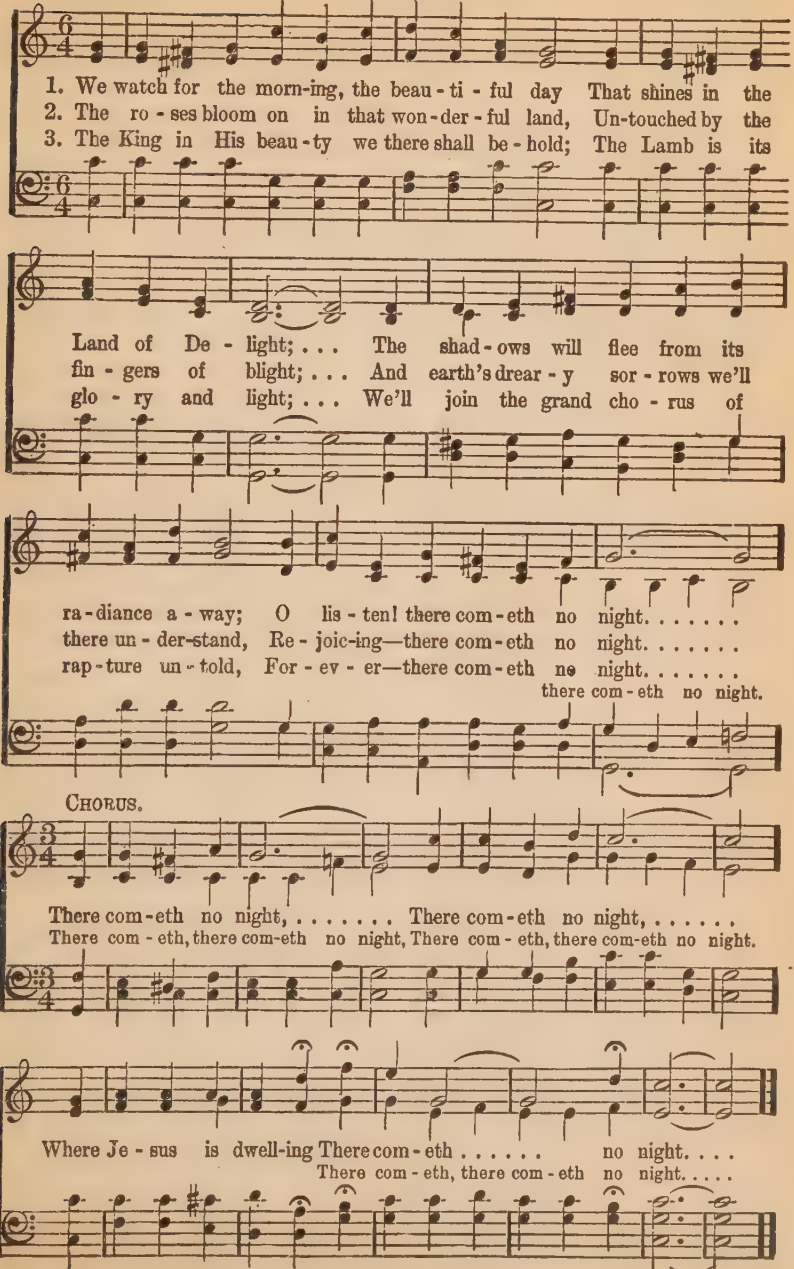
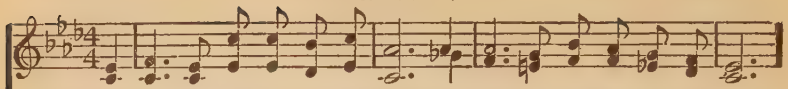
WORDS AND MUSIC.

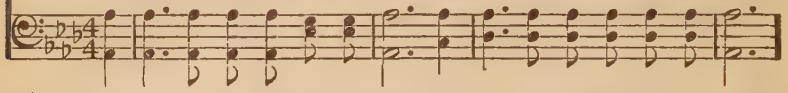
B. D. Ackley.

1. We watch for the morn-ing, the beau-ti-ful day That shines in the
2. The ro-ses bloom on in that won-der-ful land, Un-touched by the
3. The King in His beau-ty we there shall be-hold; The Lamb is its
Land of De-light; . . . The shad-ows will flee from its
fin-gers of blight; . . . And earth's drear-y sor-rows we'll
glo-ry and light; . . . We'll join the grand cho-rus of
ra-diance a-way; O lis-ten! there com-eth no night. . . . . .
there un-der-stand, Re-joic-ing—there com-eth no night. . . . . .
rap-ture un-told, For-ev-er—there com-eth no night. . . . . .
there com-eth no night.
CHORUS.
There com-eth no night, ... There com-eth no night, ...
There com-eth, there com-eth no night, There com-eth, there com-eth no night.
Where Je-sus is dwell-ing There com-eth . . . . . no night. . . .
There com-eth, there com-eth no night. . . . .

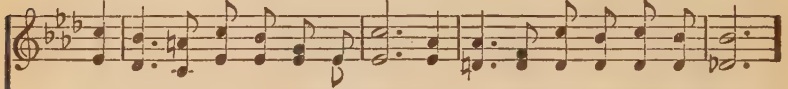
No. 54. Somehow, I Know.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Homer F. Morris.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

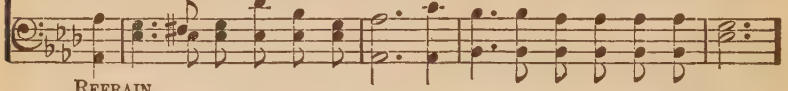


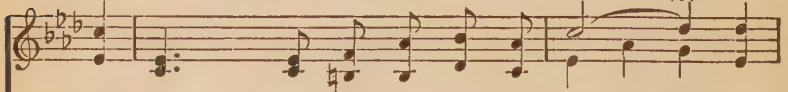
1. Some-how, I know that Je-sus guides My soul a-long the up-ward way;
2. Some-how, He shares each earthly ill, Each care that comes a-long the way;
3. Some-how, I know that He is near When pain would rob me of my song;

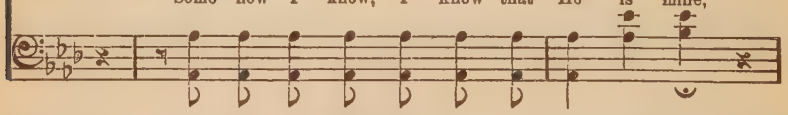




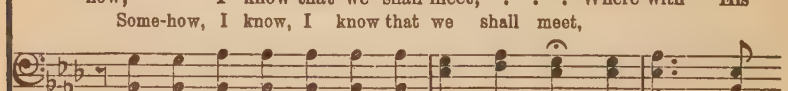
Some-how, I know He safe-ly hides Me from the tempt-er day by day.
Some-how, 't is joy to do His will And try to please Him ev-'ry day.
Some-how, I catch His words of cheer That lin - ger with me all day long.



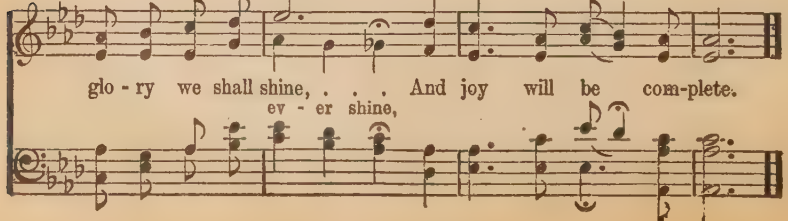
REFRAIN.

Some - how, I know that He is mine; . . . . Some-
Some - how I know, I know that He is mine;



how, I know that we shall meet, . . . Where with His
Some-how, I know, I know that we shall meet,



glo - ry we shall shine, . . . And joy will be com-plete.
ev - er shine,



No. 55. Love Won My Heart.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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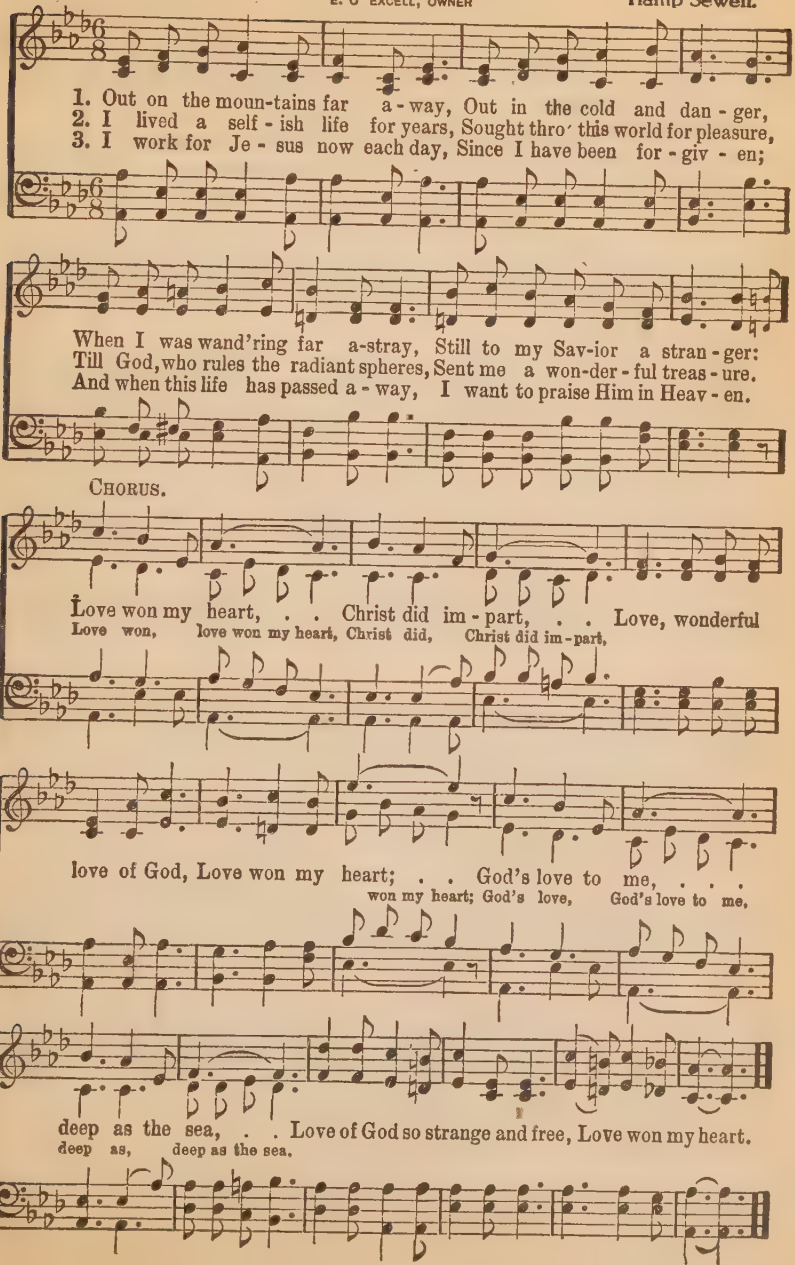
E. O EXCELL, OWNER

Hamp Sewell.


1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;
When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.
CHORUS.
Love won my heart, . . Christ did im-part, . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,
love of God, Love won my heart; . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,
deep as the sea, . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea.

No. 56.

With Me All the Way.

Mrs. N. P. C.

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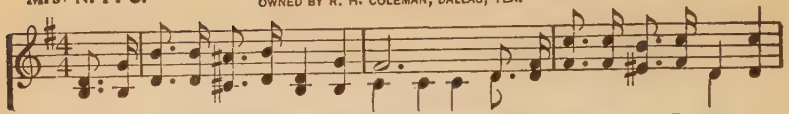
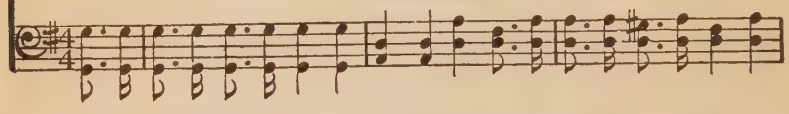
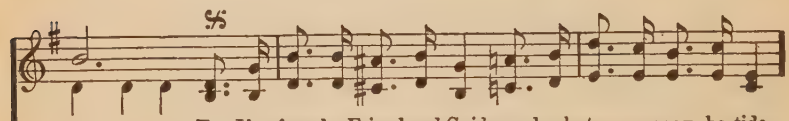
Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.



1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day, (to-day,) And re-joic-ing go I on my
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust, (of trust,) For His ways are always right and
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the victor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and

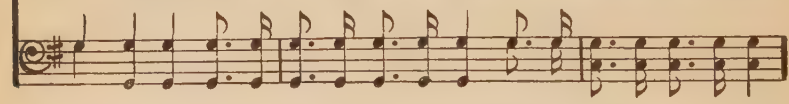
vic-tor's song.

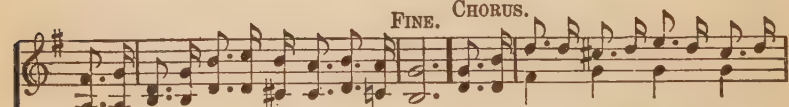


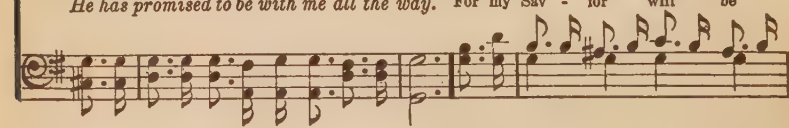


way; (my way;) For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide,
just; (and just;) And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own,
strong; (and strong;) Tho' temptations may as-sail, in His name I shall pre-vail,

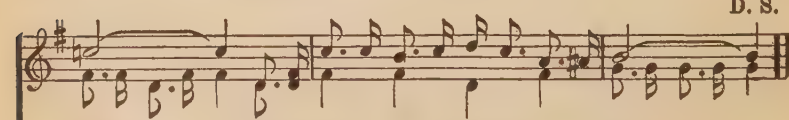
D. S.—*Then what e-vil shall I fear, With my Friend and Guide so near?*

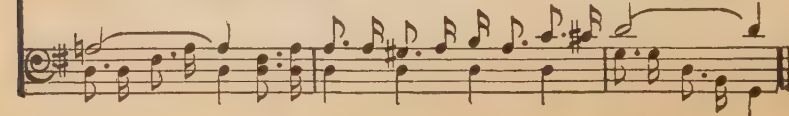


FINE. CHORUS.

He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be with me all the
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be



D. S.



way! . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day; . . .
with me all the way! Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day;

No. 57. A Song of Cheer.

Rev. Henry Moser.

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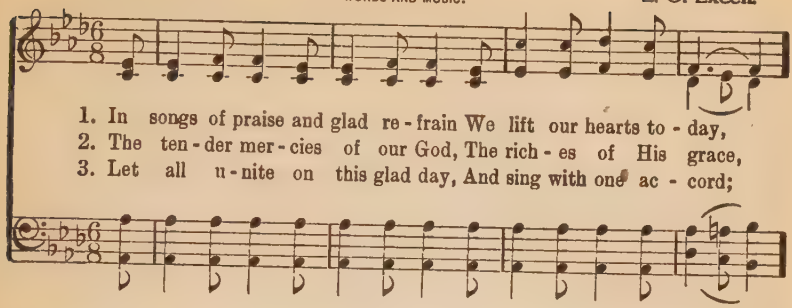
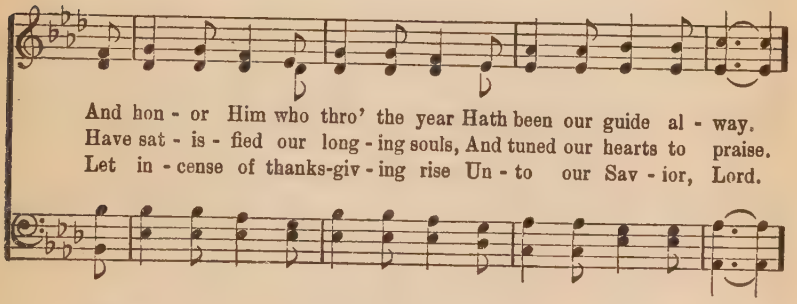
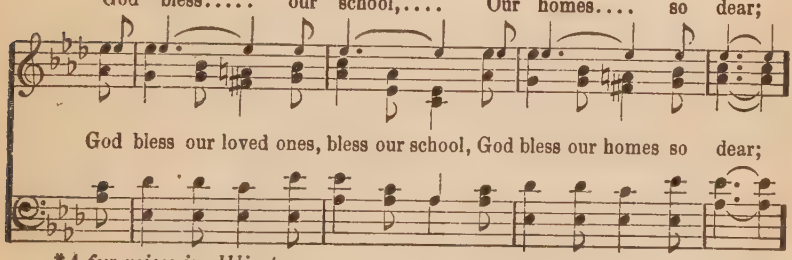
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

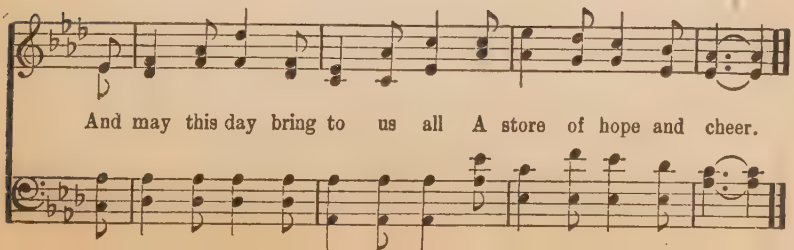

1. In songs of praise and glad re - frain We lift our hearts to - day,
2. The ten - der mer - cies of our God, The rich - es of His grace,
3. Let all u - nite on this glad day, And sing with one ac - cord;


And hon - or Him who thro' the year Hath been our guide al - way.
Have sat - is - fied our long - ing souls, And tuned our hearts to praise.
Let in - cense of thanks-giv - ing rise Un - to our Sav - ior, Lord.

CHORUS.

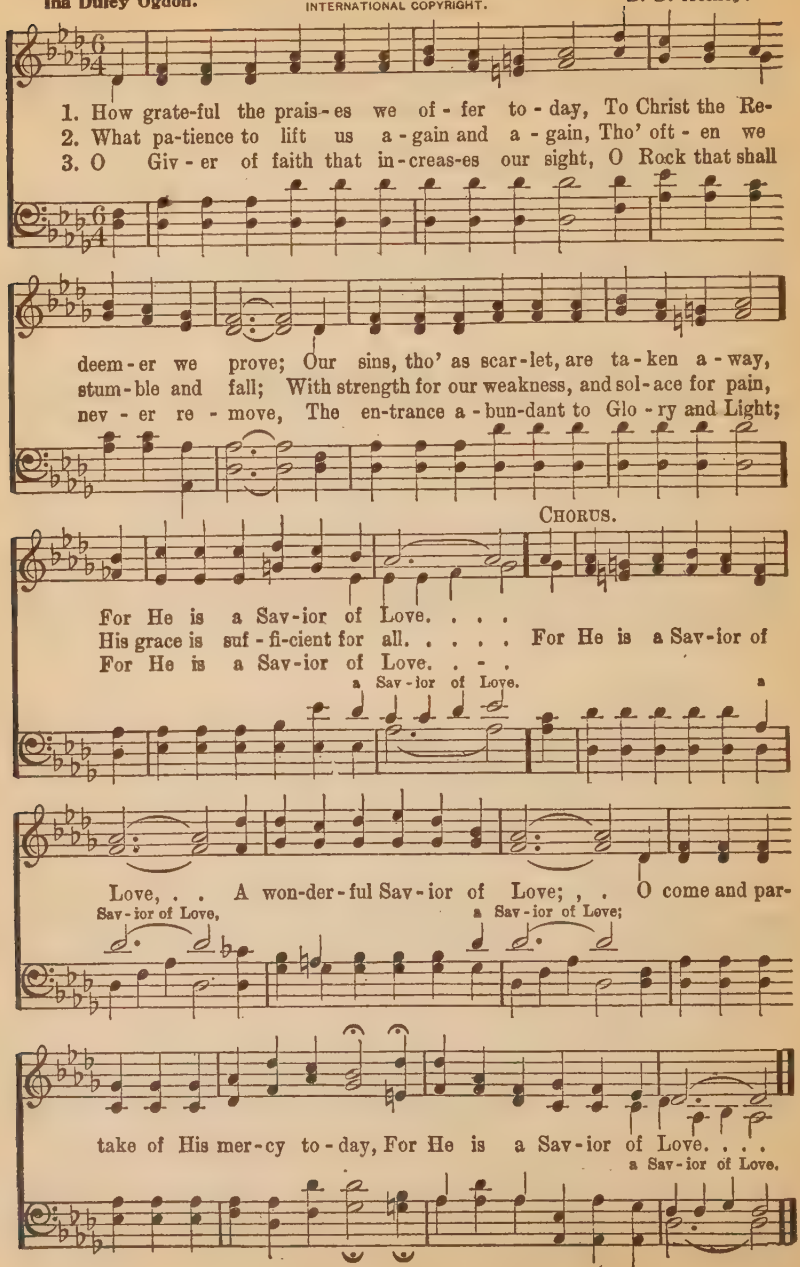


**A few voices in obbligato.*



No. 58. A Savior of Love.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.


1. How grate-ful the prais-es we of-fer to-day, To Christ the Re-
deem-er we prove; Our sins, tho' as scar-let, are ta-ken a-way,
2. What pa-tience to lift us a-gain and a-gain, Tho' oft-en we
stum-ble and fall; With strength for our weakness, and sol-ace for pain,
3. O Giv-er of faith that in-creas-es our sight, O Rock that shall
nev-er re-move, The en-trance a-bun-dant to Glo-ry and Light;
CHORUS.
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient for all. . . . . For He is a Sav-ior of
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
a Sav-ior of Love.
a
Love, . . A won-der-ful Sav-ior of Love; , . O come and par-
Sav-ior of Love,
a Sav-ior of Love;
take of His mer-cy to-day, For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
a Sav-ior of Love.

No. 59. In the Blessed By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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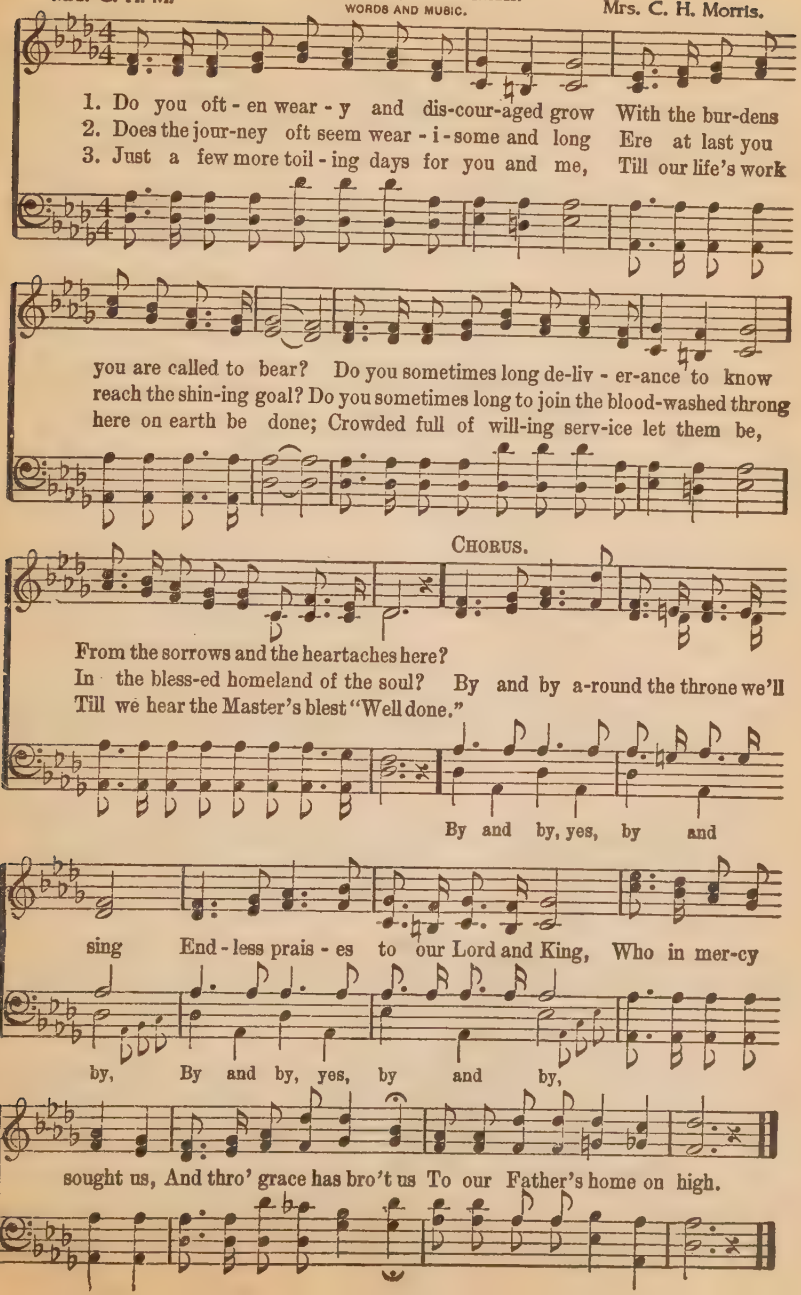
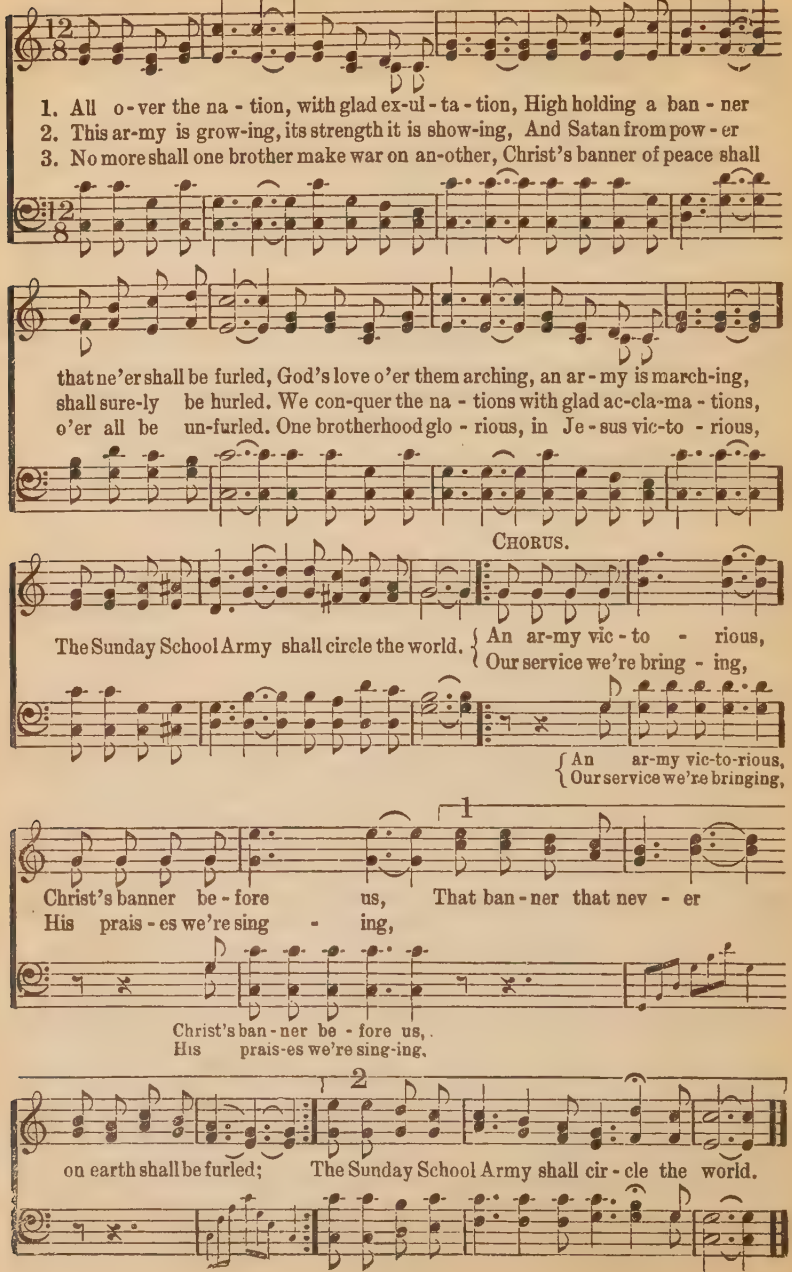
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Do you oft - en wear - y and dis-cour-aged grow With the bur-dens
2. Does the jour-ney oft seem wear - i - some and long Ere at last you
3. Just a few more toil - ing days for you and me, Till our life's work
you are called to bear? Do you sometimes long de-liv - er-ance to know
reach the shin-ing goal? Do you sometimes long to join the blood-washed throng
here on earth be done; Crowded full of will-ing serv-ice let them be,
CHORUS.
From the sorrows and the heartaches here?
In the bless-ed homeland of the soul? By and by a-round the throne we'll
Till we hear the Master's blest "Well done."
By and by, yes, by and
sing End - less prais - es to our Lord and King, Who in mer-cy
by, By and by, yes, by and by,
sought us, And thro' grace has bro't us To our Father's home on high.

No. 60. The Sunday School Army.

Elizabeth F. Guptill. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. All o-ver the na-tion, with glad ex-ul-ta-tion, High holding a ban-ner that ne'er shall be furled, God's love o'er them arching, an ar-my is march-ing,
2. This ar-my is grow-ing, its strength it is show-ing, And Satan from pow-er shall sure-ly be hurled. We con-quer the na-tions with glad ac-cla-ma-tions,
3. No more shall one brother make war on an-other, Christ's banner of peace shall o'er all be un-furled. One brotherhood glo-rious, in Je-sus vic-to-rious,
CHORUS.
The Sunday School Army shall circle the world. An ar-my vic-to-rious, Our service we're bring-ing,
An ar-my vic-to-rious, Our service we're bringing,
1
Christ's banner be-fore us, That ban-ner that nev-er
His prais-es we're sing-ing,
Christ's ban-ner be-fore us, His prais-es we're sing-ing,
2
on earth shall be furled; The Sunday School Army shall cir-cle the world.

No. 61. Every Day.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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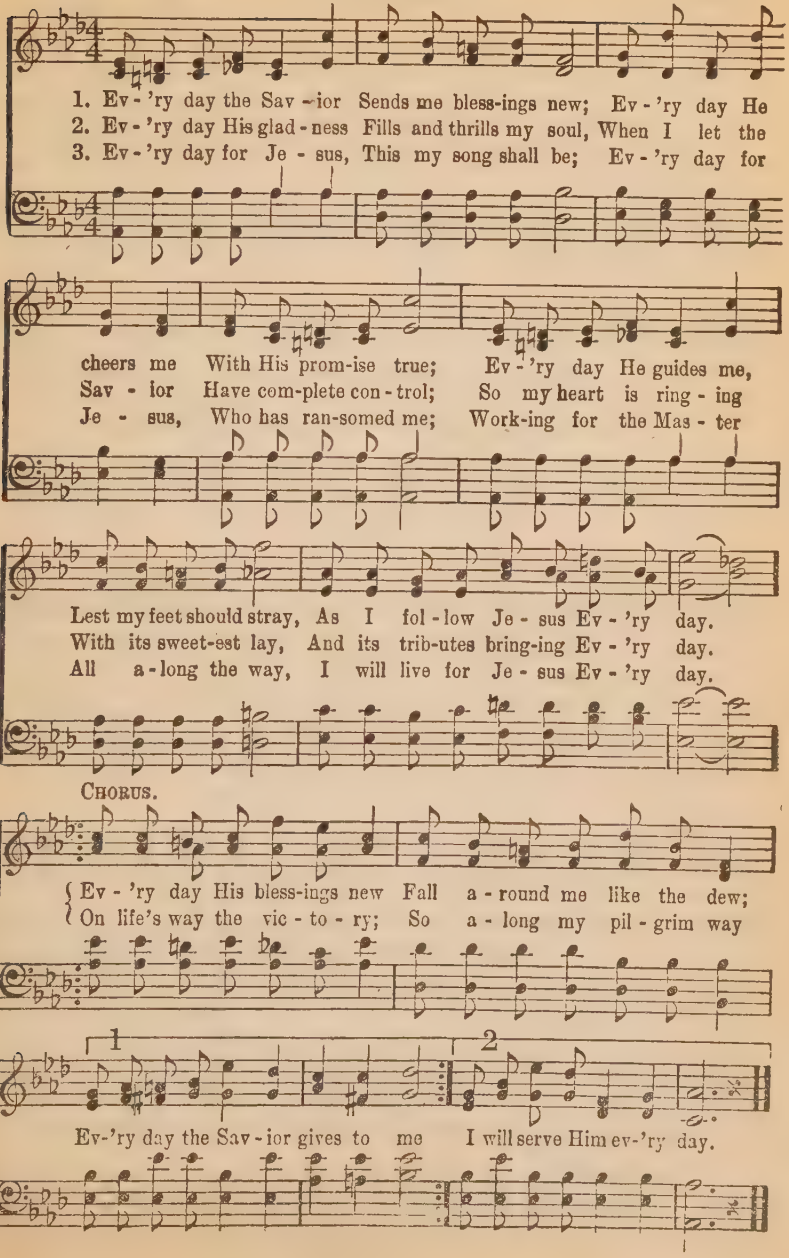
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day the Sav - ior Sends me bless-ings new; Ev - 'ry day He
2. Ev - 'ry day His glad - ness Fills and thrills my soul, When I let the
3. Ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, This my song shall be; Ev - 'ry day for
cheers me With His prom-ise true; Ev - 'ry day He guides me,
Sav - ior Have com-plete con - trol; So my heart is ring - ing
Je - sus, Who has ran-somed me; Work-ing for the Mas - ter
Lest my feet should stray, As I fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
With its sweet-est lay, And its trib-utes bring-ing Ev - 'ry day.
All a - long the way, I will live for Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry day His bless-ings new Fall a - round me like the dew;
On life's way the vic - to - ry; So a - long my pil - grim way
1
2
Ev-'ry day the Sav - ior gives to me I will serve Him ev-'ry day.

No. 62.

Make Him Yours.

C. H. M.

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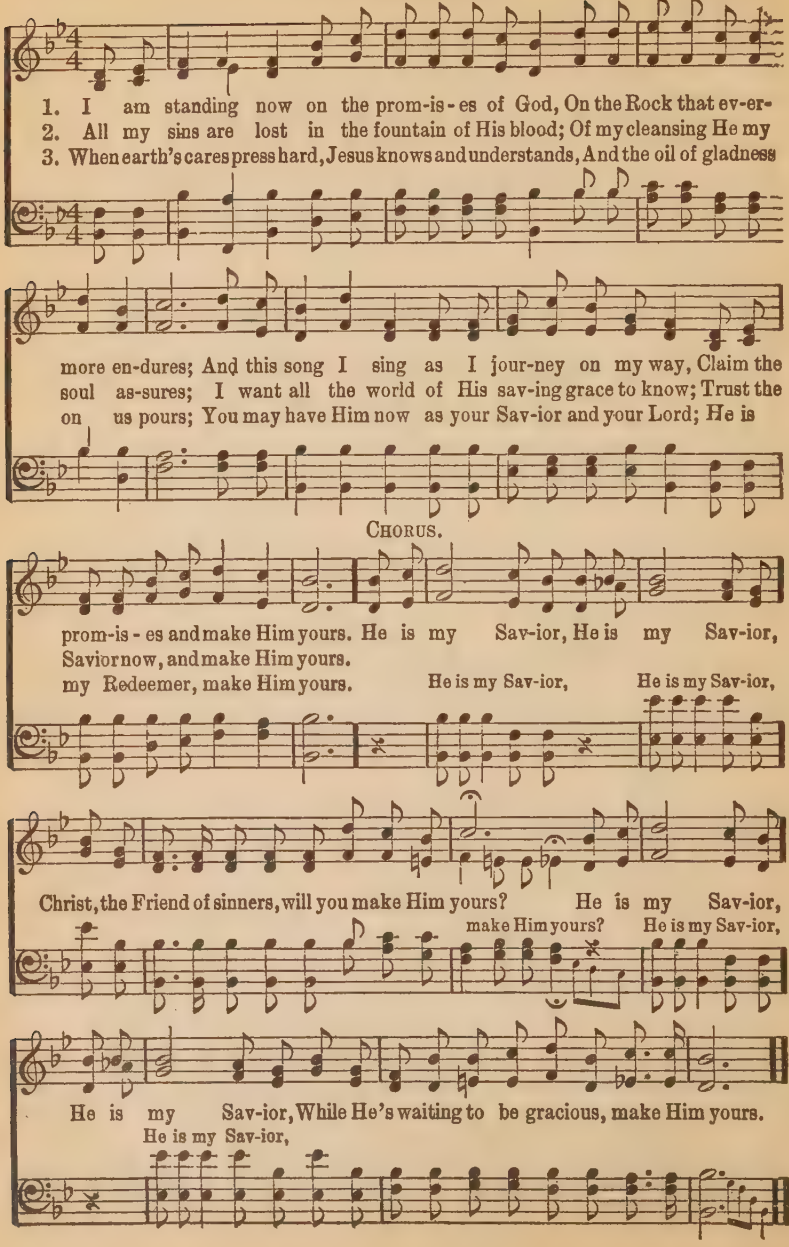
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I am standing now on the prom-is-es of God, On the Rock that ev-er-
2. All my sins are lost in the fountain of His blood; Of my cleansing He my
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of gladness
more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way, Claim the
soul as-sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know; Trust the
on us pours; You may have Him now as your Sav-ior and your Lord; He is
CHORUS.
prom-is-es and make Him yours. He is my Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,
Savior now, and make Him yours.
my Redeemer, make Him yours.
He is my Sav-ior,
He is my Sav-ior,
Christ, the Friend of sinners, will you make Him yours?
He is my Sav-ior,
make Him yours?
He is my Sav-ior,
He is my Sav-ior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
He is my Sav-ior,

No. 63.

The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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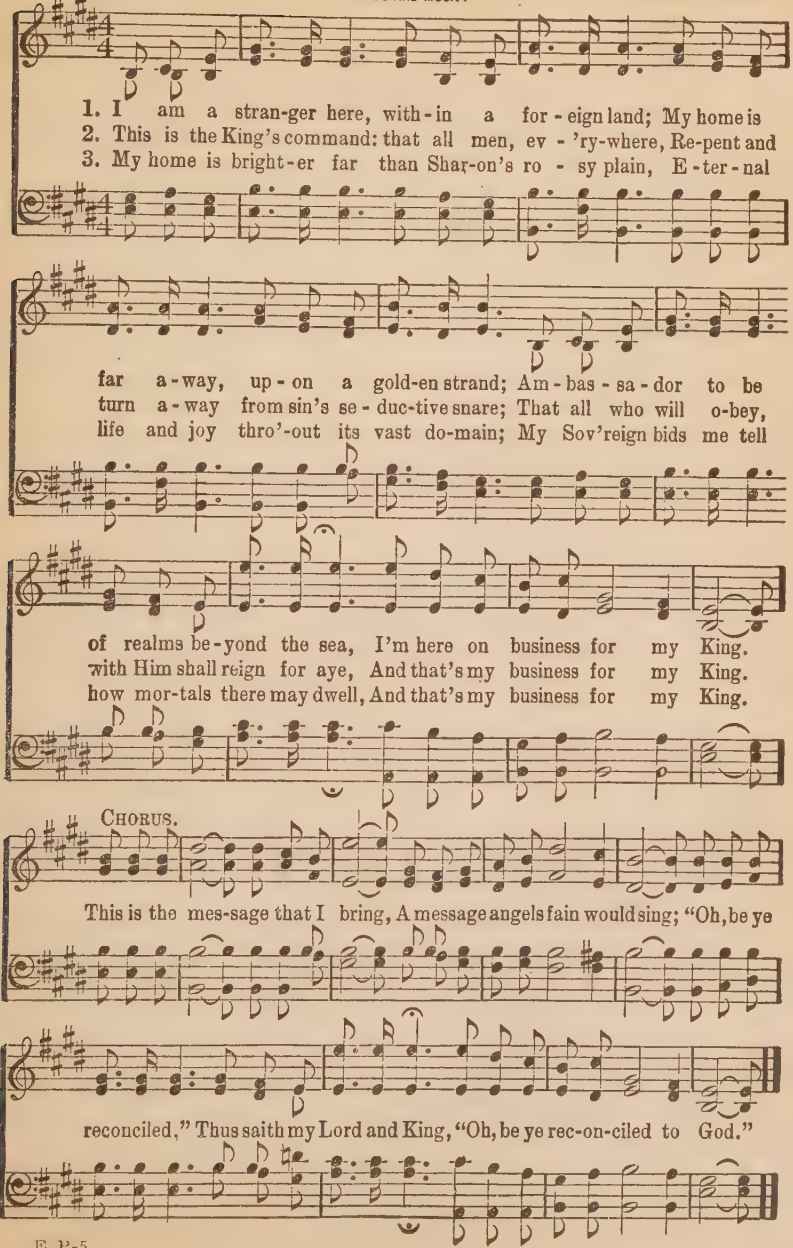
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
CHORUS.
This is the mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 64.

"Just a Little Longer."

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Mrs. C. H. M. — WORDS AND MUSIC. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just a lit - tle lon - ger to work for Je - sus, Days for earth - ly
2. Just a lit - tle lon - ger the seed to scat - ter Out up - on the
3. Just a lit - tle lon - ger to lift the fall - en, Pre-cious, nev - er-

toil are short and few; Just a lit - tle lon - ger to fight life's bat - tles,
har - vest-fields so wide; Just a lit - tle lon - ger the sheaves to gath - er,
dy - ing souls to save; Just a lit - tle lon - ger to tell the sto - ry,

CHORUS.

And to prove thy-self a sol - dier brave and true.
Com-ing with re-joic - ing at the e - ven - tide. Just a lit - tle lon-ger,
And to speed the mes-sage o'er the o - cean wave.

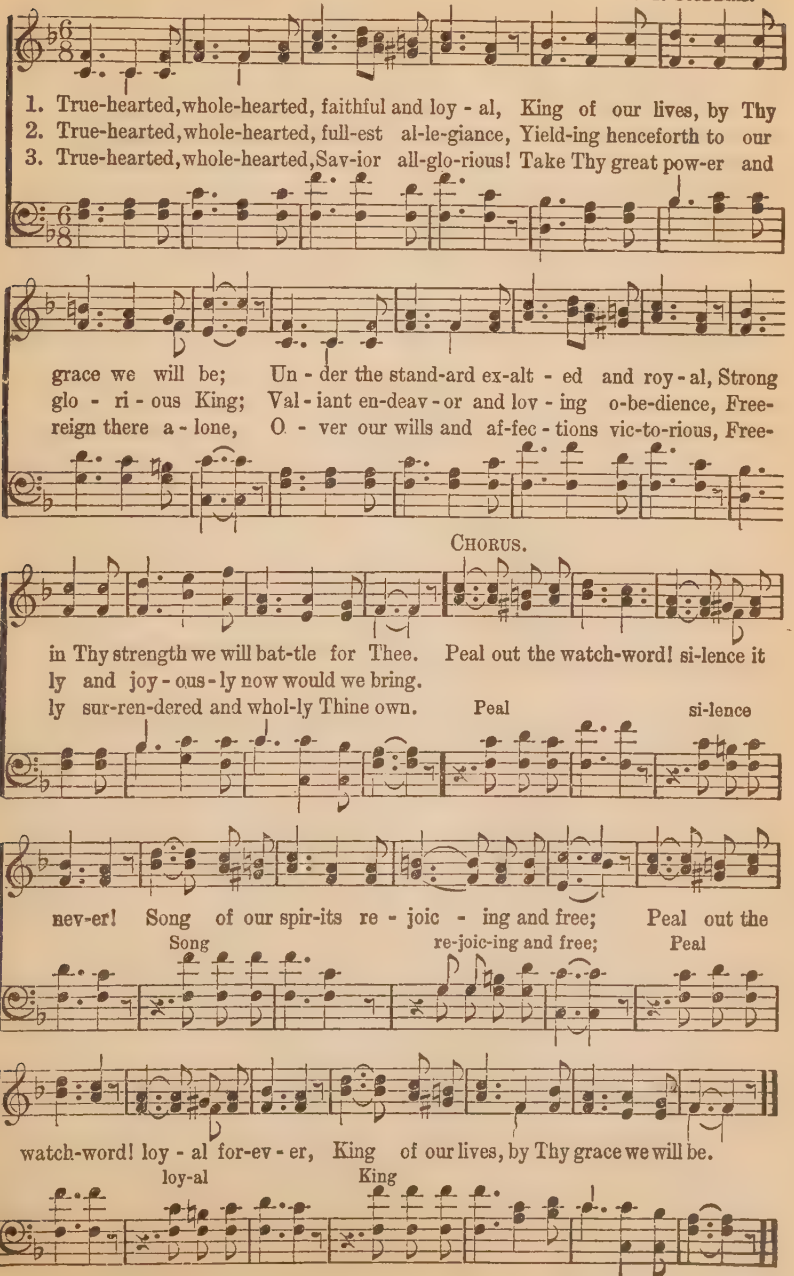
just a lit - tle lon-ger, O my soul, be patient, to the end en-dure; Just a

lit - tle lon-ger the cross to bear, Then a long e - ter - ni - ty the crown to wear.

No. 65. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec - tions vic-to-rious, Free-
CHORUS.
in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.
Peal
si-lence
nev-er! Song of our spir-its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song
re-joic-ing and free;
Peal
watch-word! loy - al for-ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al
King

No. 66. There's Much We Can Do.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL, IN RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's much we can do if we work with a will, No time to be
2. There's much we can do in the sow-ing of seed, Some fields are yet
3. There's much we can do in the reap-ing of wheat, Some fields for the

wast-ed to-day; The Mas-ter is read-y our la-bors to bless,
bar-ren and waste; The foe will be bus-y in spreading the tares,
har-vest are white; So much may be lost when the har-vest is past,

CHORUS.

And wa-ges He of-fers to pay.
Then go, and be work-ing with haste. No time to be wast-ed, for
If left to the mil-dew and blight.

man-y the fields, And lab'rers, as ev-er, are few;..... A-way to the
as ev-er, are few;

work that is need-ing a hand! So much! O so much we can do!

No. 67.

His Way With Thee.

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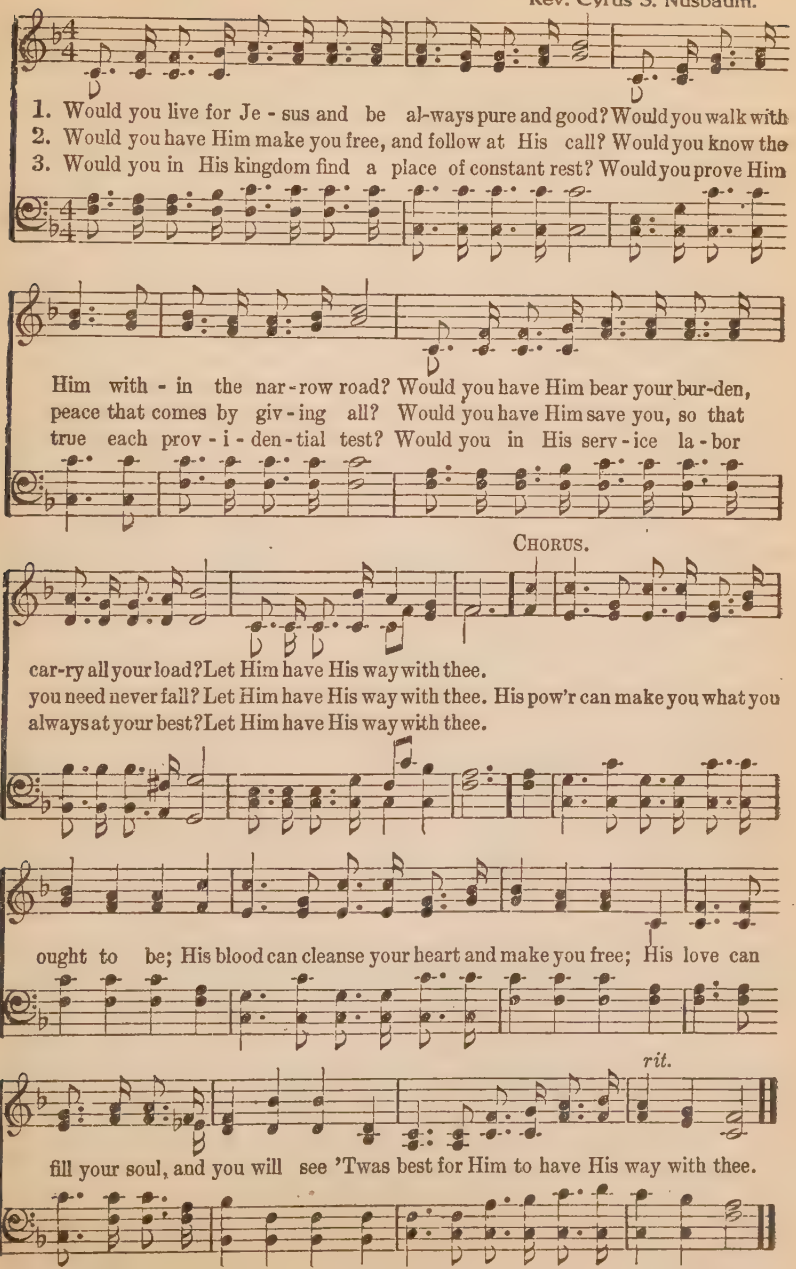
C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor
CHORUS.
car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
rit.
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 68. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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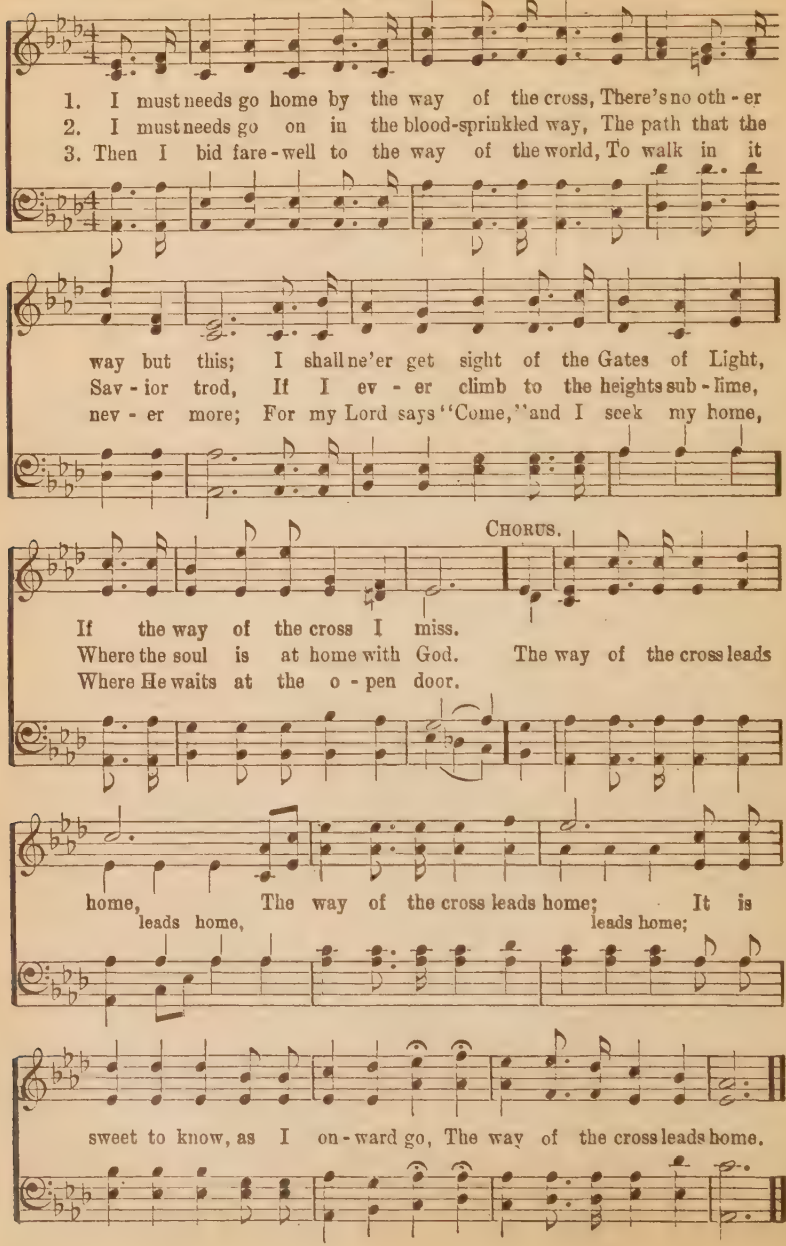
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go,
leads home,
leads home;
The way of the cross leads home.

No. 69. When The Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Homer F. Morris.

1. I could feel the bur - den roll from my wear - y, sin - ful soul,
2. I was lost in dark - est night, but my soul be-held the light,
3. When I heard His wel-come voice, how it made my heart re-joice,

When the hand of love touched me; And my heart that had been sad
When the hand of love touched me; Great de-spair had filled my heart,
When the hand of love touched me; When thro' grace He made me whole

found a song that made it glad, When the hand of love touched me.
but how soon it did de-part, When the hand of love touched me.
how His glo - ry filled my soul, When the hand of love touched me.

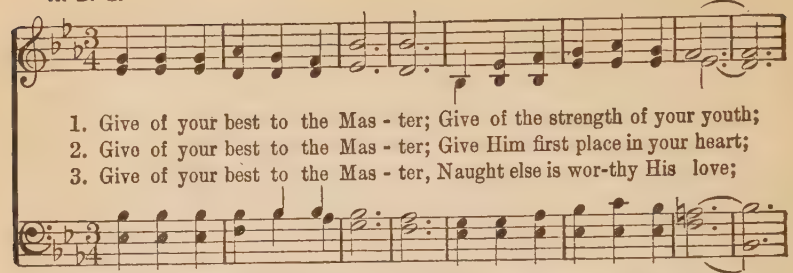
CHORUS.

When the hand of love touched me, When the hand of love touched me, I could
touched me, touched me,

feel the burden roll from my weary, sinful soul, When the hand of love touched me.

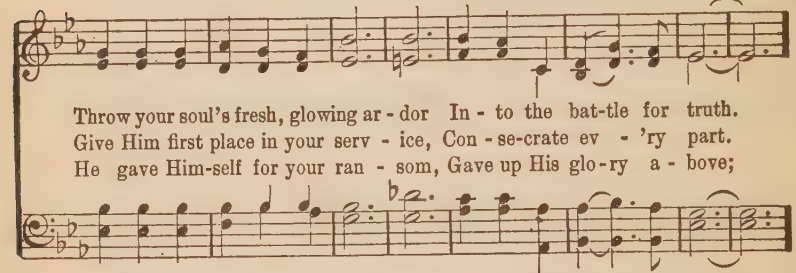
No. 70. Give of Your Best to the Master.

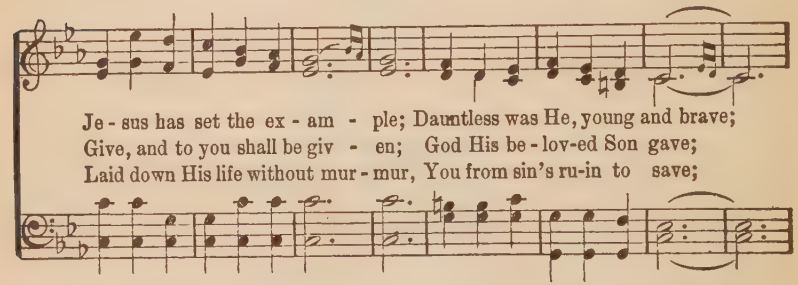
H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor-thy His love;

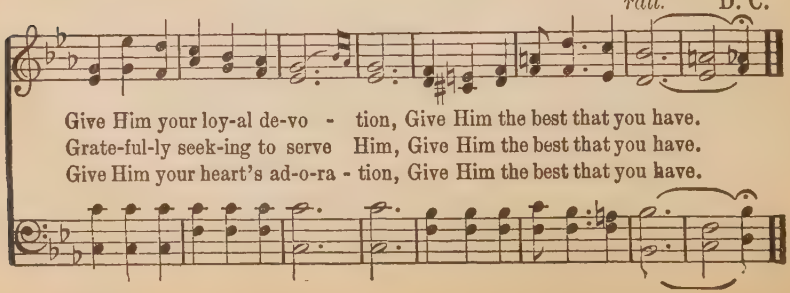
REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.


Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo-ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.

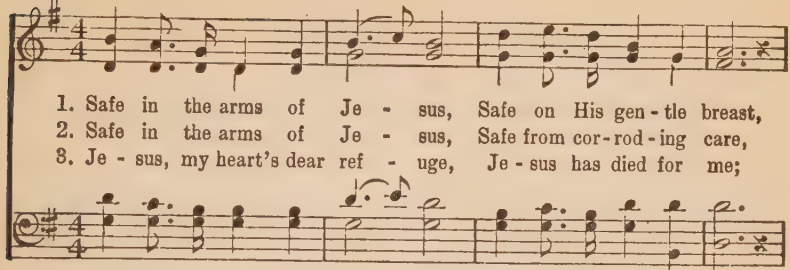

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov-ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru-in to save;

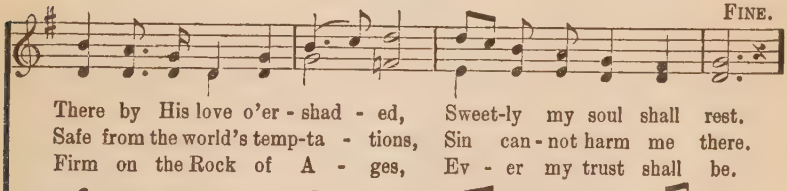
rall. D. C.

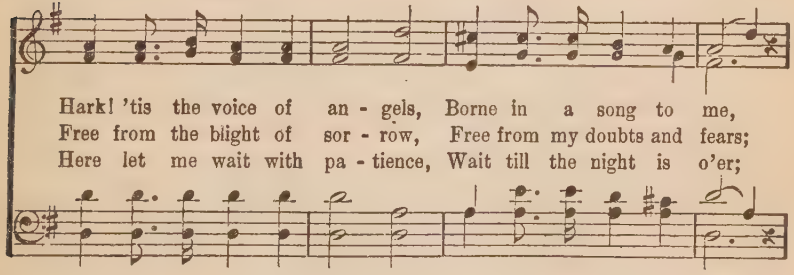

Give Him your loy-al de-vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

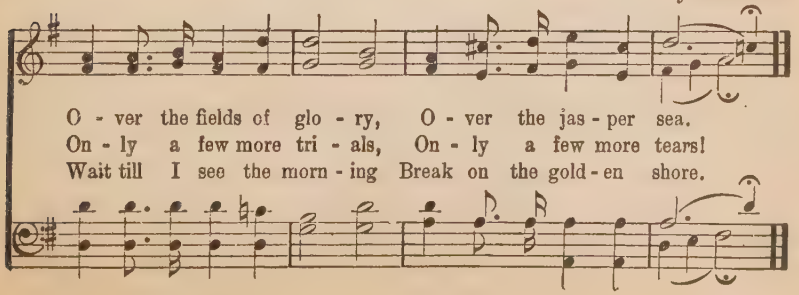
No. 71. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,


FINE.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.


Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
D. C. for Chorus.


O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

No. 72. In His Keeping.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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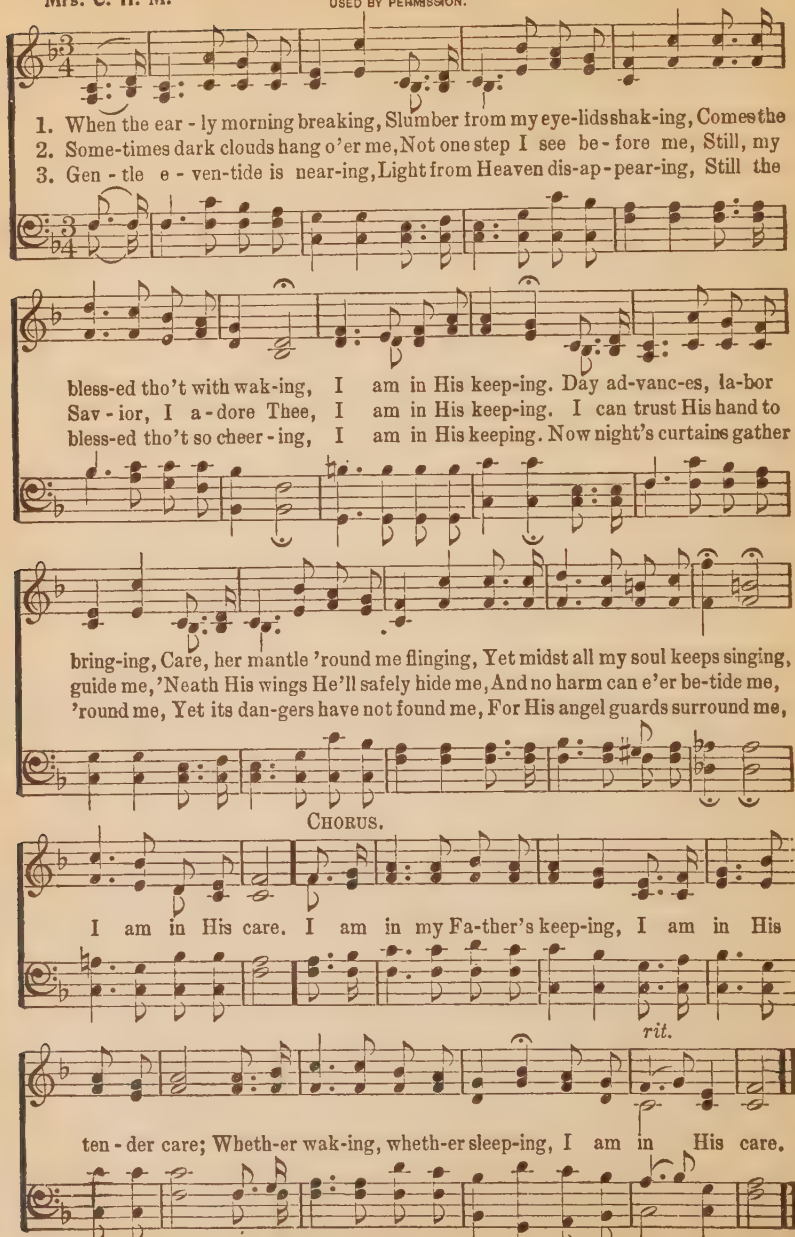
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. When the ear - ly morning breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shak-ing, Comes the
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap - pear-ing, Still the
bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad-vanc-es, la-bor
Sav - ior, I a-dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
bless-ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in His keeping. Now night's curtains gather
bring-ing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
'round me, Yet its dan-gers have not found me, For His angel guards surround me,
CHORUS.
I am in His care. I am in my Fa-ther's keep-ing, I am in His
rit.
ten - der care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care.

No. 73. Let the Merry Church Bells Ring.

USED BY PERMISSION OF H. W. FAIRBANK PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

H. W. Fairbank.

1. Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh-ing, Frost and
2. Let the birds sing out a-gain From their leaf-y chap-el, Prais-ing
3. Now the night of grief is past, Joy the morn-ing giv-eth; Christ the

p *mf*

cold hath fled from spring, Life hath conquered dy-ing; Flow'rs are smil-ing,
Him, with whom in vain Death has sought to grap-ple; Sounds of joy rise
Lord was slain for us, But to-day He liv-eth; Ev-'ry heart is

fields are gay, Sun-ny is the weath-er, With our ris-ing Lord to-day,
loud and clear As the breezes flut-ter; "Christ is ris-en, He's not here,"
glad and gay, Sor-row from us driv-en, This the joy of East-er day,

CHORUS.

rit.

All things rise to-geth-er, All things rise to-geth-er.
Is the strain they ut-ter, Is the strain they ut-ter. Let the mer-ry
Christ the Lord is ris-en, Christ the Lord is ris-en.

Repeat pp.

church bells ring! Ring! ring! ring! Let the merry church bells ring! Ring! ring! ring!

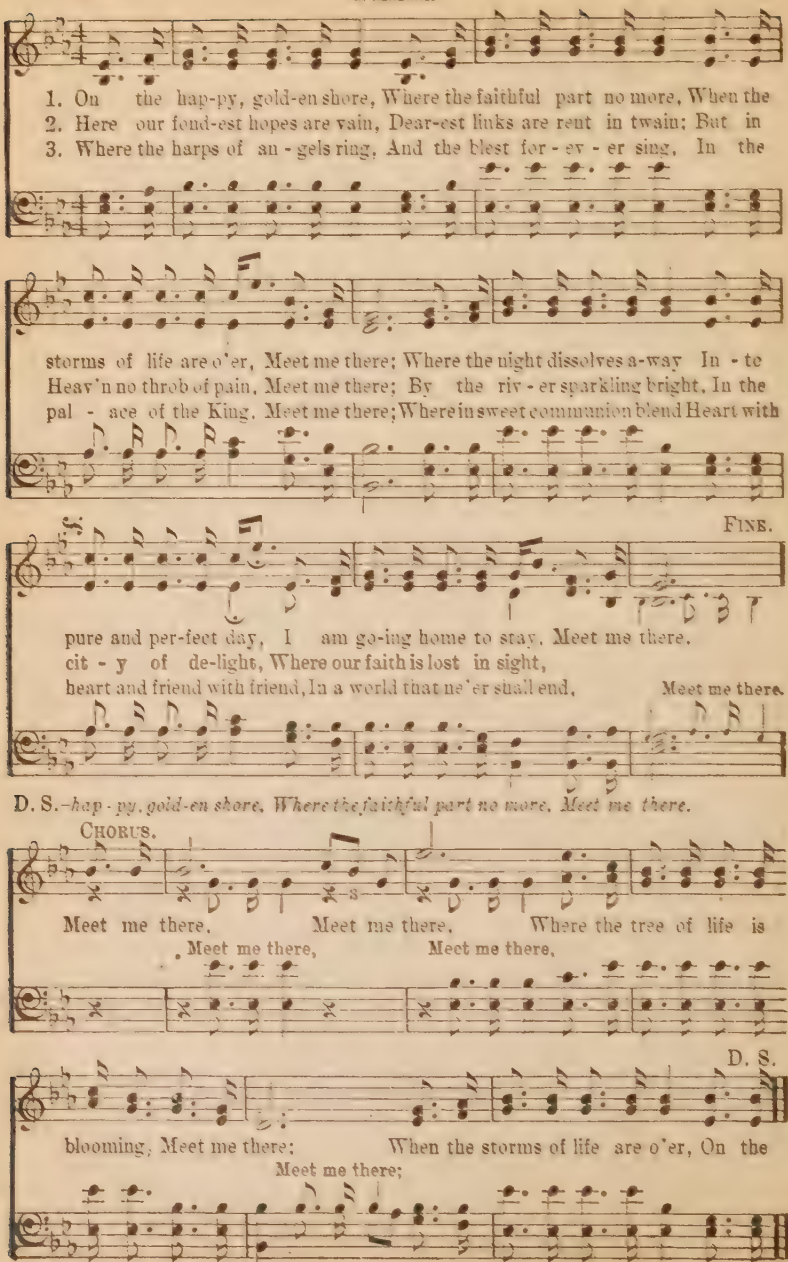
No. 74.

Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In-to
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with
FINE.
pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.
D. S.—hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
D. S.
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

No. 75. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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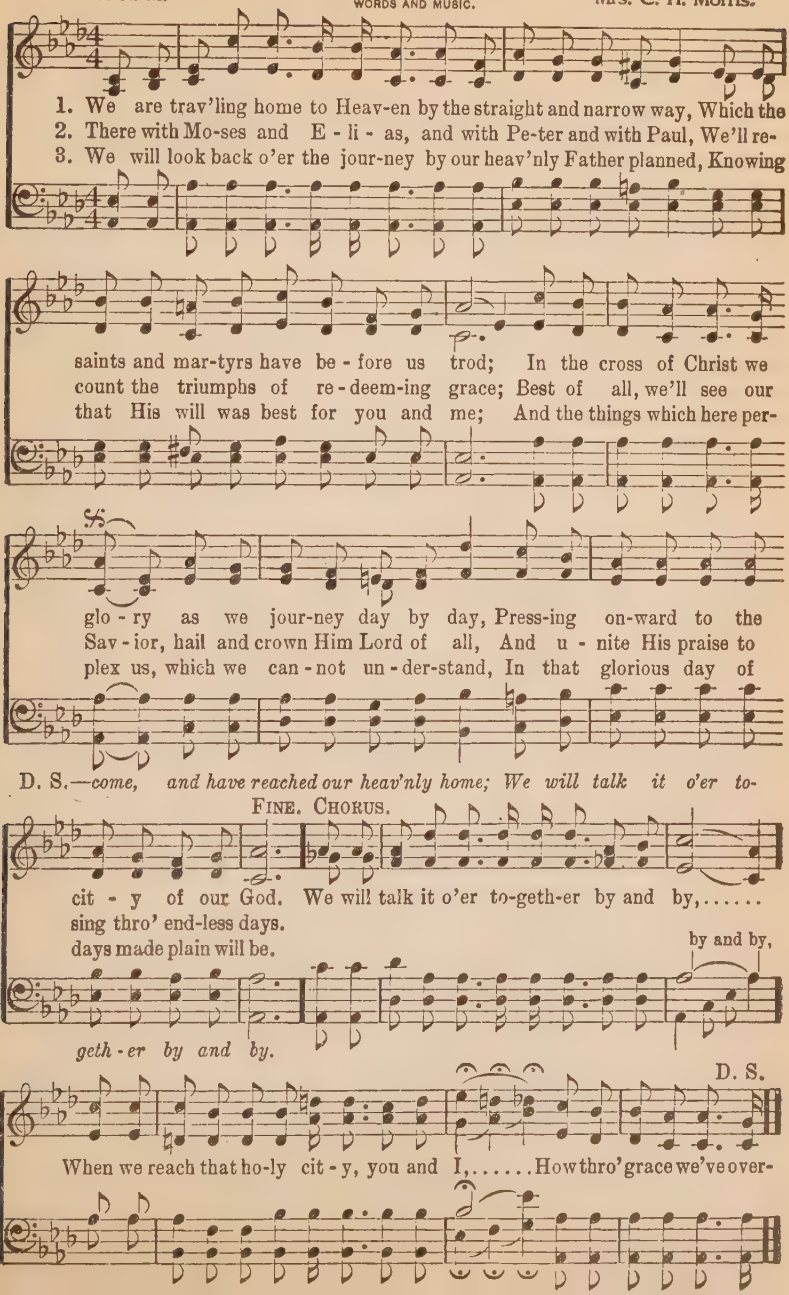
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing
saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-
glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of
D. S.—come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-
FINE. CHORUS.
cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.
by and by,
geth - er by and by.
D. S.
When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

No. 76. Victory Through Grace.

Sallie Martin.

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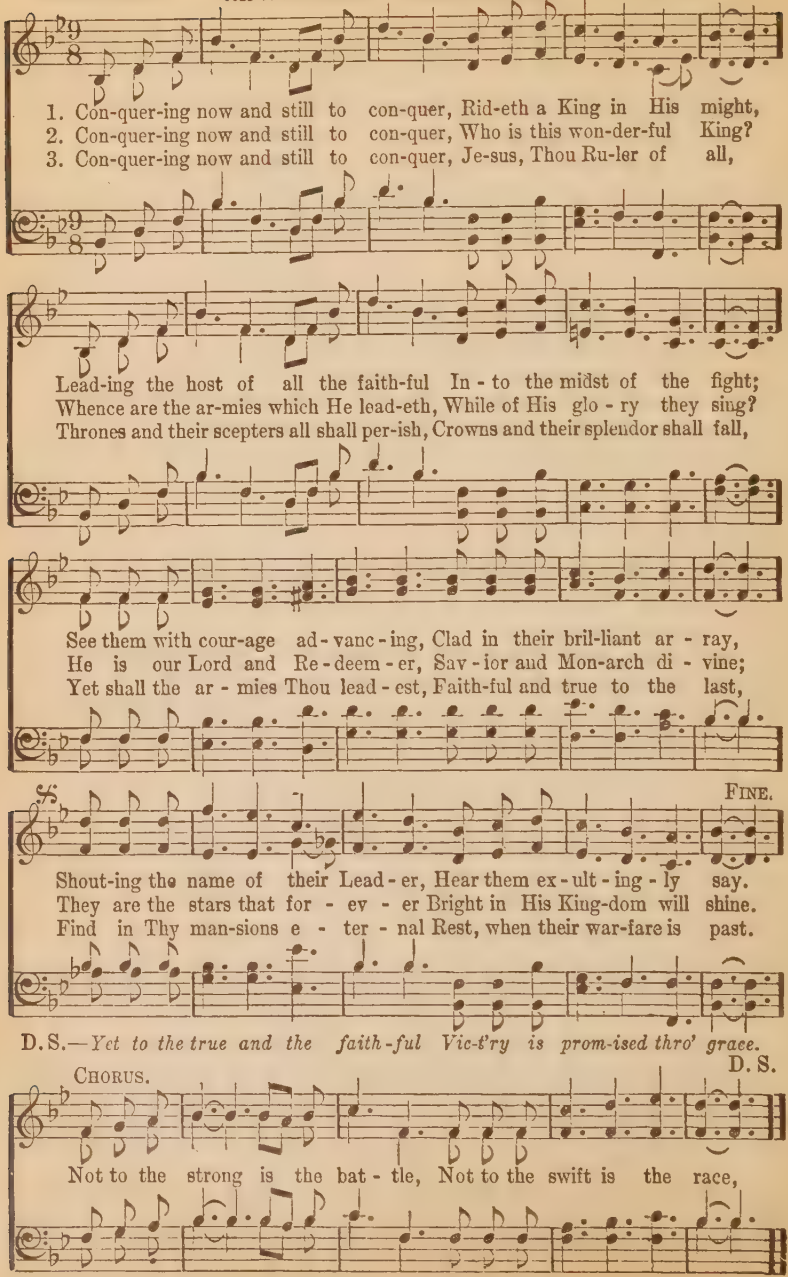
Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine;
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
FINE.
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say.
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.
D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.
D. S.
CHORUS.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

No. 77. Thy Kingdom Come.

Rev. C. McKibbin.

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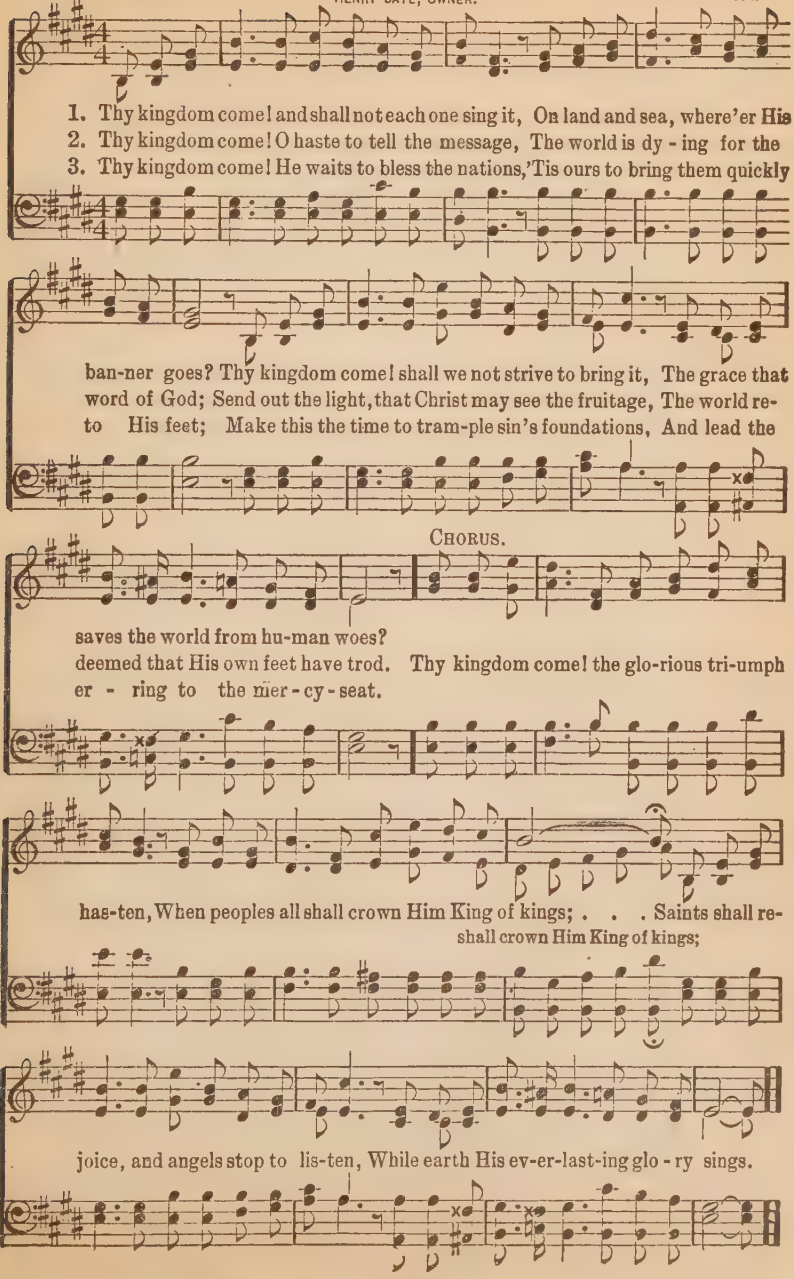
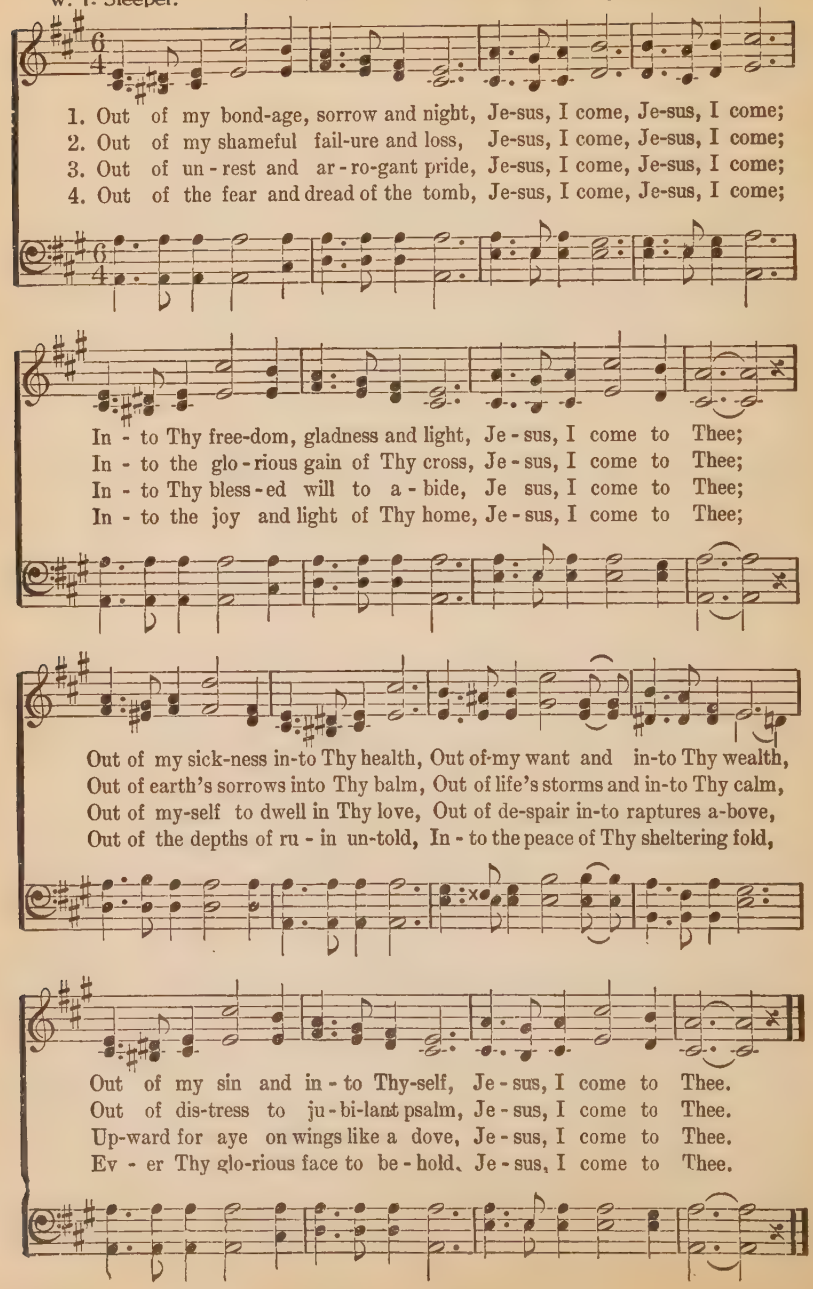
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, where'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy - ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'Tis ours to bring them quickly
ban-ner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re-
to His feet; Make this the time to tram-ple sin's foundations, And lead the
CHORUS.
saves the world from hu-man woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
er - ring to the mer - cy - seat.
has-ten, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; . . . Saints shall re-
shall crown Him King of kings;
joice, and angels stop to lis-ten, While earth His ev-er-last-ing glo - ry sings.

No. 78. Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

No. 79.

Grace is Free.

James Rowe.

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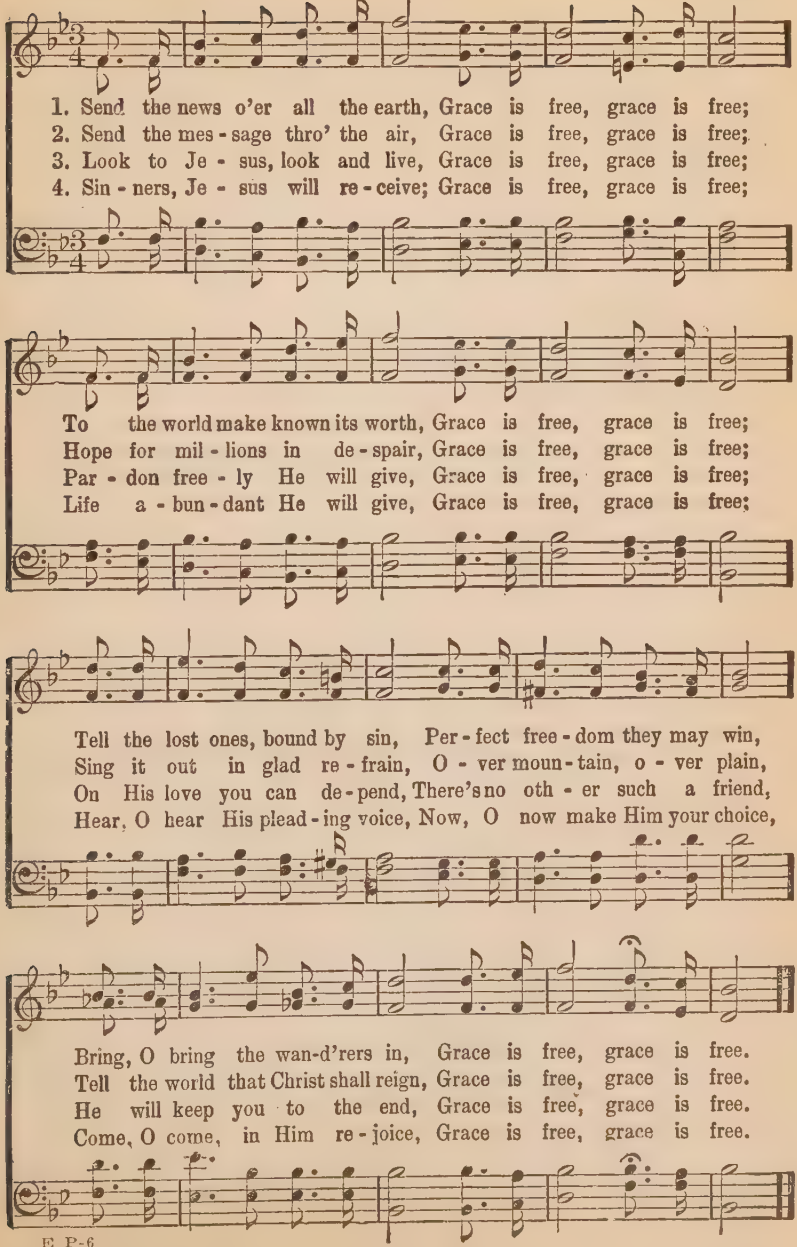
WORDS AND MUSIC

Chas. H. Marsh.

1. Send the news o'er all the earth, Grace is free, grace is free;
2. Send the mes - sage thro' the air, Grace is free, grace is free;
3. Look to Je - sus, look and live, Grace is free, grace is free;
4. Sin - ners, Je - sus will re - ceive; Grace is free, grace is free;
To the world make known its worth, Grace is free, grace is free;
Hope for mil - lions in de - spair, Grace is free, grace is free;
Par - don free - ly He will give, Grace is free, grace is free;
Life a - bun - dant He will give, Grace is free, grace is free;
Tell the lost ones, bound by sin, Per - fect free - dom they may win,
Sing it out in glad re - frain, O - ver moun - tain, o - ver plain,
On His love you can de - pend, There's no oth - er such a friend,
Hear, O hear His plead - ing voice, Now, O now make Him your choice,
Bring, O bring the wan-d'rers in, Grace is free, grace is free.
Tell the world that Christ shall reign, Grace is free, grace is free.
He will keep you to the end, Grace is free, grace is free.
Come, O come, in Him re - joice, Grace is free, grace is free.

No. 80.

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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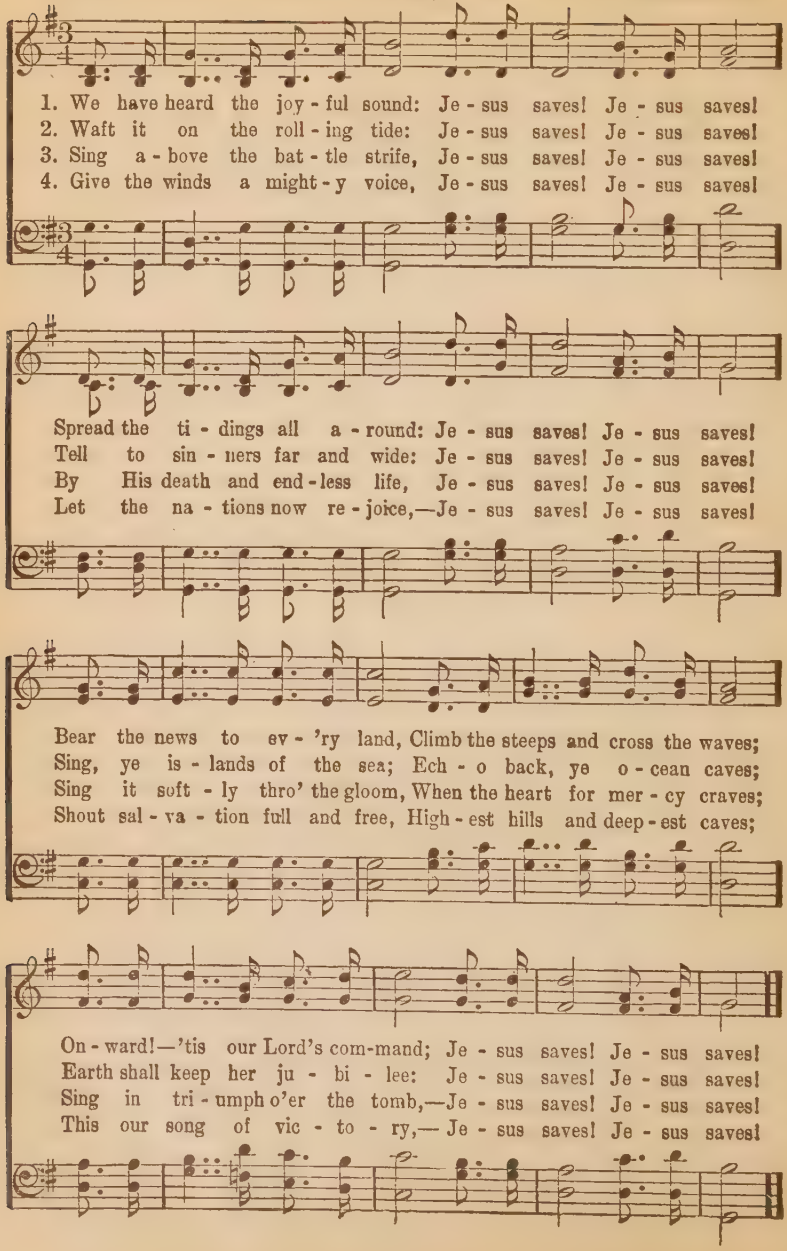
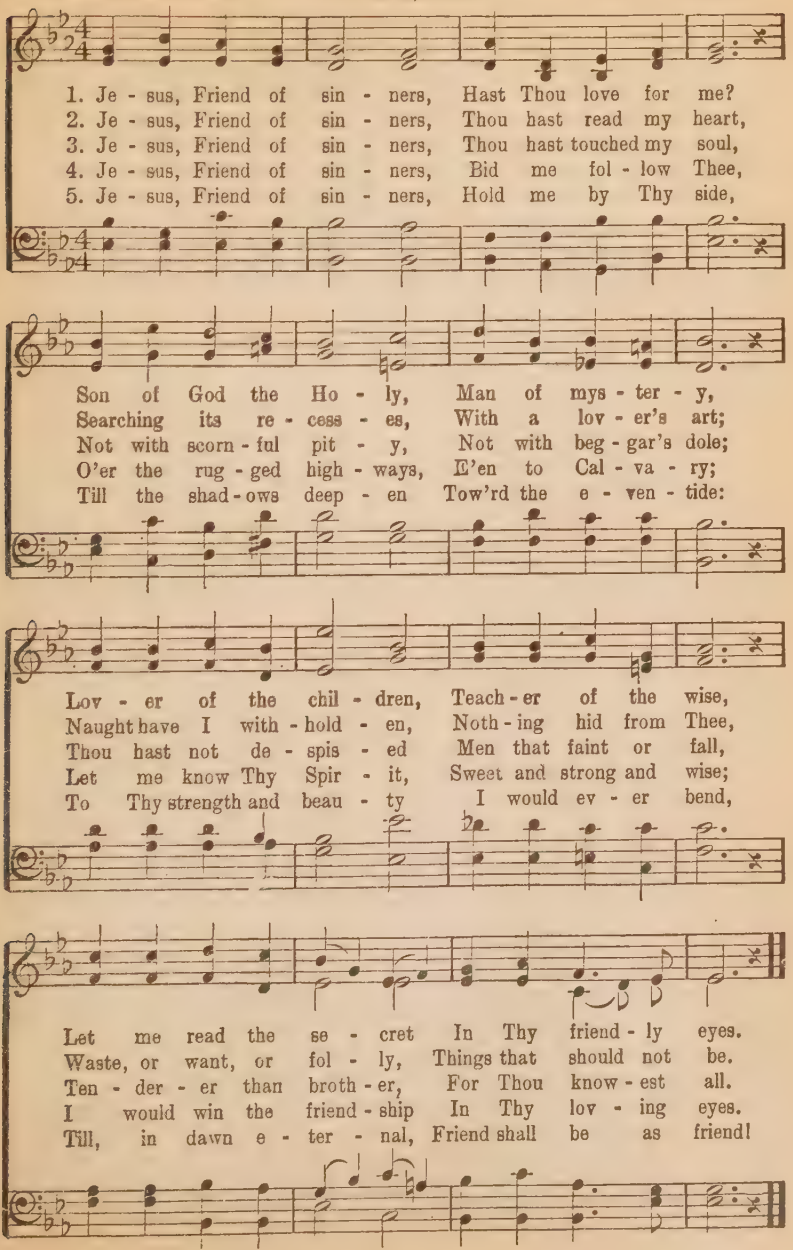
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 81. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

Charles Irvin Junkin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,
Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Searching its re - cess - es, With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:
Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet and strong and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,
Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend - ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly, Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend - ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as friend!

No. 82.

A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

E. O. E.

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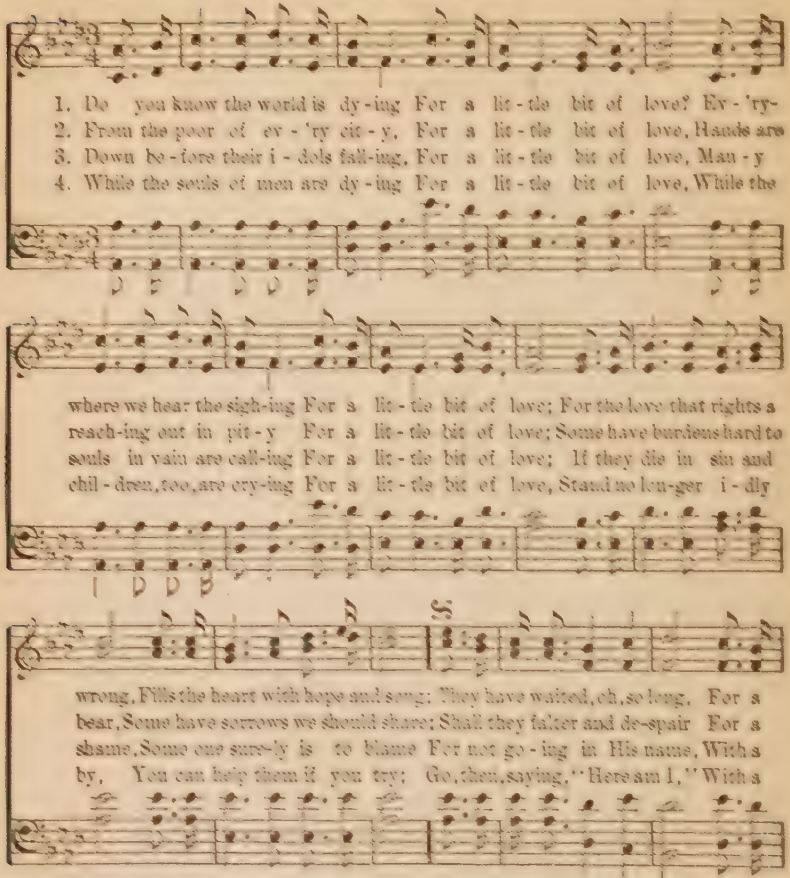
E. O. Excell.


1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a
FINE. REFRAIN.
D. S. each verse.
lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.

No. 83. Jesus is All the World to Me.

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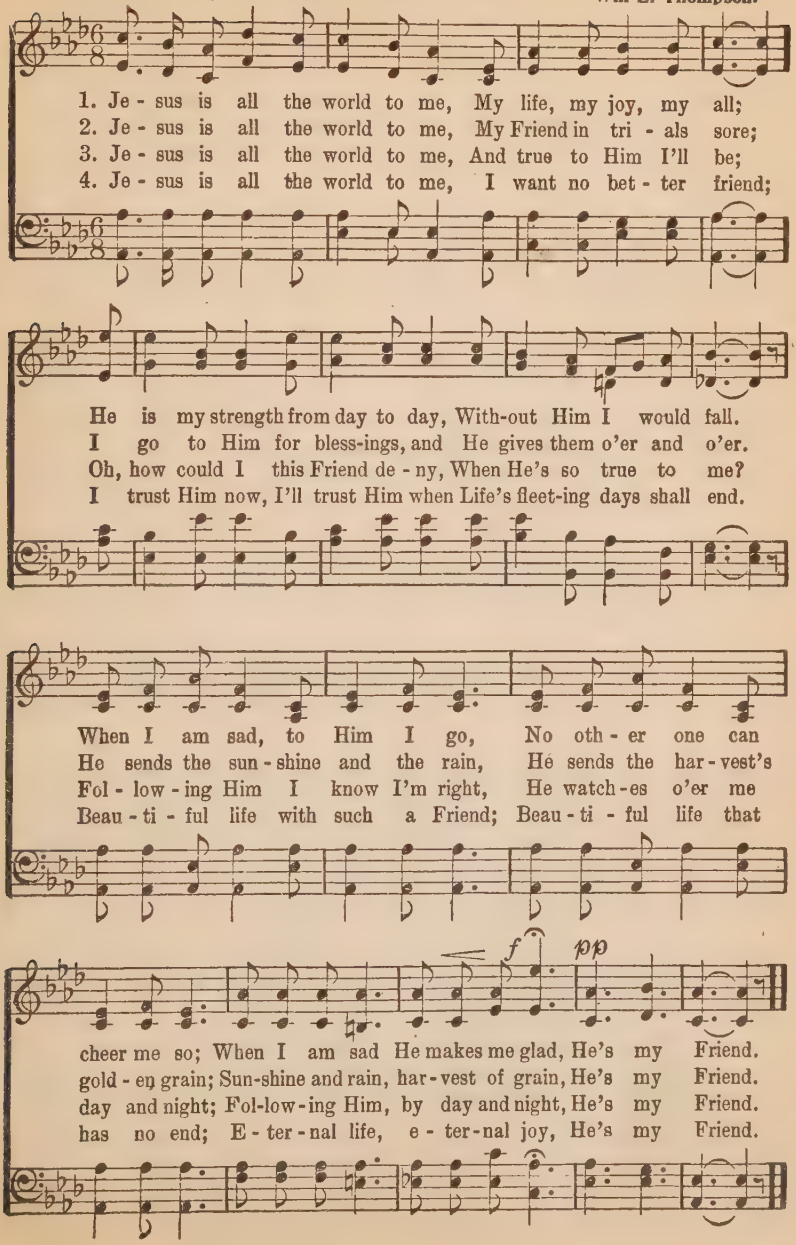
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that
f
pp
cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

No. 84. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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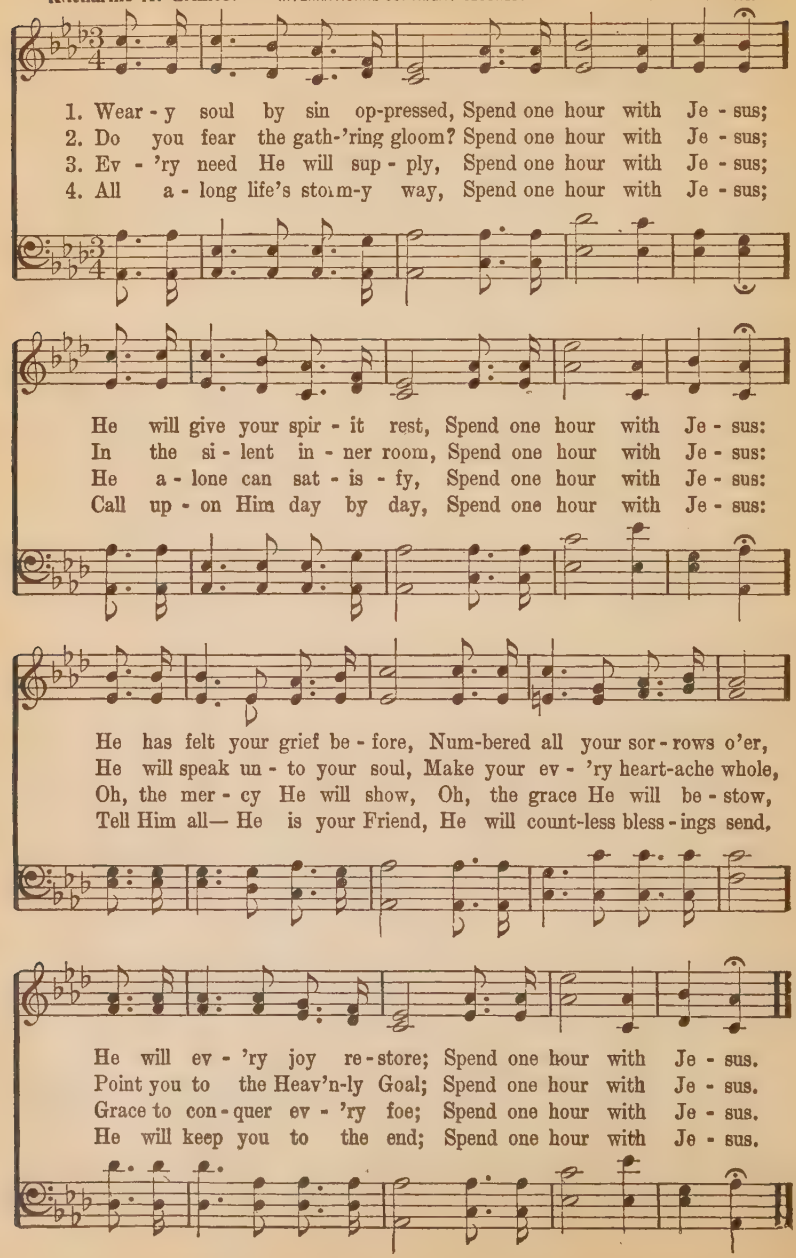
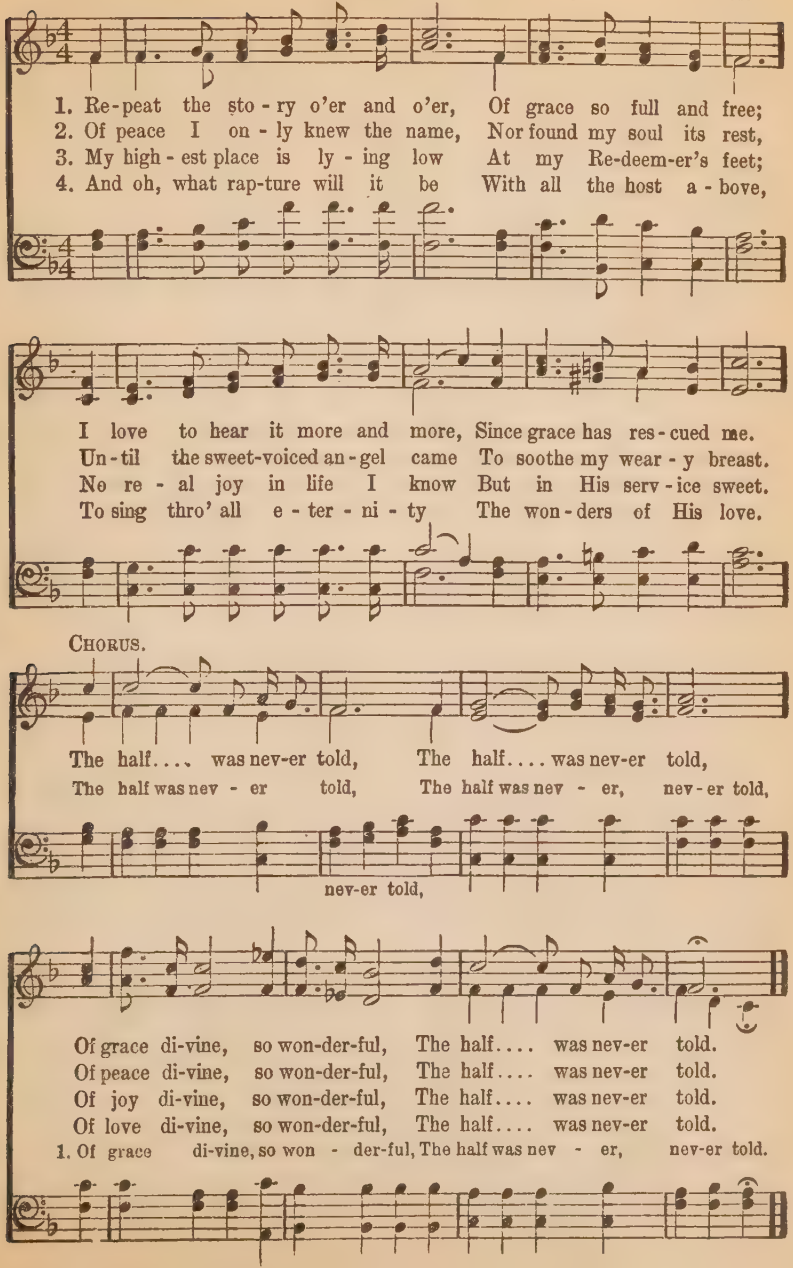
Katharine A. Grimes. E. O. Excell.


1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send.
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 85. The Half Was Never Told.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.


1. Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high-est place is ly-ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be With all the host a-bove,
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
Un-til the sweet-voiced an-gel came To soothe my wear-y breast.
No re-al joy in life I know But in His serv-ice sweet.
To sing thro' all e-ter-ni-ty The won-ders of His love.
CHORUS.
The half.... was nev-er told, The half.... was nev-er told,
The half was nev-er told, The half was nev-er, nev-er told,
nev-er told,
Of grace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half.... was nev-er told.
Of peace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half.... was nev-er told.
Of joy di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half.... was nev-er told.
Of love di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half.... was nev-er told.
1. Of grace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev-er, nev-er told.

No. 86. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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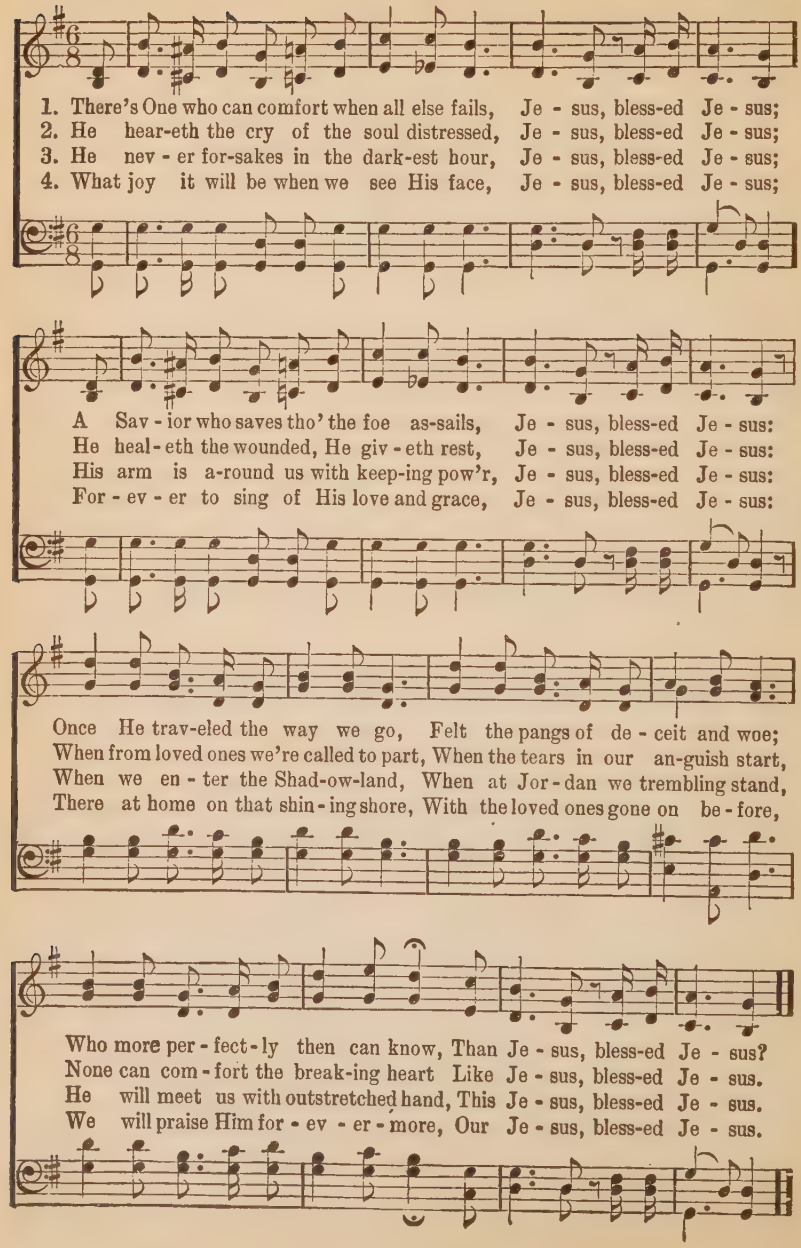
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal-eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,
Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com - fort the break-ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

No. 87. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

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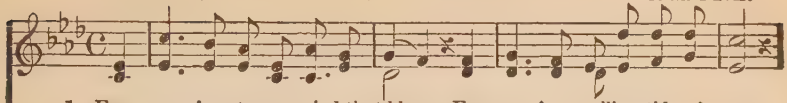
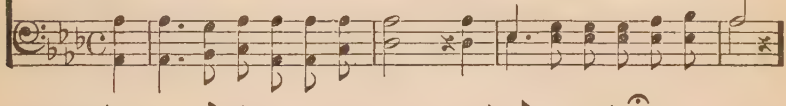
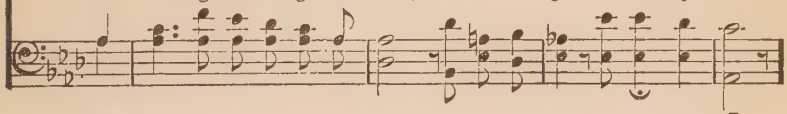
H. Stowell. C. M. Davis.



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still,



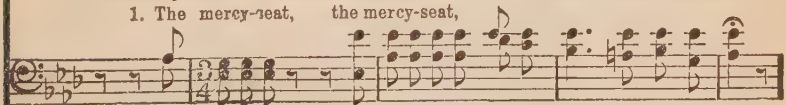
There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'T is found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
This bounding heart forget to beat, If I for - get the mer-cy - seat.



REFRAIN.

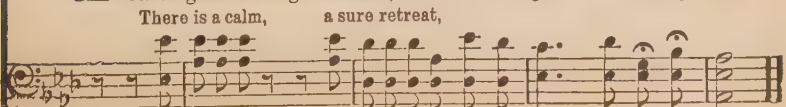
The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, 'T is found beneath the mer-cy-seat;
The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat;
The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, A-round one common mer-cy-seat;
The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, If I for - get the mer-cy-seat;

1. The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'T is found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one com - mon mer-cy - seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for - get the mer-cy - seat.

There is a calm, a sure retreat,



No. 88. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

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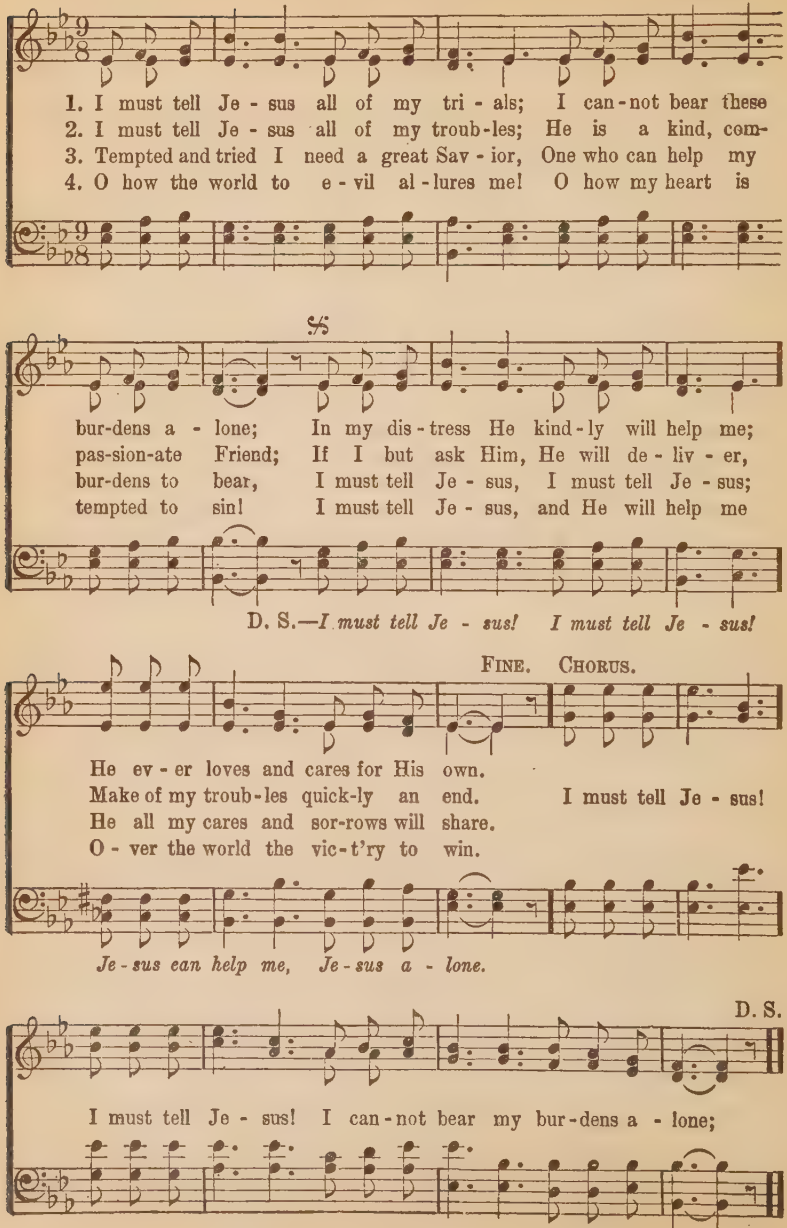
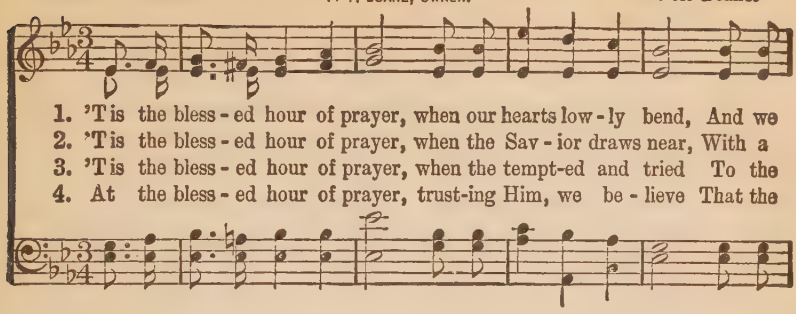
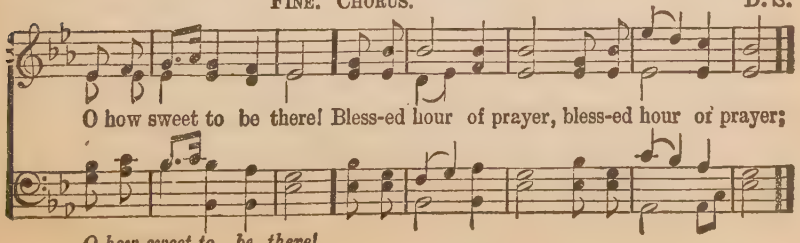
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
S:
bur-dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear, I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
D. S.—I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!
FINE. CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.
D. S.
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 89. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
D. S.—What a balm for the wear - y!

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



No. 90. The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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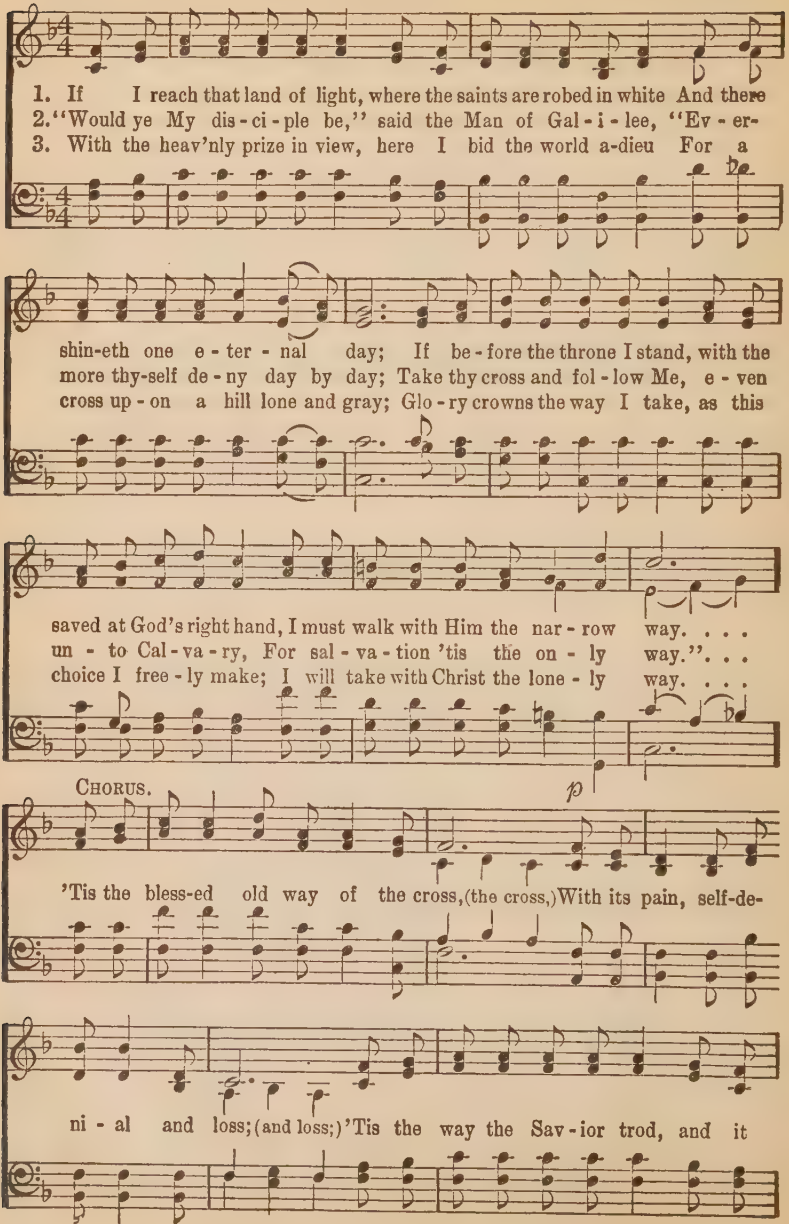
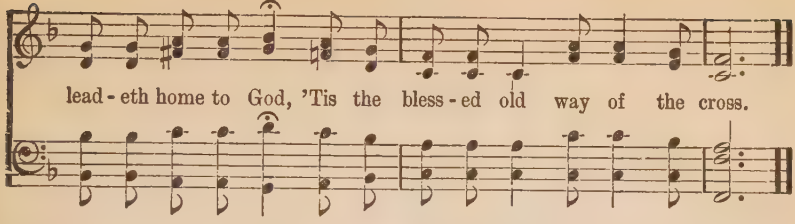
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If I reach that land of light, where the saints are robed in white And there
2. "Would ye My dis-ci-ple be," said the Man of Gal-i-lee, "Ev-er-
3. With the heav'nly prize in view, here I bid the world a-dieu For a
shin-eth one e-ter-nal day; If be-fore the throne I stand, with the
more thy-self de-ny day by day; Take thy cross and fol-low Me, e-ven
cross up-on a hill lone and gray; Glo-ry crowns the way I take, as this
saved at God's right hand, I must walk with Him the nar-row way. . . .
un-to Cal-va-ry, For sal-va-tion 'tis the on-ly way." . . .
choice I free-ly make; I will take with Christ the lone-ly way. . . .
CHORUS.
p
'Tis the bless-ed old way of the cross, (the cross,) With its pain, self-de-
ni-al and loss; (and loss;) 'Tis the way the Sav-ior trod, and it



No. 91. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

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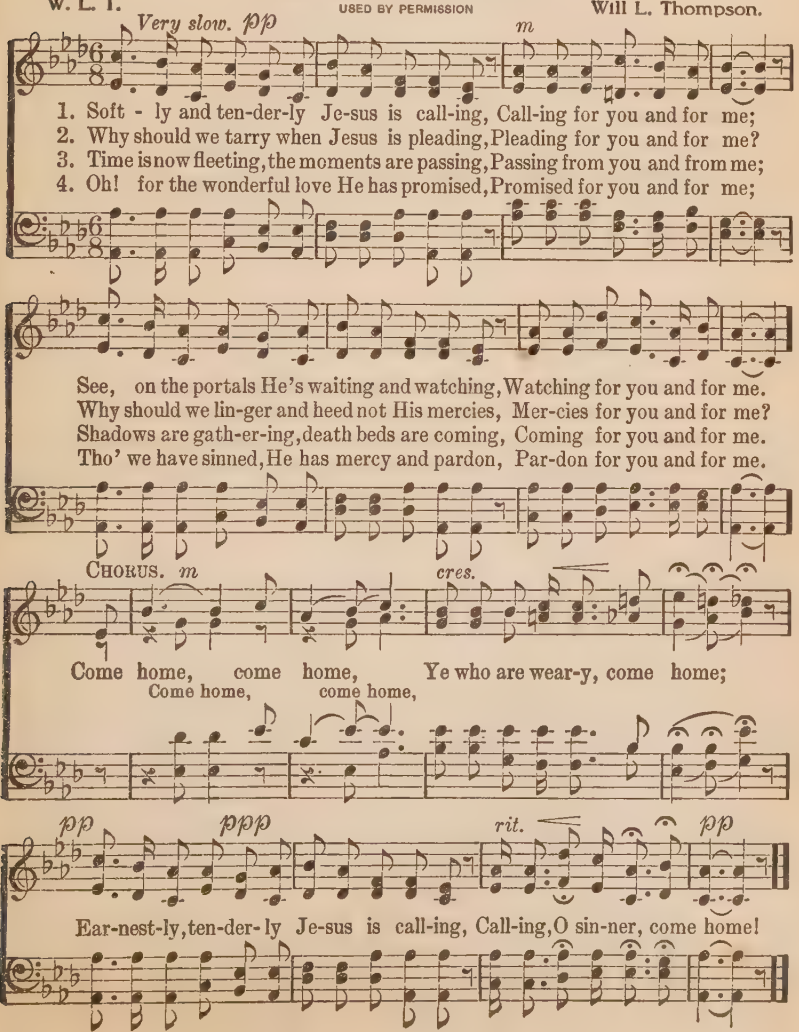
Will L. Thompson.


Very slow. pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
Chorus. m
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wear-y, come home;
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 92. One Who Bore a Cross.

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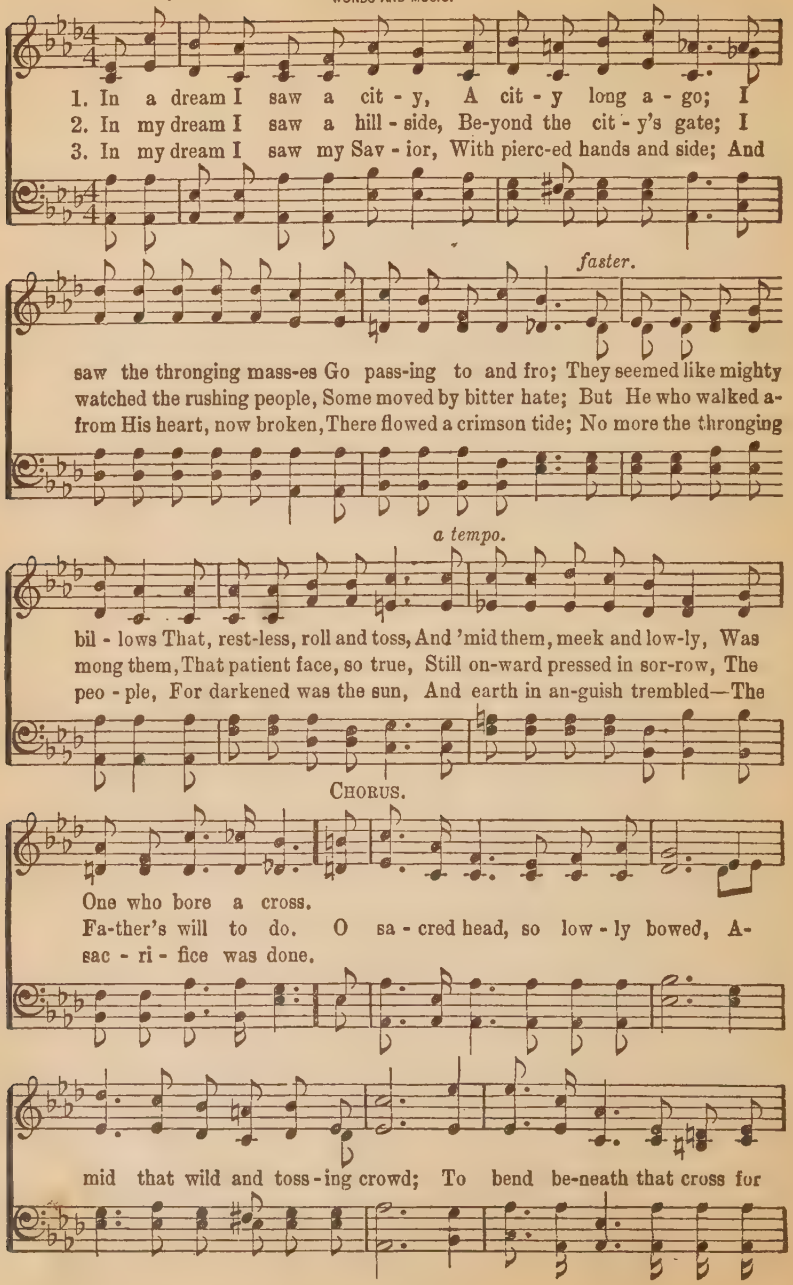
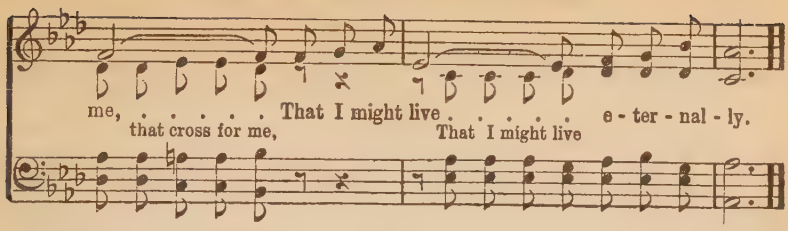
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jesse P. Tompkins. B. D. Ackley.


1. In a dream I saw a cit - y, A cit - y long a - go; I
2. In my dream I saw a hill - side, Be-yond the cit - y's gate; I
3. In my dream I saw my Sav - ior, With pierc-ed hands and side; And
faster.
saw the thronging mass-es Go pass-ing to and fro; They seemed like mighty
watched the rushing people, Some moved by bitter hate; But He who walked a-
from His heart, now broken, There flowed a crimson tide; No more the thronging
a tempo.
bil - lows That, rest-less, roll and toss, And 'mid them, meek and low-ly, Was
mong them, That patient face, so true, Still on-ward pressed in sor-row, The
peo - ple, For darkened was the sun, And earth in an-guish trembled—The
CHORUS.
One who bore a cross.
Fa-ther's will to do. O sa - cred head, so low - ly bowed, A-
sac - ri - fice was done.
mid that wild and toss - ing crowd; To bend be-neath that cross for

One Who Bore a Gross.



No. 93. Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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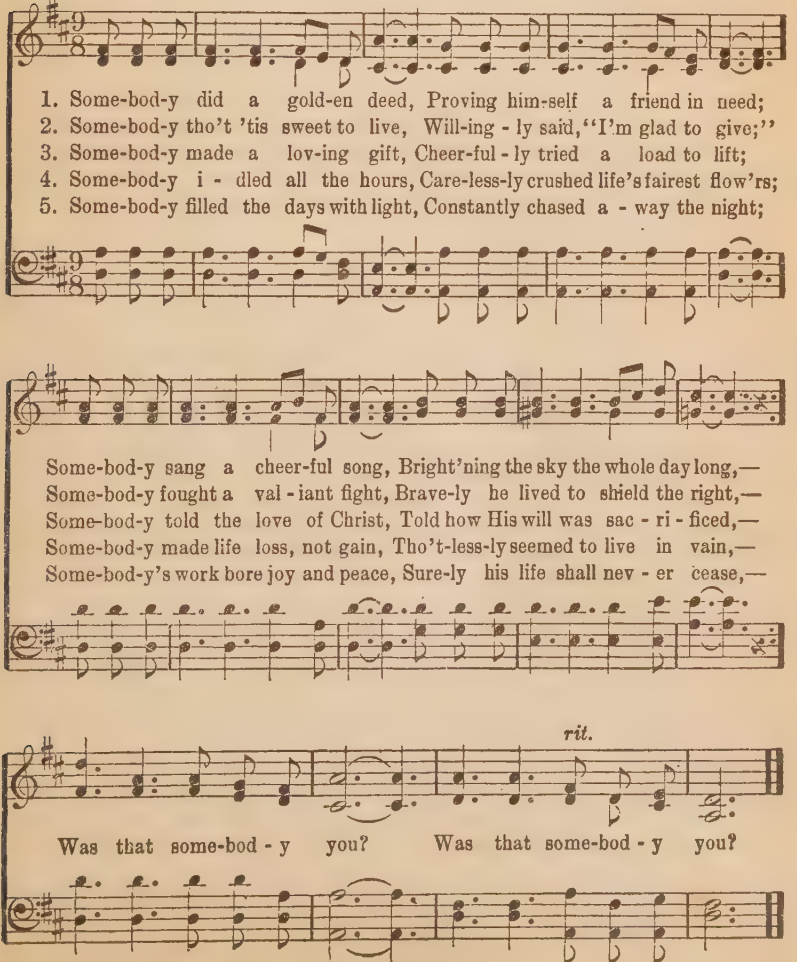
W. S. Weeden.


1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful - ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;
Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
rit.
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 94. His Love Is Filling My Soul.

J. J. B.

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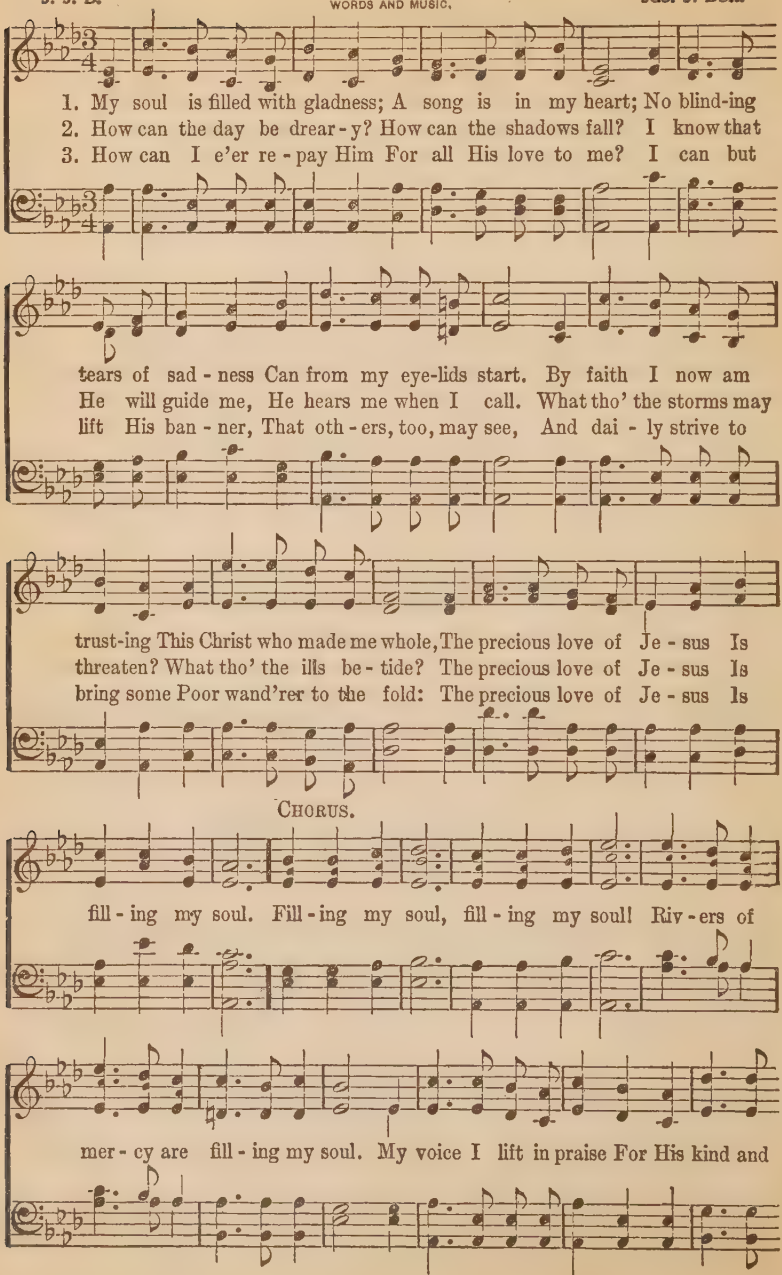
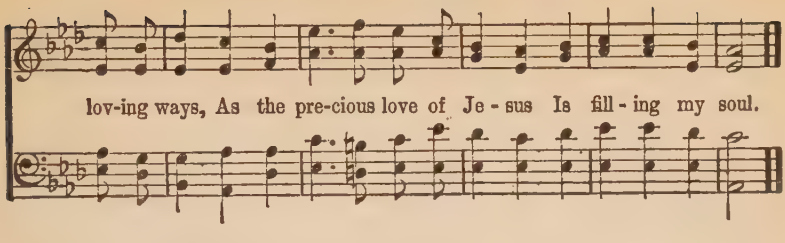
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jas. J. Bell.

1. My soul is filled with gladness; A song is in my heart; No blind-ing
2. How can the day be drear-y? How can the shadows fall? I know that
3. How can I e'er re-pay Him For all His love to me? I can but
tears of sad-ness Can from my eye-lids start. By faith I now am
He will guide me, He hears me when I call. What tho' the storms may
lift His ban-ner, That oth-ers, too, may see, And dai-ly strive to
trust-ing This Christ who made me whole, The precious love of Je-sus Is
threaten? What tho' the ills be-tide? The precious love of Je-sus Is
bring some Poor wand'rer to the fold: The precious love of Je-sus Is
CHORUS.
fill-ing my soul. Fill-ing my soul, fill-ing my soul! Riv-ers of
mer-cy are fill-ing my soul. My voice I lift in praise For His kind and

His Love Is Filling My Soul.



No. 95. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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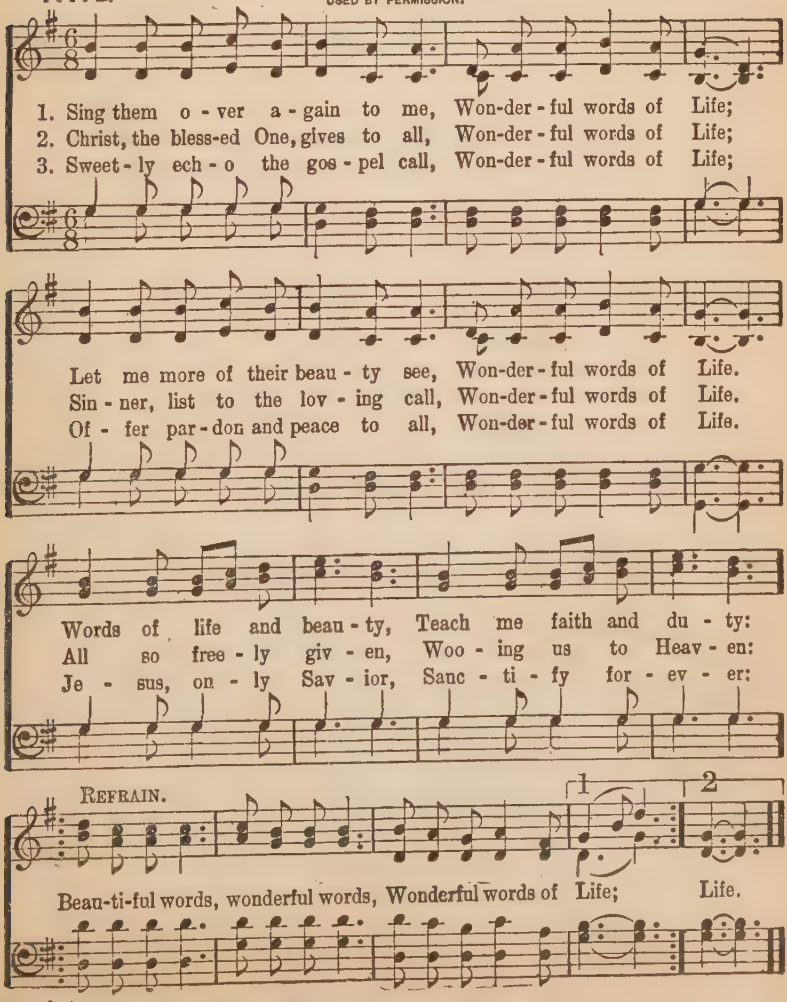
P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them over again to me, Wonder-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Wonder-ful words of Life;
3. Sweetly echo the gospel call, Wonder-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beauty see, Wonder-ful words of Life.
Sinner, list to the loving call, Wonder-ful words of Life.
Offer pardon and peace to all, Wonder-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty:
All so freely given, Wooing us to Heaven:
Jesus, only Saviour, Sanctify forever:
REFRAIN.
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 96. We Will Lift Up Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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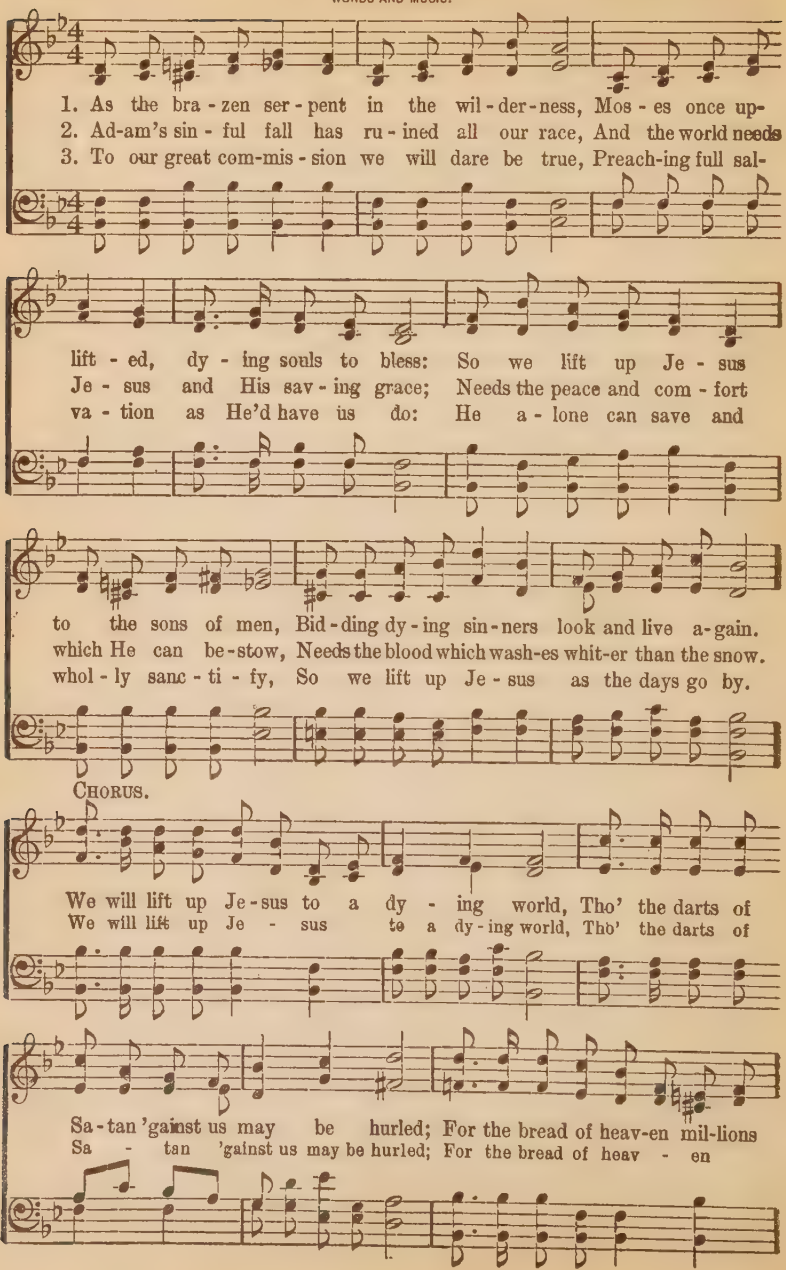
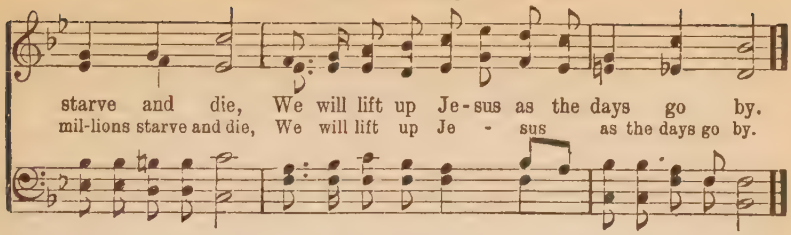
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. As the bra - zen ser - pent in the wil - der - ness, Mos - es once up-
2. Ad-am's sin - ful fall has ru - ined all our race, And the world needs
3. To our great com-mis - sion we will dare be true, Preach-ing full sal-
lift - ed, dy - ing souls to bless: So we lift up Je - sus
Je - sus and His sav - ing grace; Needs the peace and com - fort
va - tion as He'd have us do: He a - lone can save and
to the sons of men, Bid - ding dy - ing sin - ners look and live a - gain.
which He can be - stow, Needs the blood which wash-es whit-er than the snow.
whol - ly sanc - ti - fy, So we lift up Je - sus as the days go by.
CHORUS.
We will lift up Je - sus to a dy - ing world, Tho' the darts of
We will lift up Je - sus to a dy - ing world, Tho' the darts of
Sa - tan 'gainst us may be hurled; For the bread of heav-en mil-lions
Sa - tan 'gainst us may be hurled; For the bread of heav - en

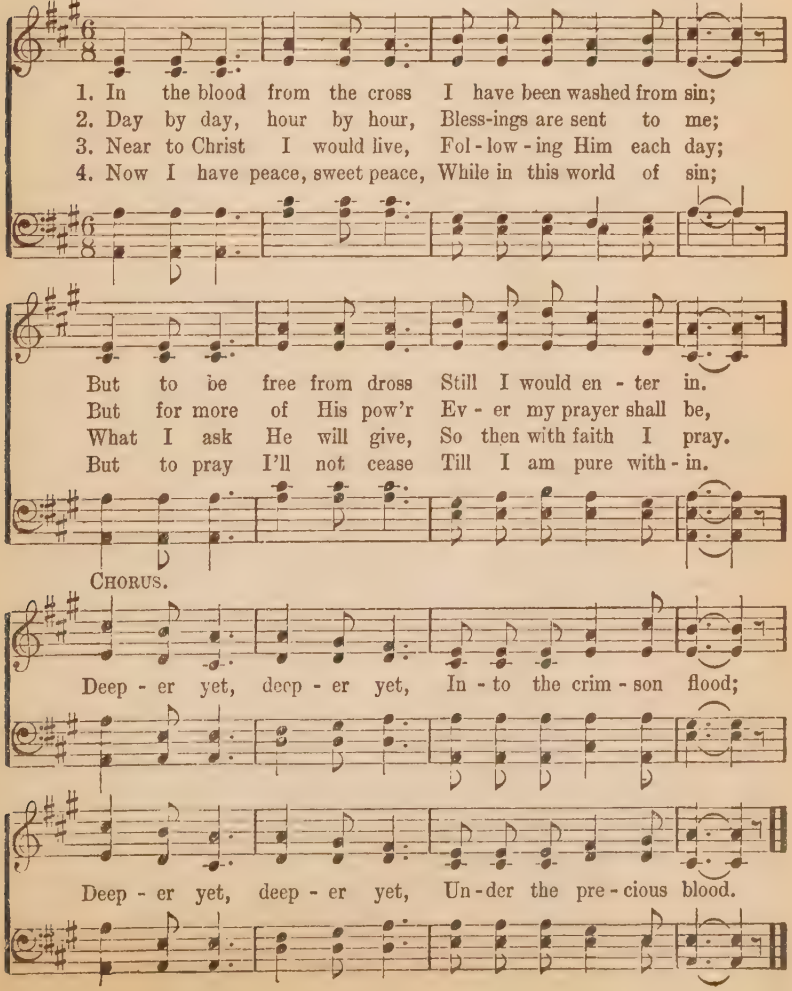
We Will Lift Up Jesus.



No. 97. Deeper Yet.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin;
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Bless-ings are sent to me;
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day;
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin;
But to be free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
But for more of His pow'r Ev-er my prayer shall be,
What I ask He will give, So then with faith I pray.
But to pray I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.
CHORUS.
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, In-to the crim-son flood;
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

No. 98.

Some Day.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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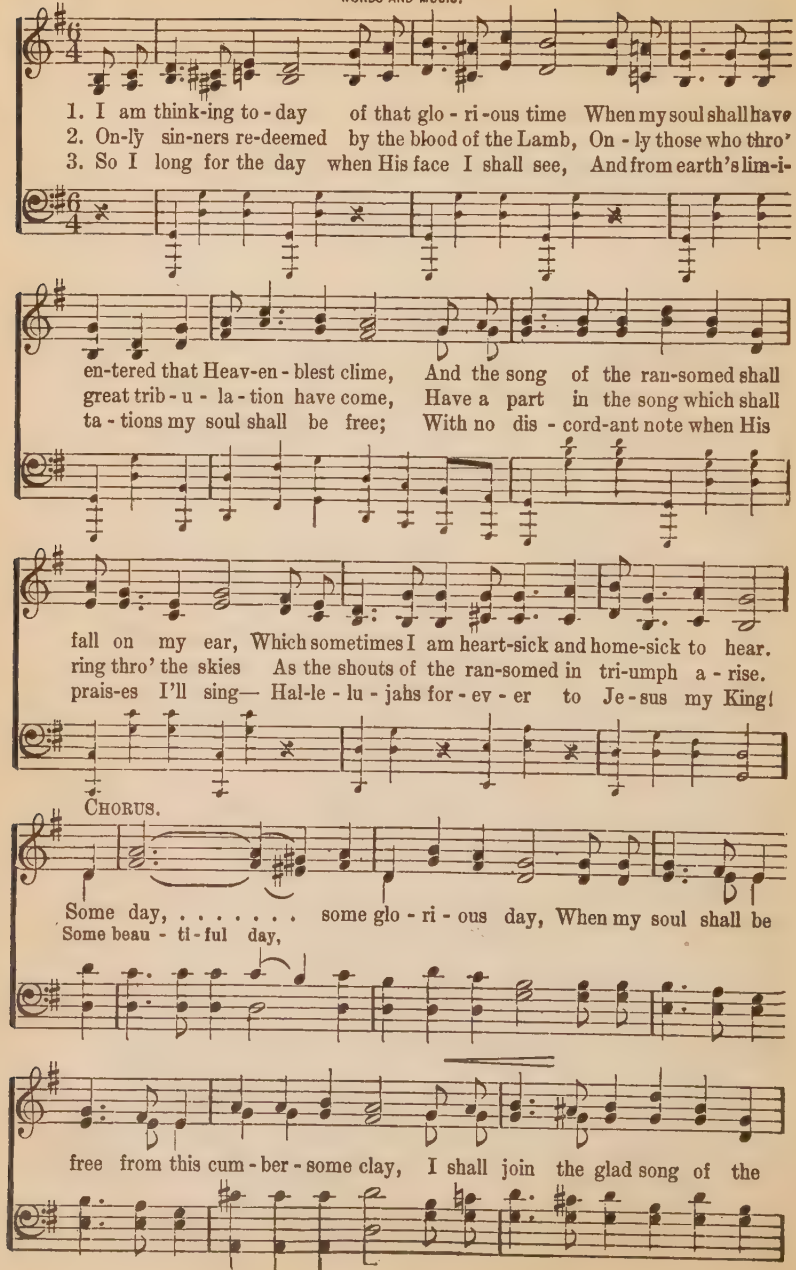
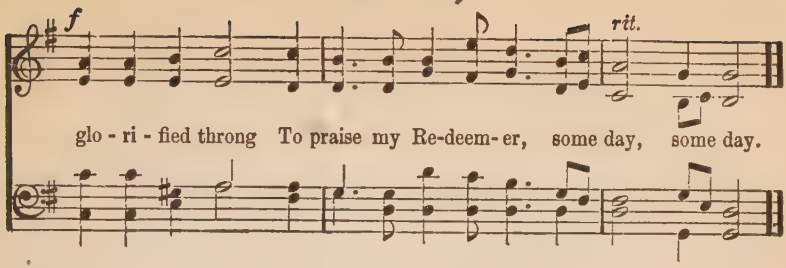
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that glo-ri-ous time When my soul shall have
2. On-ly sin-ners re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, On-ly those who thro'
3. So I long for the day when His face I shall see, And from earth's lim-i-
en-tered that Heav-en-blest clime, And the song of the ran-somed shall
great trib-u-la-tion have come, Have a part in the song which shall
ta-tions my soul shall be free; With no dis-cord-ant note when His
fall on my ear, Which sometimes I am heart-sick and home-sick to hear.
ring thro' the skies As the shouts of the ran-somed in tri-umph a-rise.
prais-es I'll sing— Hal-le-lu-jahs for-ev-er to Je-sus my King!
CHORUS.
Some day, ... some glo-ri-ous day, When my soul shall be
Some beau-ti-ful day,
free from this cum-ber-some clay, I shall join the glad song of the

Some Day.

No. 99 My Lord And I.

Mrs. L. Shorey.

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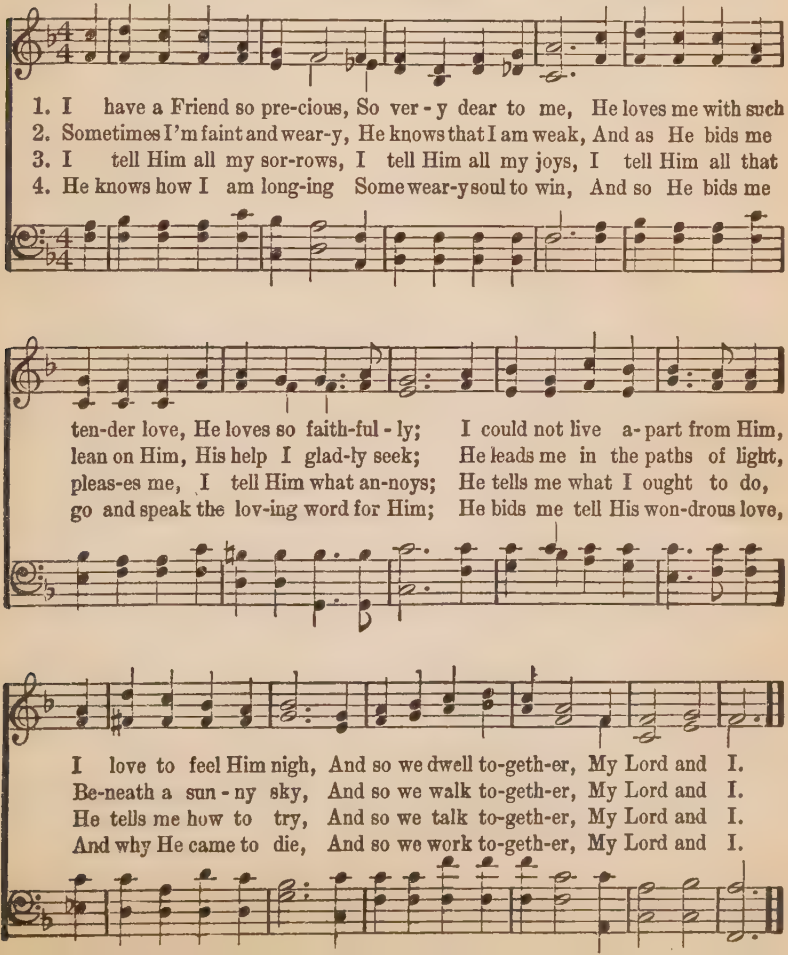
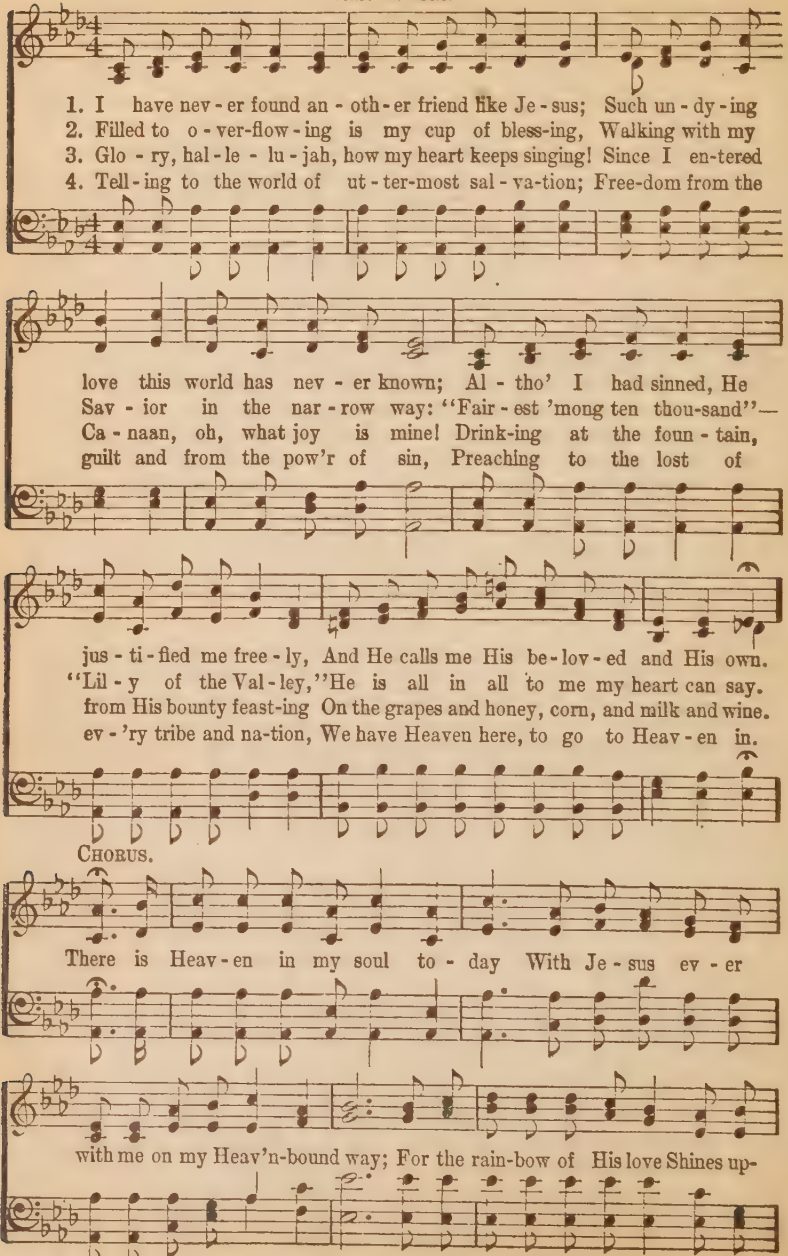
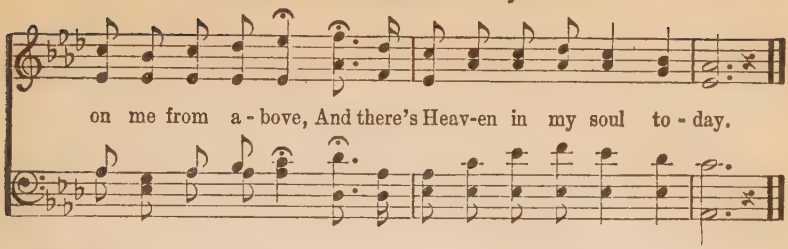
Hubert P. Main.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wear-y, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me
3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that
4. He knows how I am long-ing Some wear-y soul to win, And so He bids me
ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly; I could not live a - part from Him,
lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light,
pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
go and speak the lov-ing word for Him; He bids me tell His won-drous love,
I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
Be-neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
He tells me how to try, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And why He came to die, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

No. 100. There's Heaven In My Soul.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I have nev - er found an - oth - er friend like Je - sus; Such un - dy - ing love this world has nev - er known; Al - tho' I had sinned, He jus - ti - fied me free - ly, And He calls me His be - lov - ed and His own.
2. Filled to o - ver-flow - ing is my cup of bless-ing, Walking with my Sav - ior in the nar - row way: "Fair - est 'mong ten thou-sand"— "Lil - y of the Val - ley," He is all in all to me my heart can say.
3. Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, how my heart keeps singing! Since I en-tered Ca - naan, oh, what joy is mine! Drink-ing at the foun - tain, from His bounty feast-ing On the grapes and honey, corn, and milk and wine.
4. Tell - ing to the world of ut - ter-most sal - va-tion; Free-dom from the guilt and from the pow'r of sin, Preaching to the lost of ev - 'ry tribe and na-tion, We have Heaven here, to go to Heav - en in.
CHORUS.
There is Heav - en in my soul to - day With Je - sus ev - er with me on my Heav'n-bound way; For the rain-bow of His love Shines up-

There's Heaven In My Soul.



No. 101. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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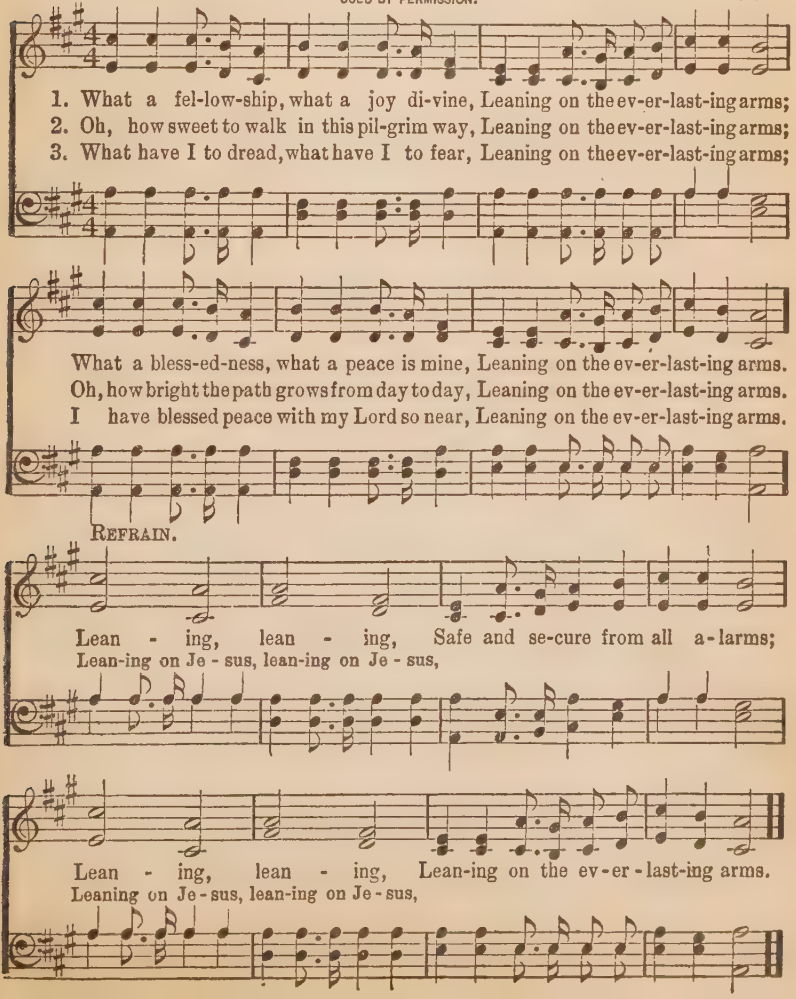
A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Leaning on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

No. 102. I Am His Child.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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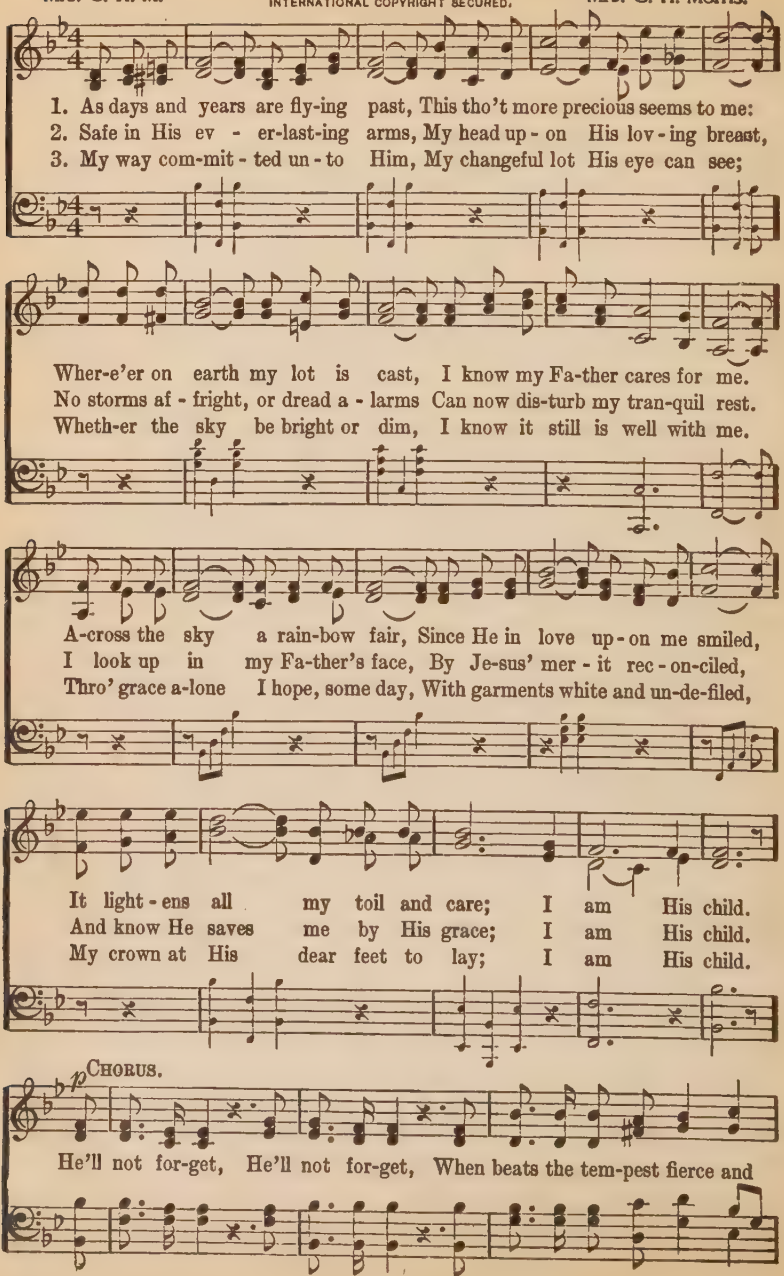
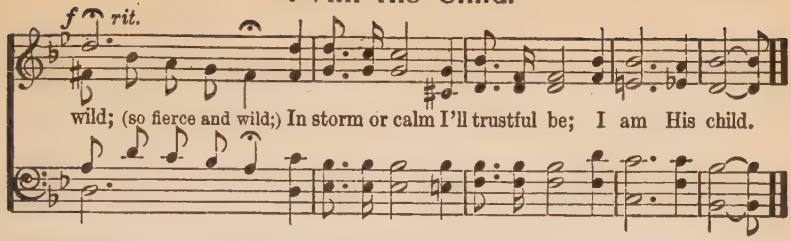
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

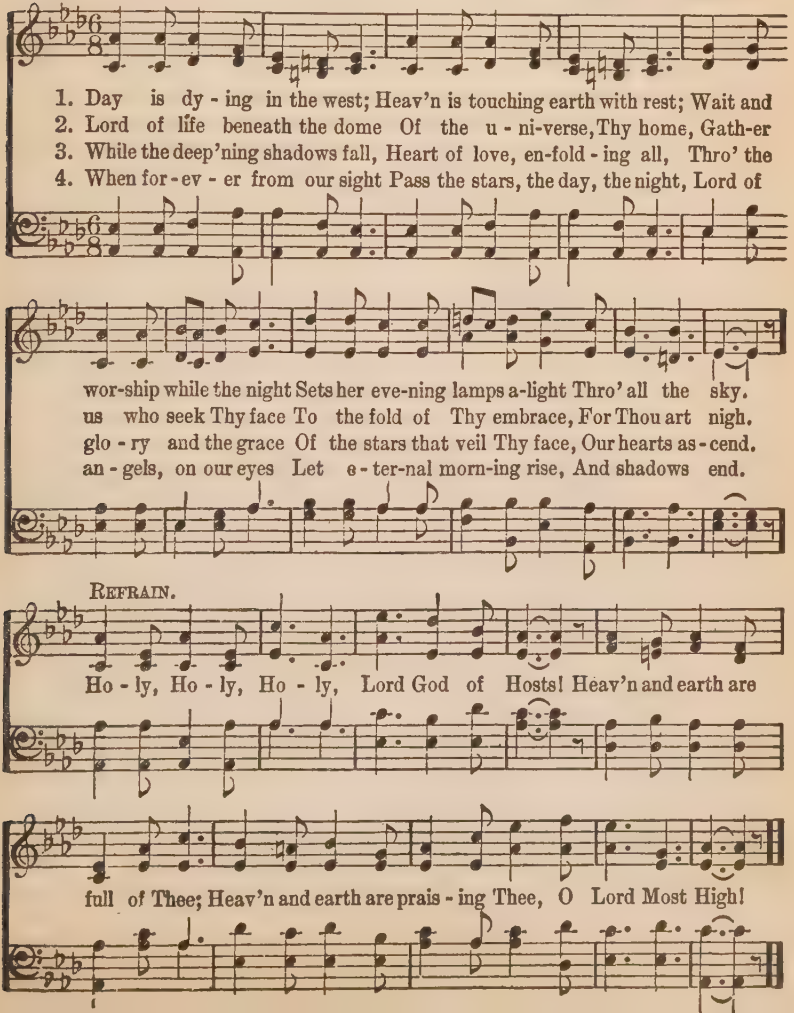

1. As days and years are fly-ing past, This tho't more precious seems to me:
2. Safe in His ev - er-last-ing arms, My head up - on His lov - ing breast,
3. My way com-mit - ted un - to Him, My changeful lot His eye can see;
Wher-e'er on earth my lot is cast, I know my Fa-ther cares for me.
No storms af - fright, or dread a - larms Can now dis-turb my tran-quil rest.
Wheth-er the sky be bright or dim, I know it still is well with me.
A-cross the sky a rain-bow fair, Since He in love up - on me smiled,
I look up in my Fa-ther's face, By Je-sus' mer - it rec - on-ciled,
Thro' grace a-lone I hope, some day, With garments white and un-de-filed,
It light - ens all my toil and care; I am His child.
And know He saves me by His grace; I am His child.
My crown at His dear feet to lay; I am His child.
p
CHORUS.
He'll not for-get, He'll not for-get, When beats the tem-pest fierce and

I Am His Child.



No. 103. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.
Refrain.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 104. Soldiers of God.

Effie S. Black.

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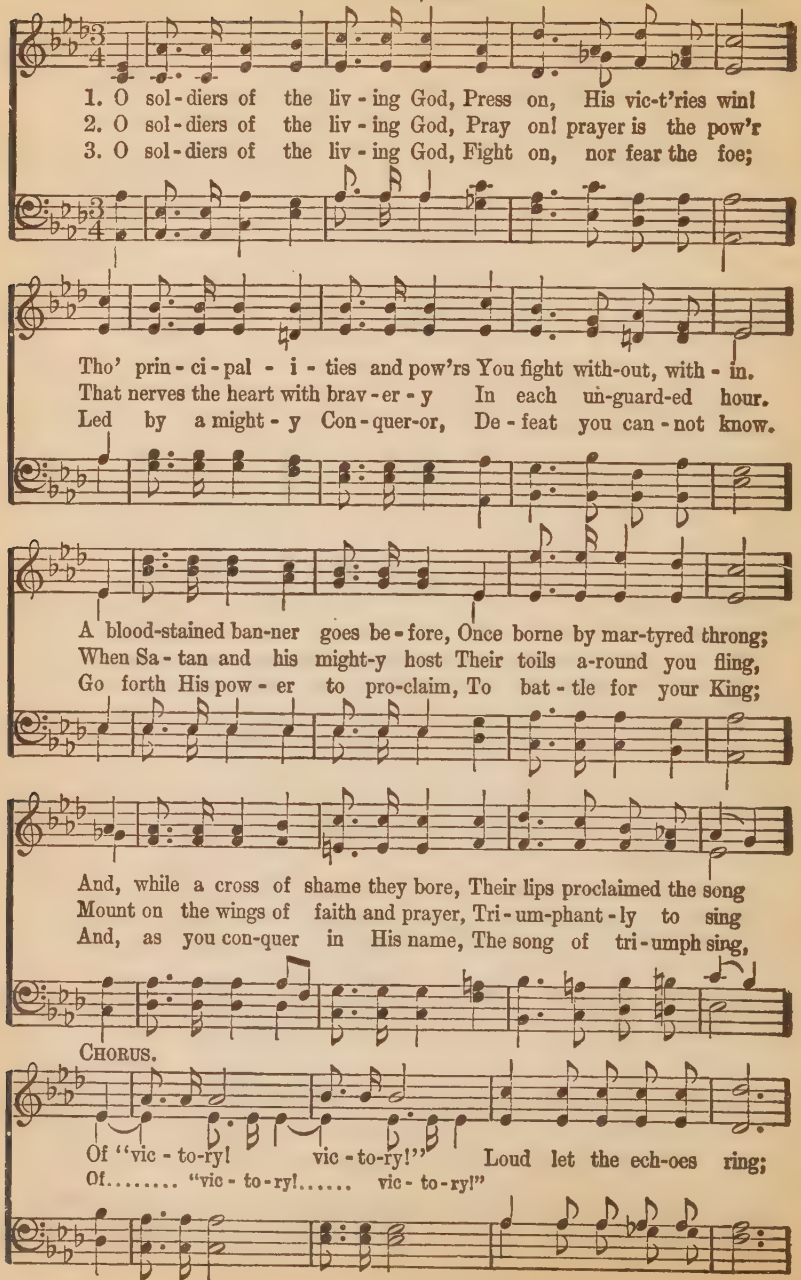
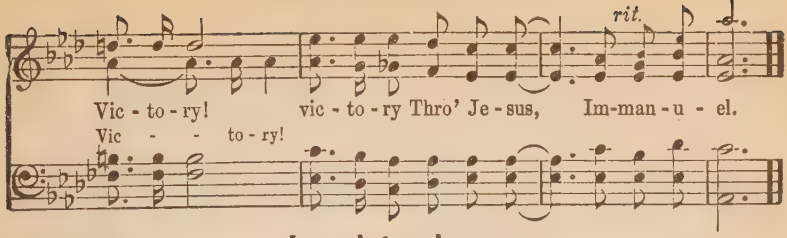
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O sol-diers of the liv-ing God, Press on, His vic-t'ries win!
2. O sol-diers of the liv-ing God, Pray on! prayer is the pow'r
3. O sol-diers of the liv-ing God, Fight on, nor fear the foe;
Tho' prin-ci-pal-i-ties and pow'rs You fight with-out, with-in.
That nerves the heart with brav-er-y In each un-guard-ed hour.
Led by a might-y Con-quer-or, De-feat you can-not know.
A blood-stained ban-ner goes be-fore, Once borne by mar-tyred throng;
When Sa-tan and his might-y host Their toils a-round you fling,
Go forth His pow-er to pro-claim, To bat-tle for your King;
And, while a cross of shame they bore, Their lips proclaimed the song
Mount on the wings of faith and prayer, Tri-um-phant-ly to sing
And, as you con-quer in His name, The song of tri-umph sing,
CHORUS.
Of "vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" Loud let the ech-oes ring;
Of..... "vic-to-ry!..... vic-to-ry!"

Soldiers of God.



No. 105. Loyal to Jesus.

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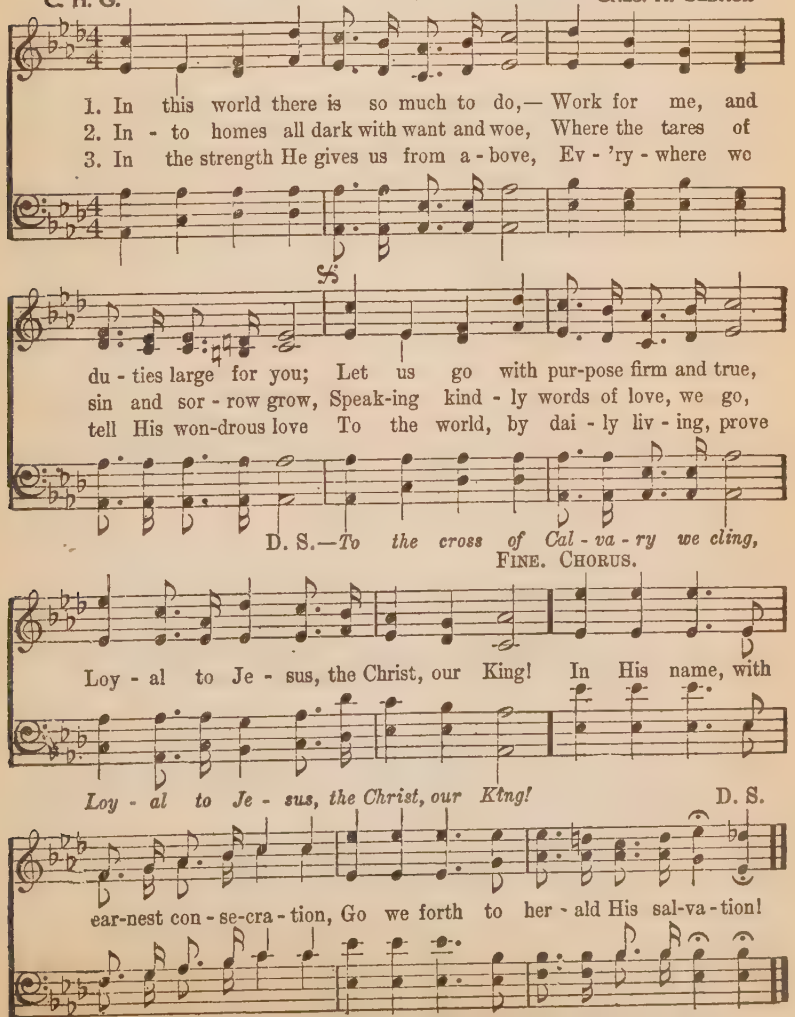
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. In this world there is so much to do,— Work for me, and
2. In - to homes all dark with want and woe, Where the tares of
3. In the strength He gives us from a - bove, Ev - 'ry - where we
du - ties large for you; Let us go with pur-pose firm and true,
sin and sor - row grow, Speak-ing kind - ly words of love, we go,
tell His won-drous love To the world, by dai - ly liv - ing, prove
D. S.—To the cross of Cal - va - ry we cling,
FINE. CHORUS.
Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King! In His name, with
Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King!
D. S.
ear-nest con - se-cra - tion, Go we forth to her - ald His sal-va - tion!

No. 106. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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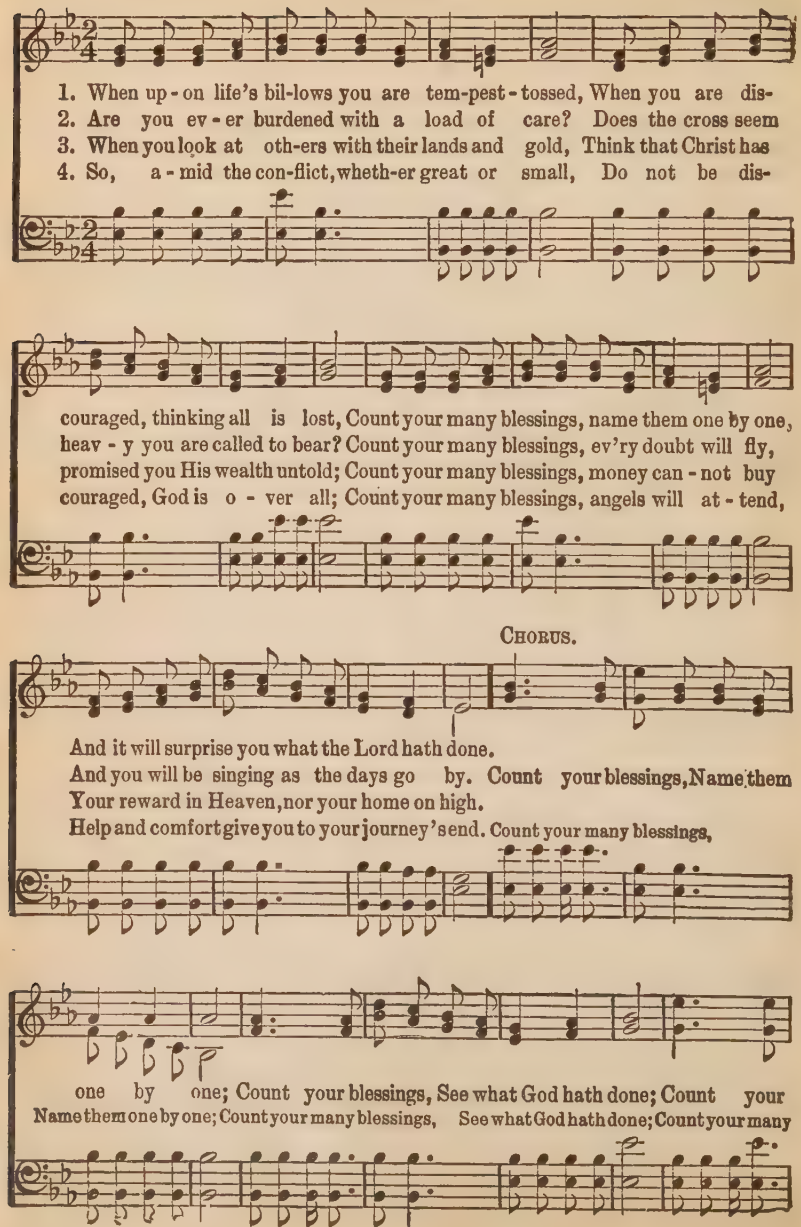
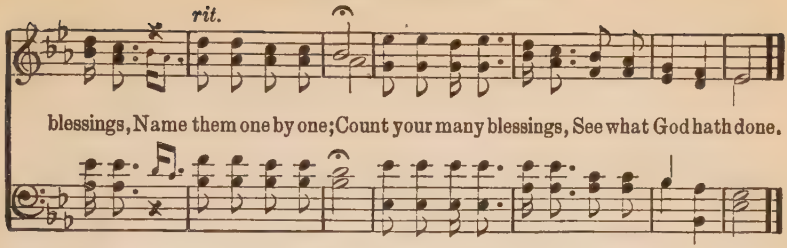
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money can - not buy
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, angels will at - tend,
CHORUS.
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end. Count your many blessings,
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Gount Your Blessings.

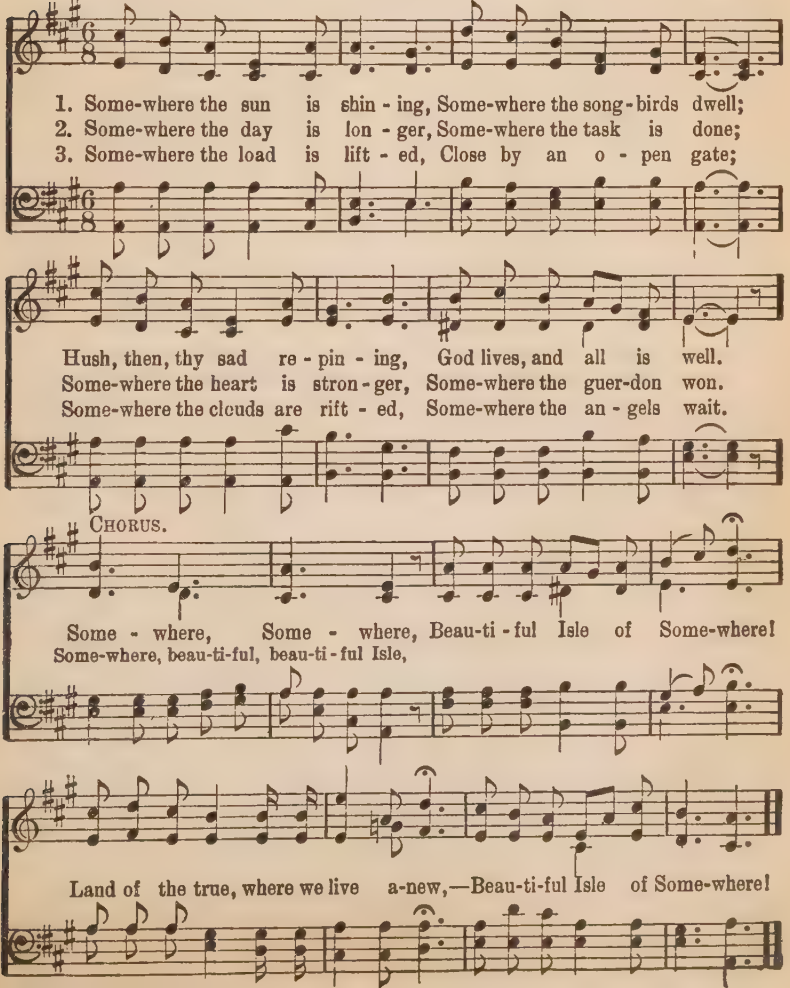


No. 107. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer-don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 108. When I Shall See Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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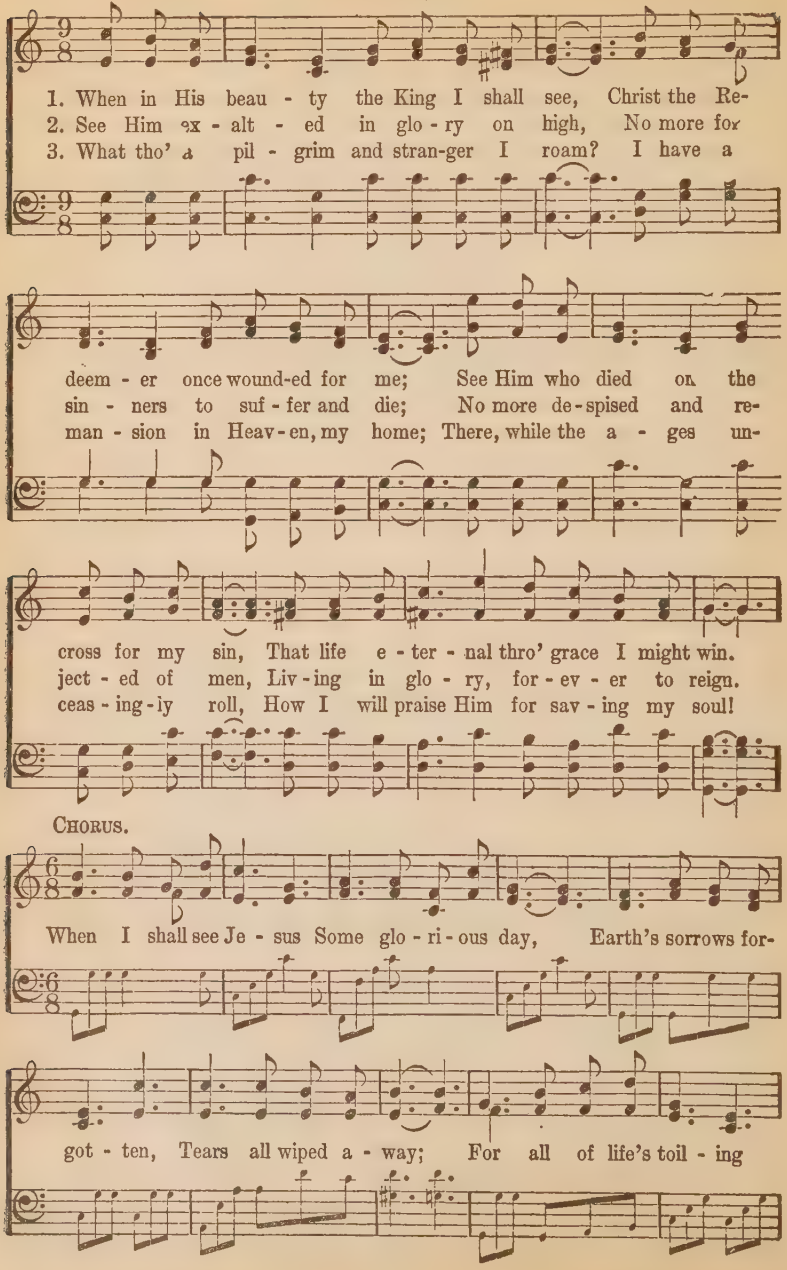
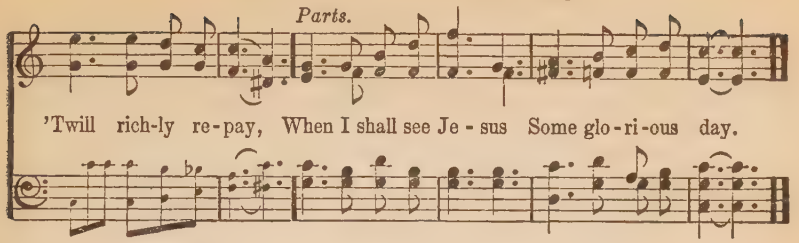
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When in His beau - ty the King I shall see, Christ the Re-
2. See Him ex - alt - ed in glo - ry on high, No more for
3. What tho' a pil - grim and stran-ger I roam? I have a
deem - er once wound-ed for me; See Him who died on the
sin - ners to suf - fer and die; No more de-spised and re-
man - sion in Heav-en, my home; There, while the a - ges un-
cross for my sin, That life e - ter - nal thro' grace I might win.
ject - ed of men, Liv-ing in glo - ry, for - ev - er to reign.
ceas - ing-ly roll, How I will praise Him for sav - ing my soul!
CHORUS.
When I shall see Je - sus Some glo - ri - ous day, Earth's sorrows for-
got - ten, Tears all wiped a - way; For all of life's toil - ing

When I Shall See Jesus.

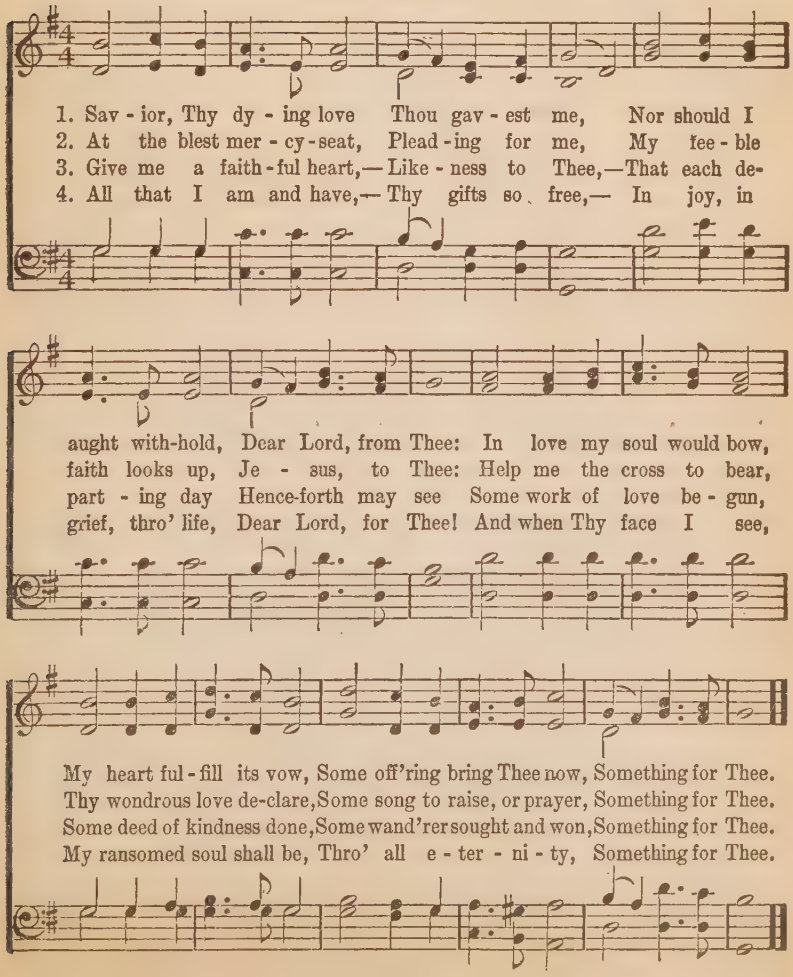


No. 109. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

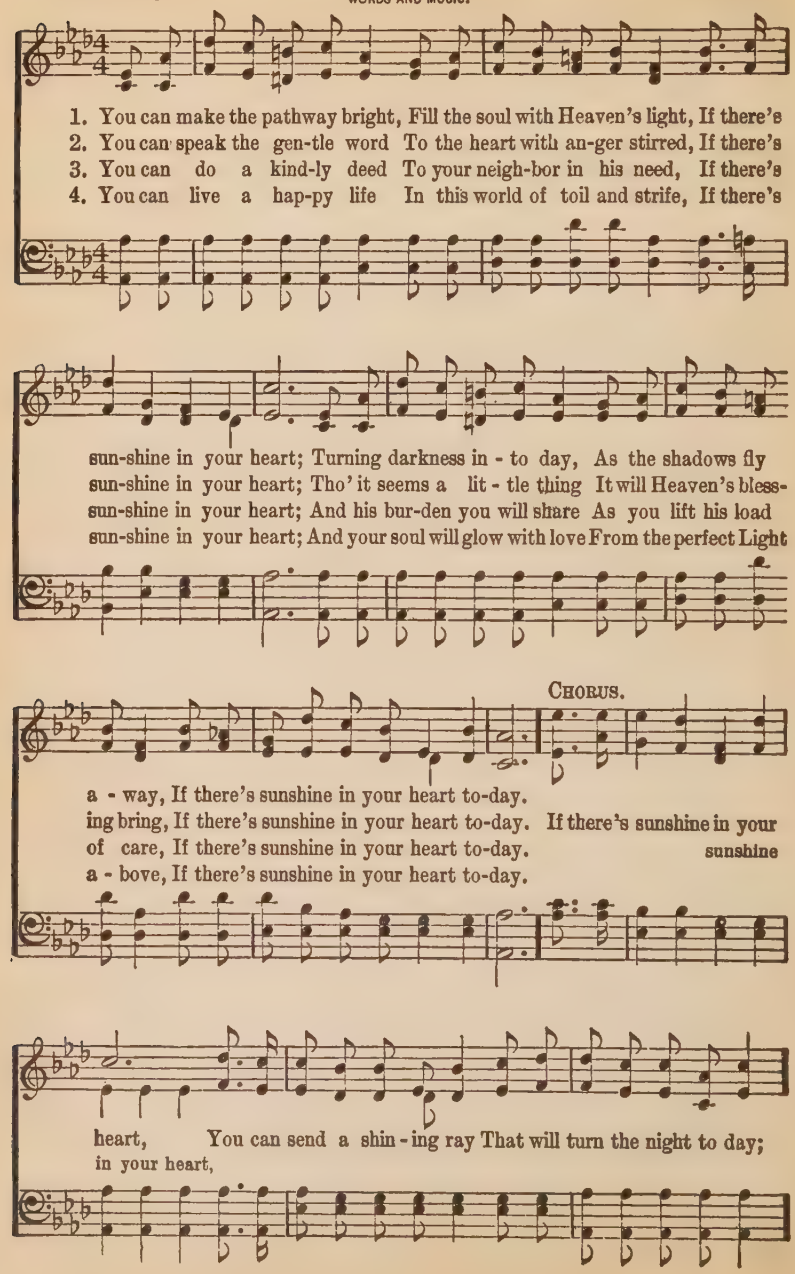
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

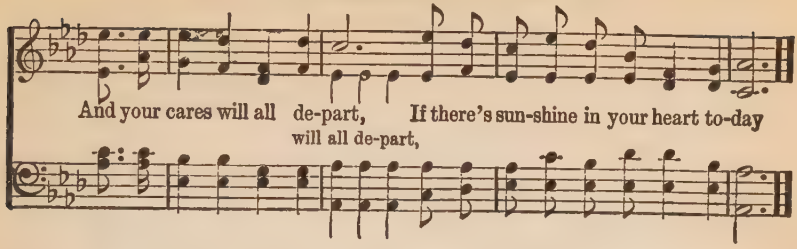
Robert Lowry, D. D.


1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart,— Like - ness to Thee,—That each de-
4. All that I am and have,— Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

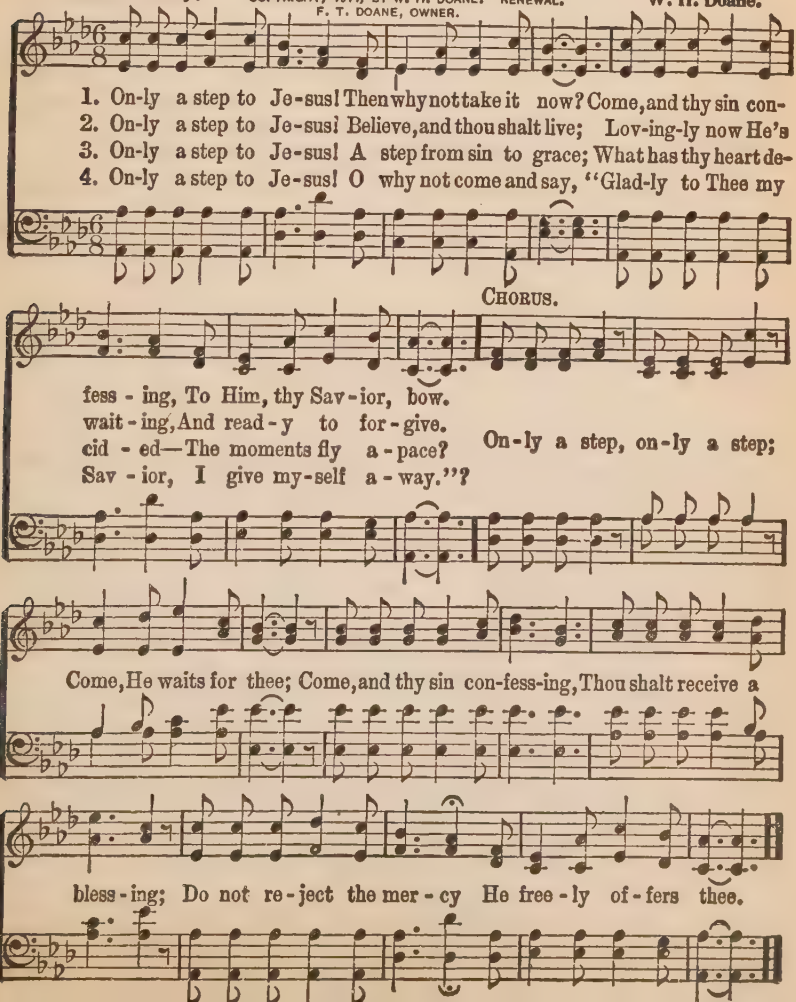
No. 110. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

Helen Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. Dungan.


1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with Heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen-tle word To the heart with an-ger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind-ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap-py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's
sun-shine in your heart; Turning darkness in - to day, As the shadows fly
sun-shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing It will Heaven's bless-
sun-shine in your heart; And his bur-den you will share As you lift his load
sun-shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love From the perfect Light
CHORUS.
a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
ing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. If there's sunshine in your
of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
a - bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
sunshine
heart, You can send a shin - ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

No. 111. Only a Step.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now He's
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy heart de-
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come and say, "Glad-ly to Thee my
CHORUS.
fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
cid - ed—The moments fly a - pace?
Sav - ior, I give my-self a - way."?
On-ly a step, on-ly a step;
Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a
bless - ing; Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

No. 112.

I Shall Be Like Him.

James Rowe.

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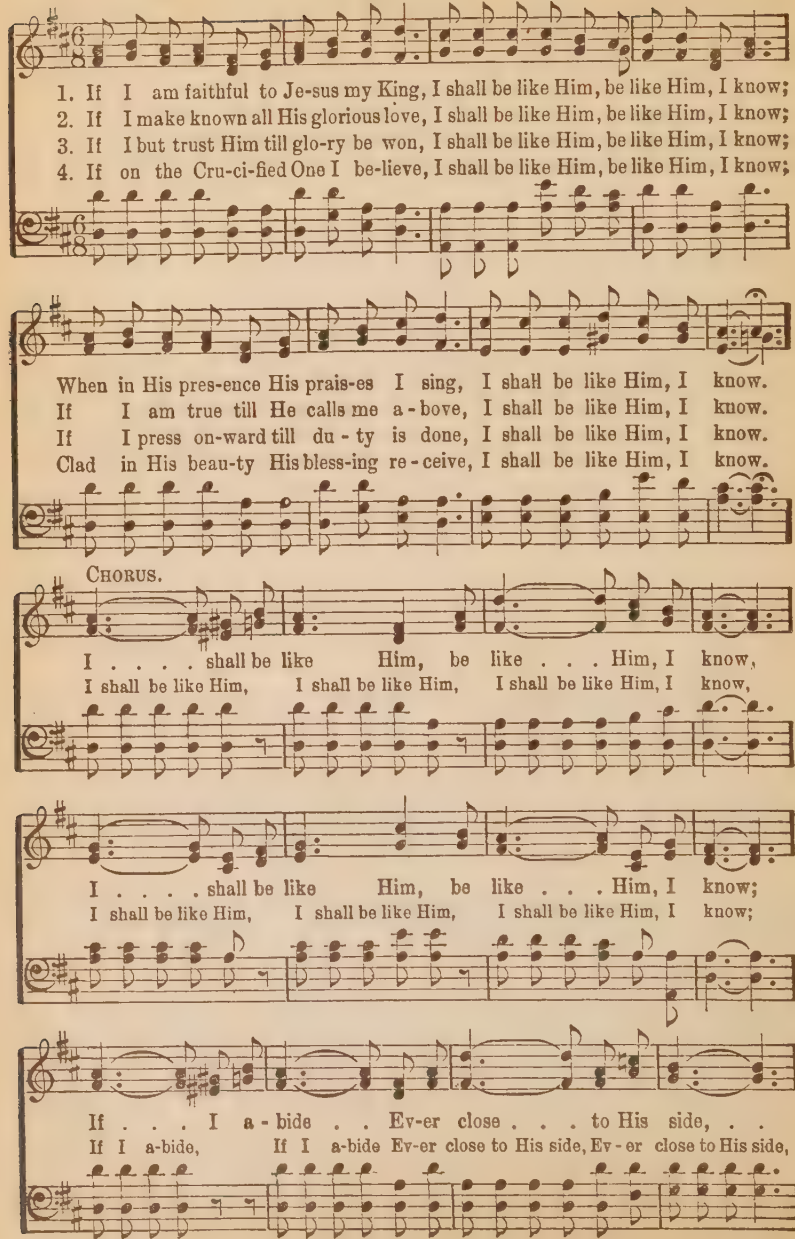
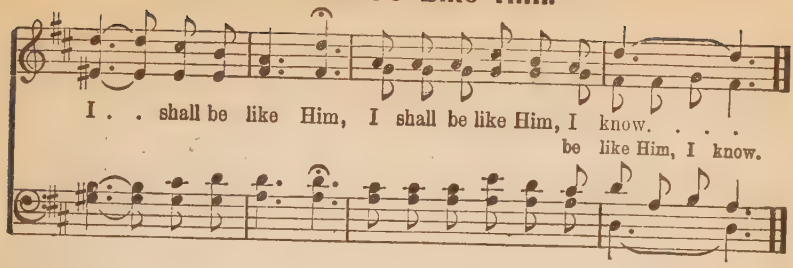
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. If I am faithful to Je-sus my King, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
2. If I make known all His glorious love, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
3. If I but trust Him till glo-ry be won, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
4. If on the Cru-ci-fied One I be-lieve, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
When in His pres-ence His prais-es I sing, I shall be like Him, I know.
If I am true till He calls me a-bove, I shall be like Him, I know.
If I press on-ward till du-ty is done, I shall be like Him, I know.
Clad in His beau-ty His bless-ing re-ceive, I shall be like Him, I know.
CHORUS.
I . . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know,
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know,
I . . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know;
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know;
If . . . I a-bide . . Ev-er close . . . to His side, . .
If I a-bide, If I a-bide Ev-er close to His side, Ev-er close to His side,

I Shall Be Like Him.



No. 113. What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray.

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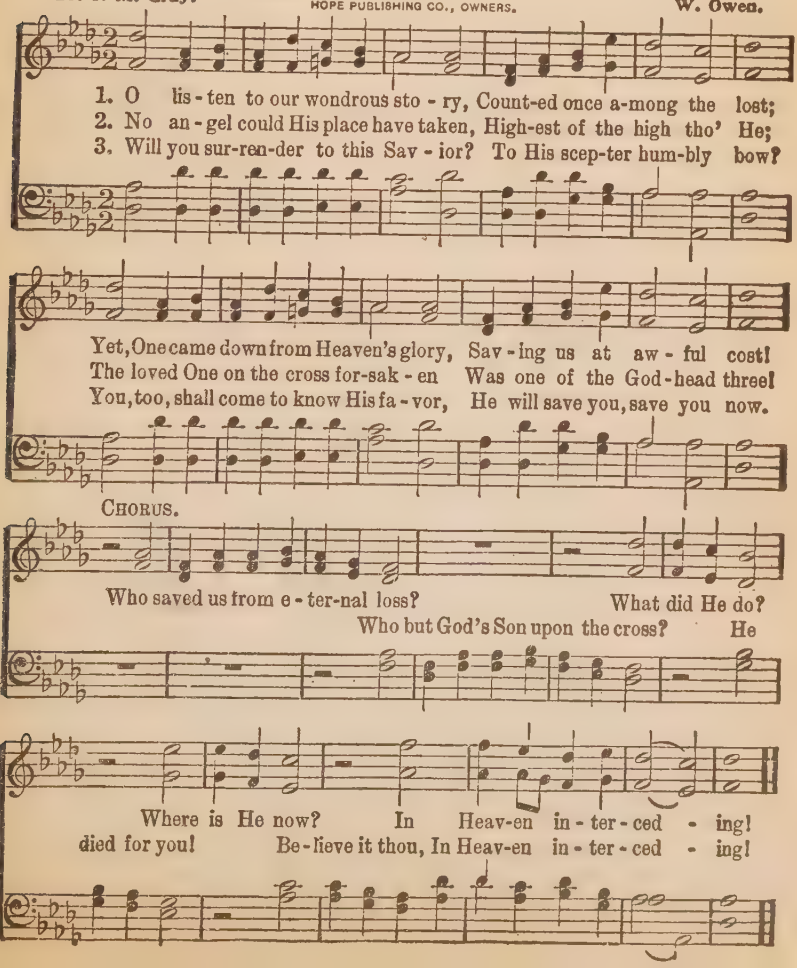
W. Owen.


1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Count-ed once a-mong the lost;
2. No an - gel could His place have taken, High-est of the high tho' He;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His scep-ter hum-bly bow?
Yet, One came down from Heaven's glory, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for-sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.
CHORUS.
Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross? He
Where is He now? In Heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In Heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 114. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
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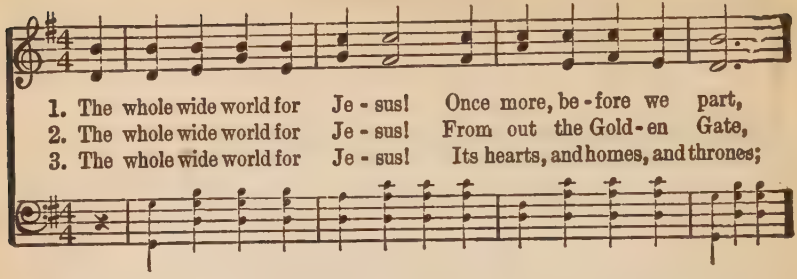
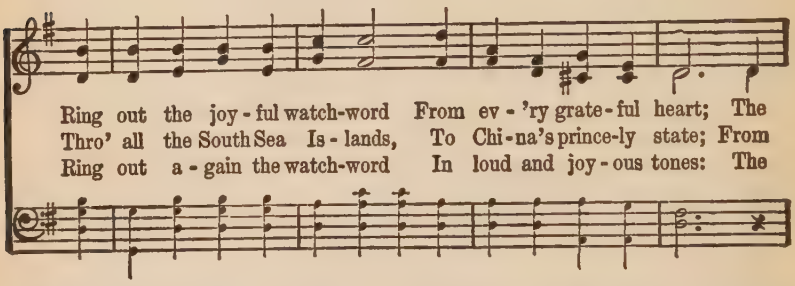
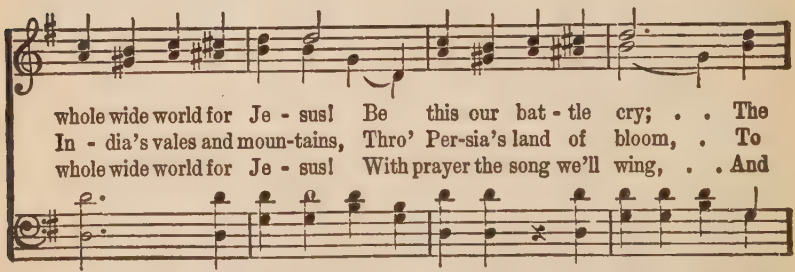
Will L. Thompson.

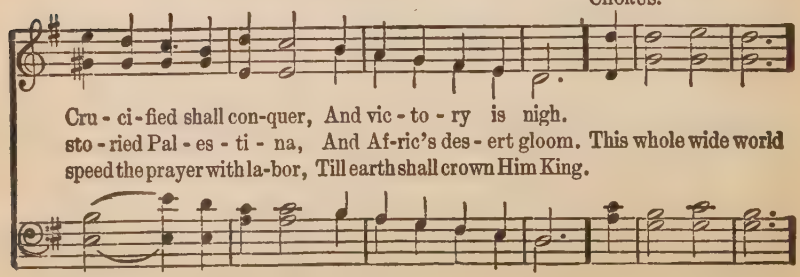

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;


Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The

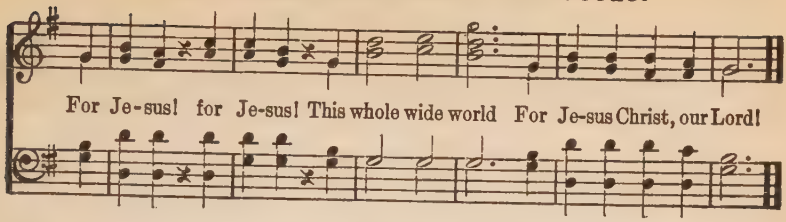

whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And

The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.


Cru - ci - fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.
cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom. Pal - es - ti - na
wing. . . with la - bor.

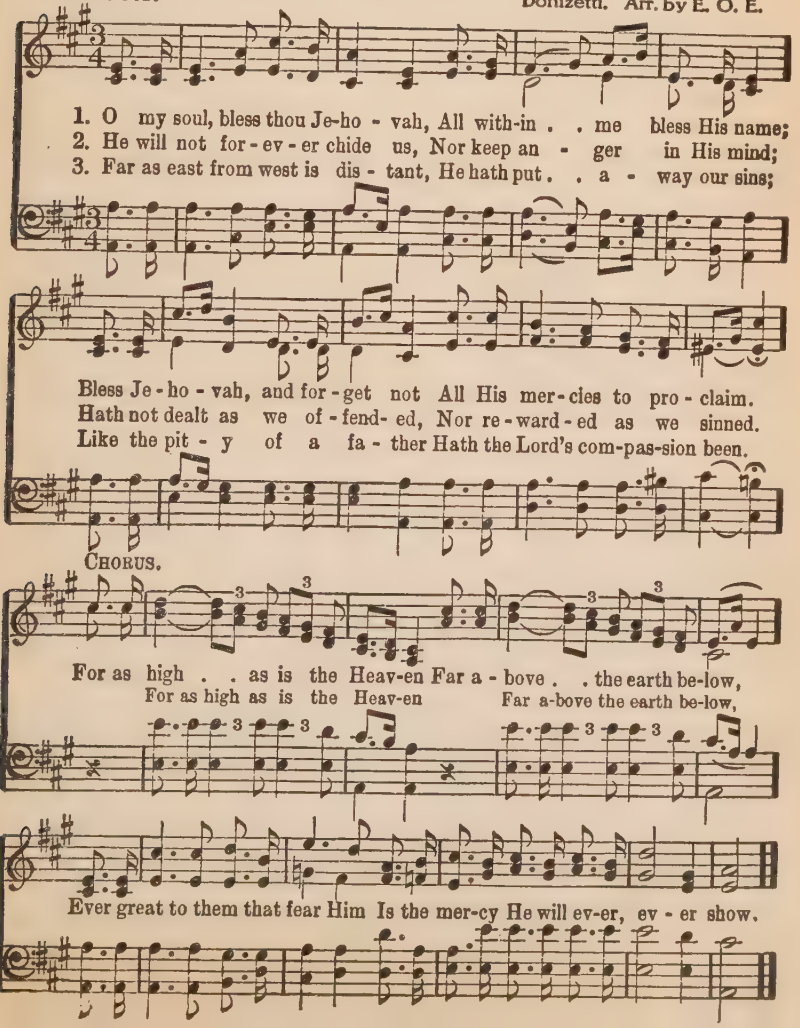
The Whole Wide World for Jesus.



No. 115. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho - vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put . . a - way our sins;
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend- ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high . . as is the Heav-en Far a - bove . . the earth be-low,
For as high as is the Heav-en Far a-bove the earth be-low,
Ever great to them that fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev - er show.

No. 116. We Have an Anchor.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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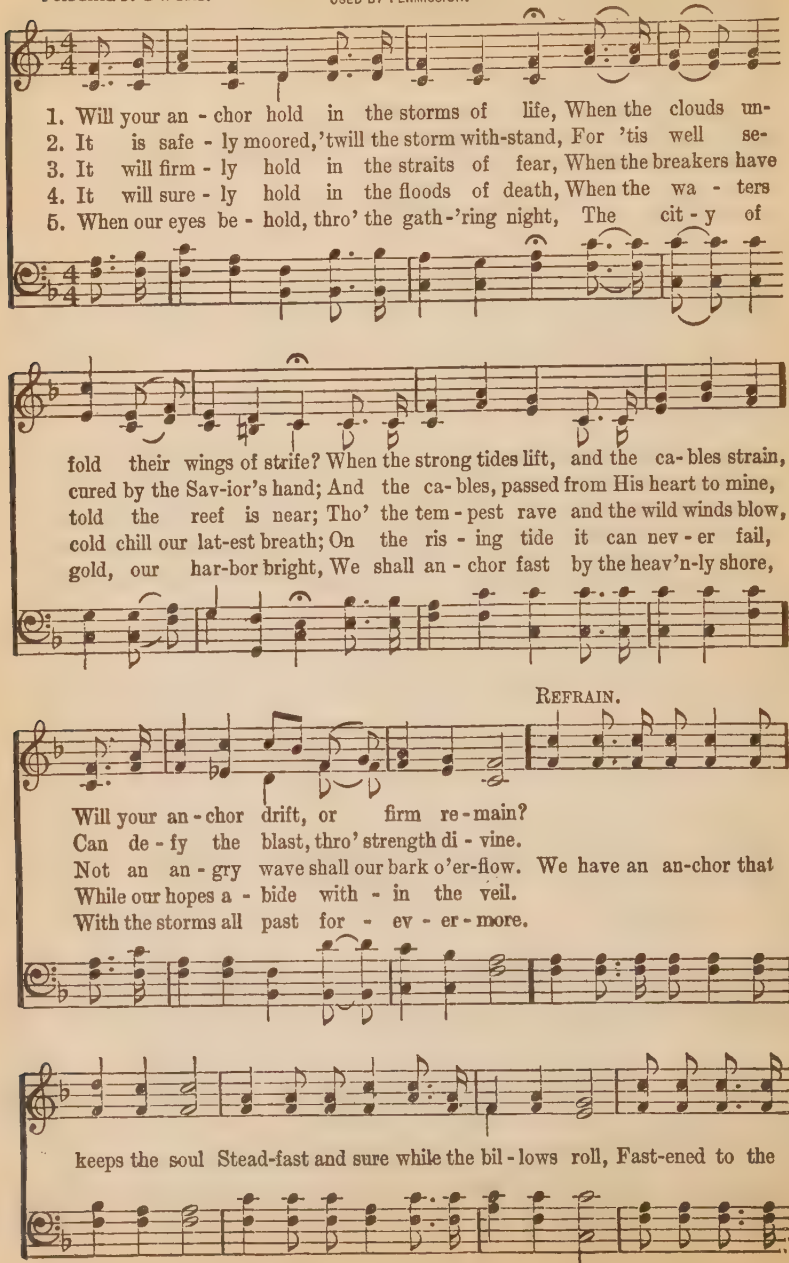
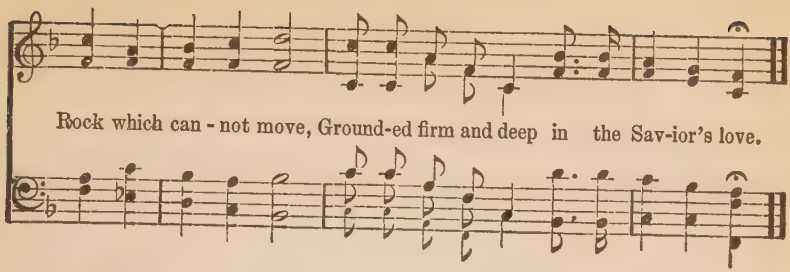
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm with-stand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold, thro' the gath-'ring night, The cit - y of
fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
told the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our lat-est breath; On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,
REFRAIN.
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow. We have an an-chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.
keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fast-ened to the

We Have an Anchor.

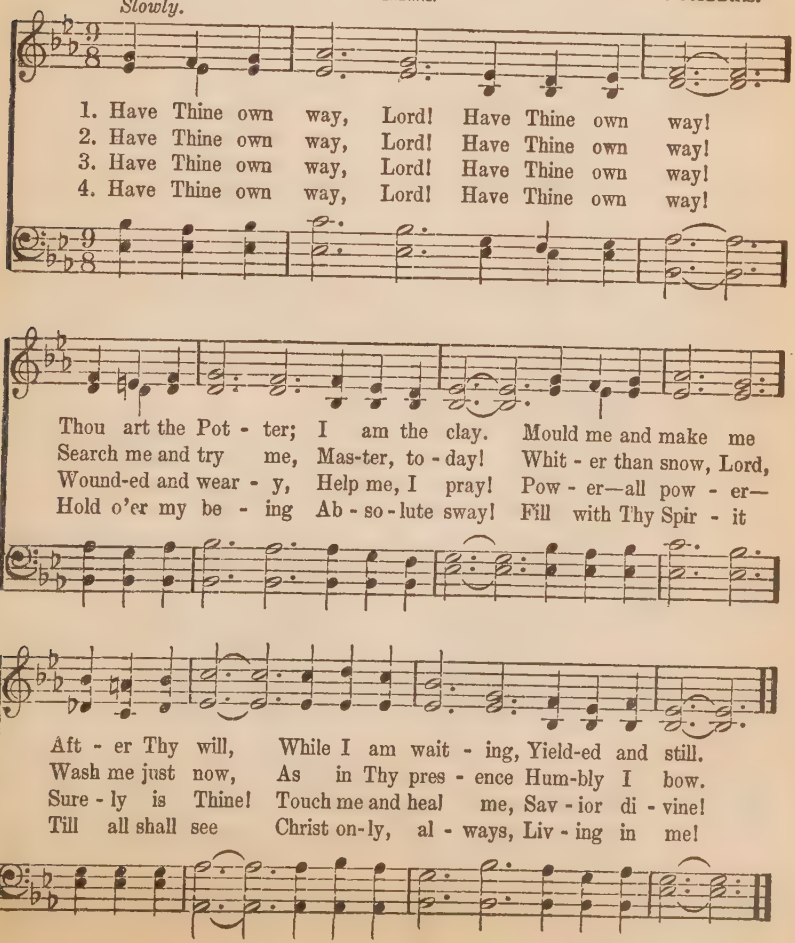


No. 117. Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Thou art the Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
Search me and try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
Wound-ed and wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—
Hold o'er my be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on-ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

No. 118 His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

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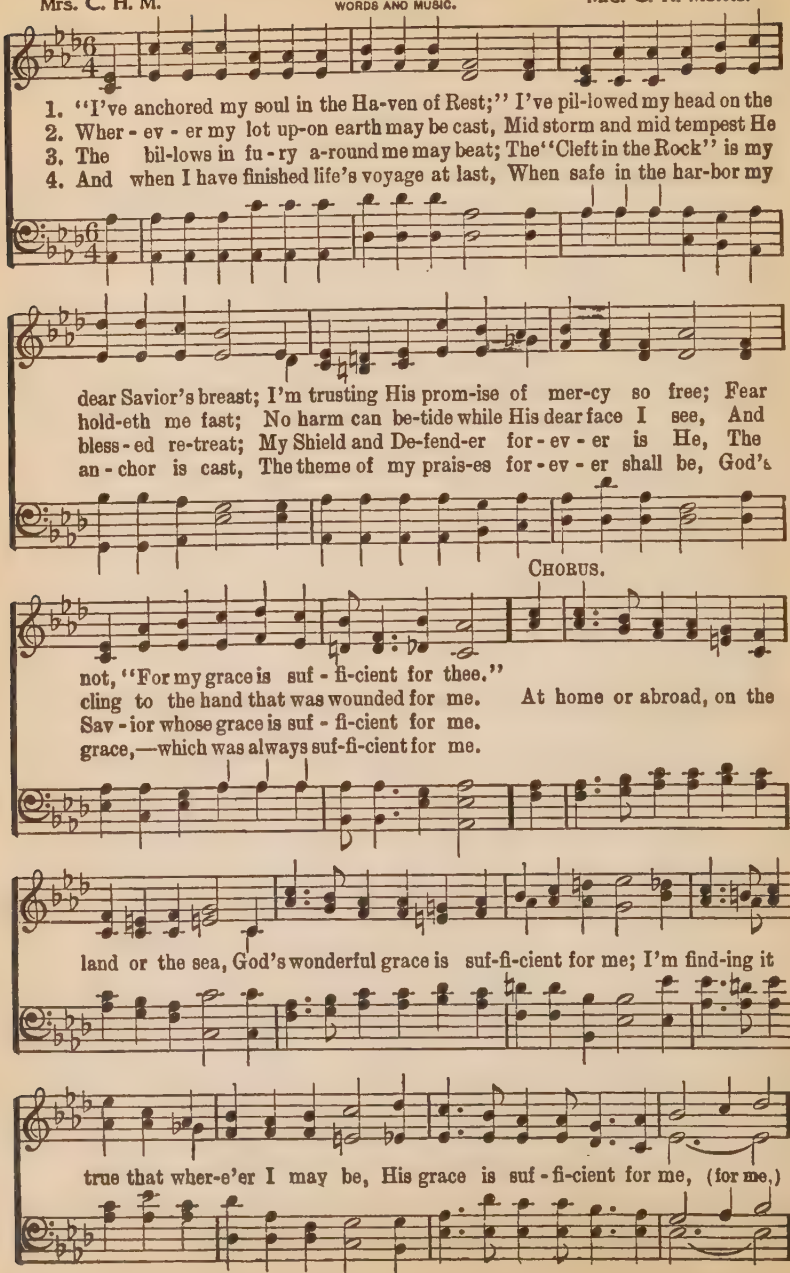
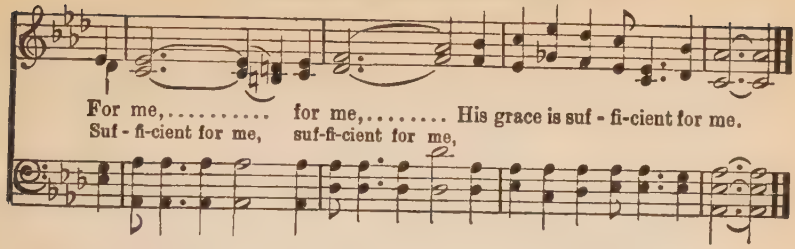
Mrs. C. H. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. "I've anchored my soul in the Ha-ven of Rest;" I've pil-lowed my head on the
2. Wher - ev - er my lot up-on earth may be cast, Mid storm and mid tempest He
3. The bil-lows in fu - ry a-round me may beat; The "Cleft in the Rock" is my
4. And when I have finished life's voyage at last, When safe in the har-bor my
dear Savior's breast; I'm trusting His prom-ise of mer-cy so free; Fear
hold-eth me fast; No harm can be-tide while His dear face I see, And
bless - ed re-treat; My Shield and De-fend-er for - ev - er is He, The
an - chor is cast, The theme of my prais-es for - ev - er shall be, God's
CHORUS.
not, "For my grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
Sav - ior whose grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
grace,—which was always suf-fi-cient for me.
At home or abroad, on the
land or the sea, God's wonderful grace is suf-fi-cient for me; I'm find-ing it
true that wher-e'er I may be, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me, (for me,)

His Grace is Sufficient for Me.



No. 119. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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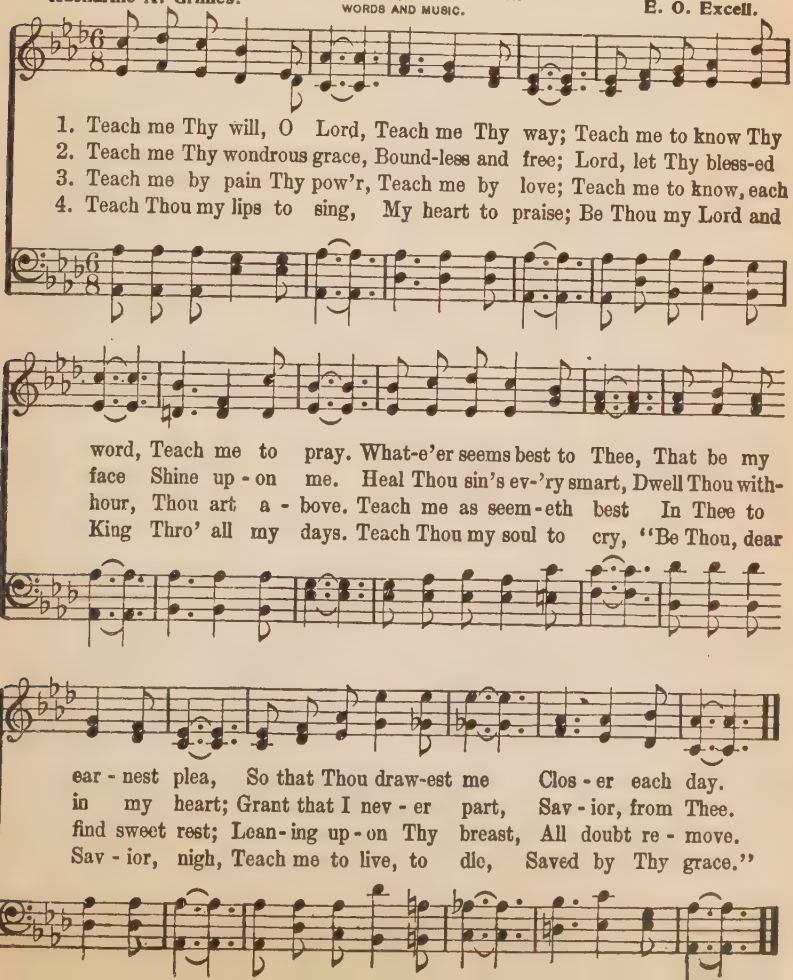
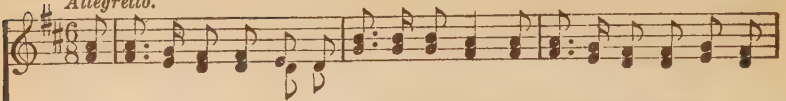
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and
word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev-'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear
ear - nest plea, So that Thou draw-est me Clos - er each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean-ing up - on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
Sav - ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace."

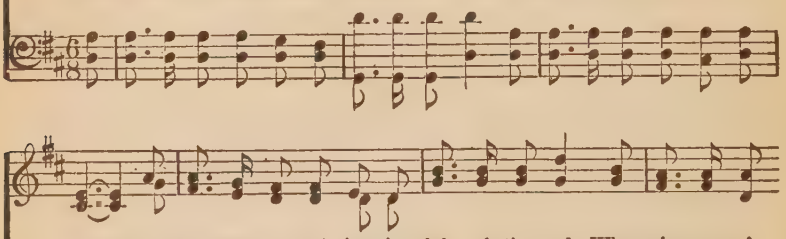
No. 120. He Hideth My Soul.

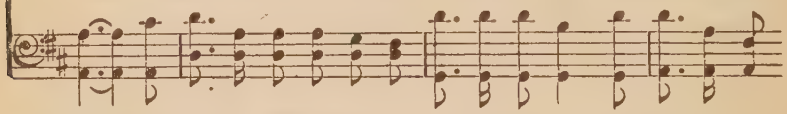
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

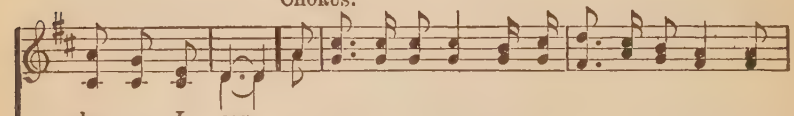
Allegretto.



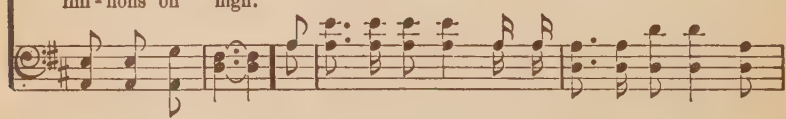
1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His fullness di-
4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the

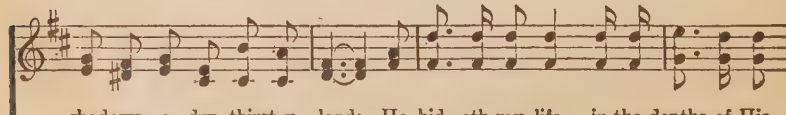


me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
way; He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo-ry to God, For such a Re-
sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

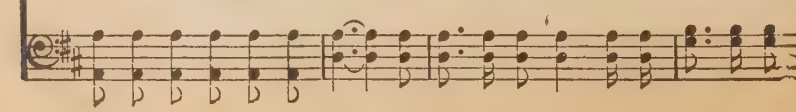


pleas-ure I see;
strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That
deem-er as mine!
mil-lions on high.

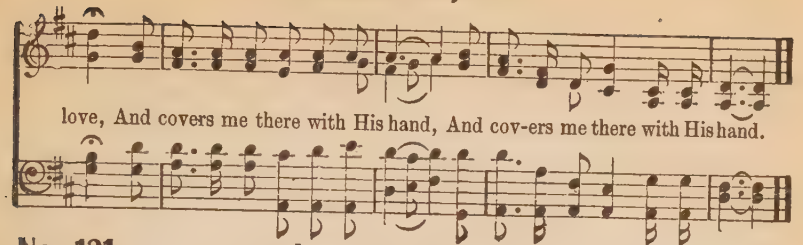




shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His

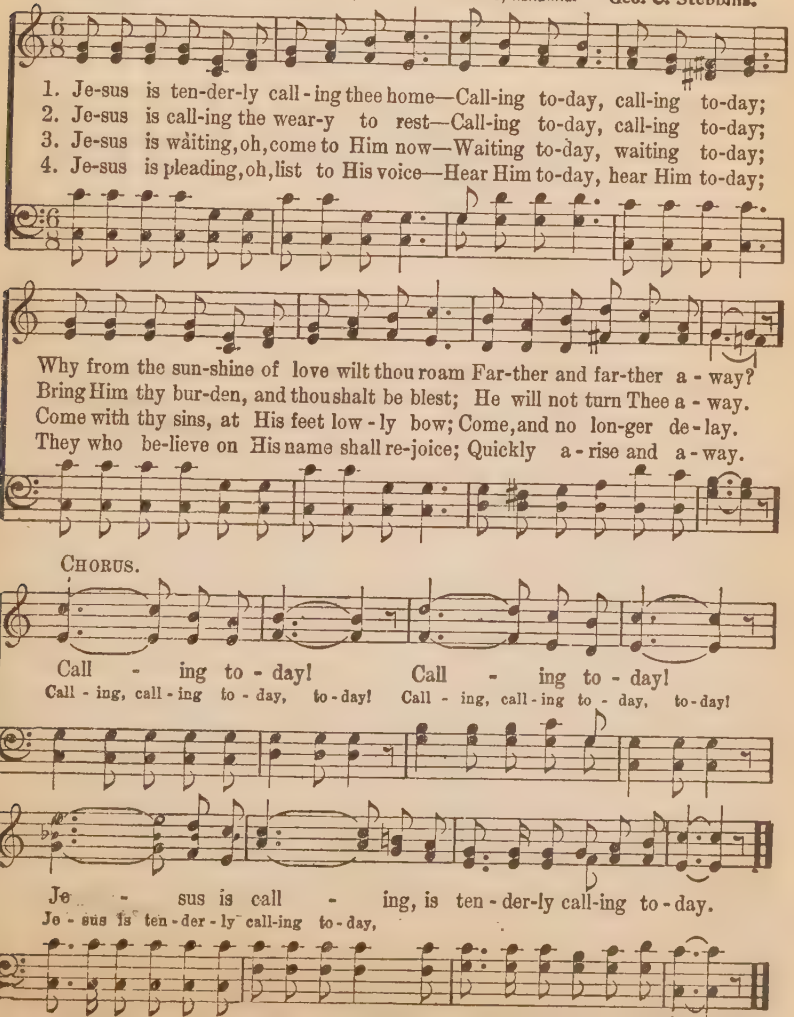


He Hideth My Soul.



No. 121. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

No. 122.

The Joyful Song.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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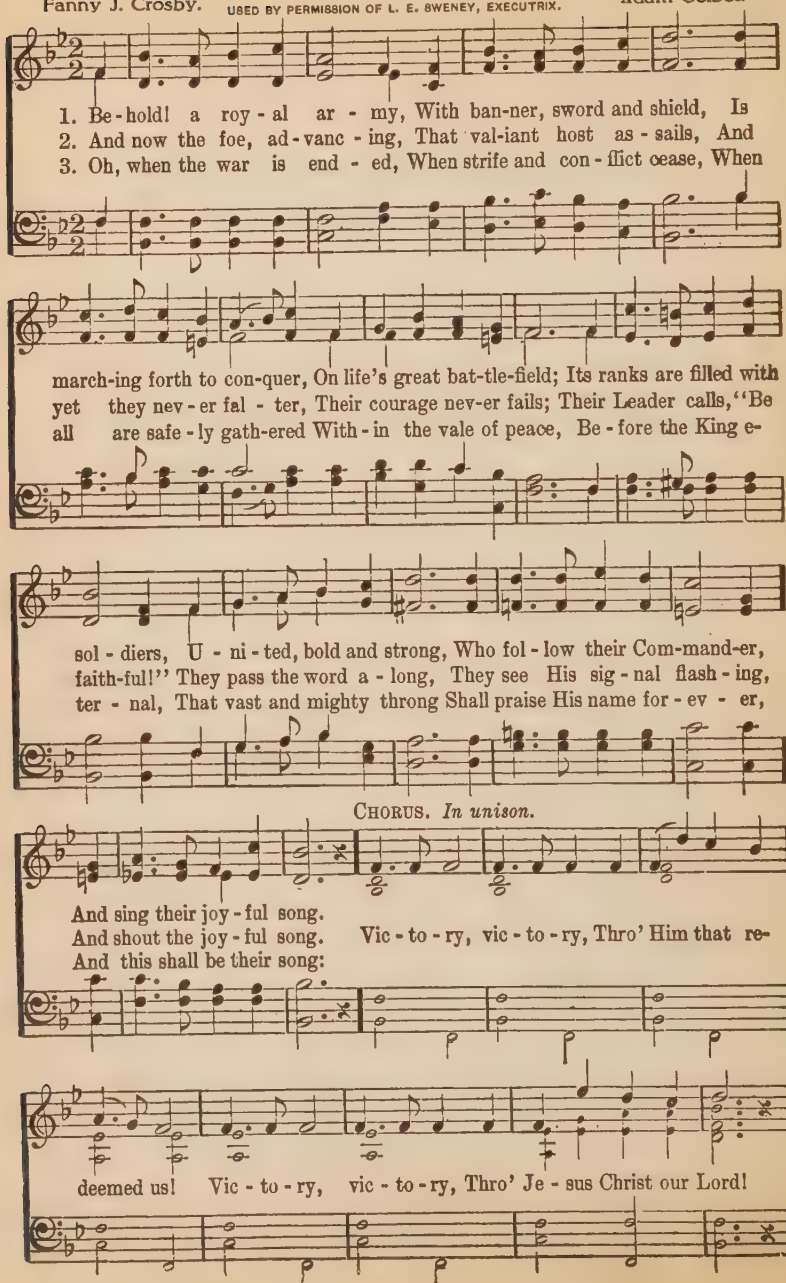
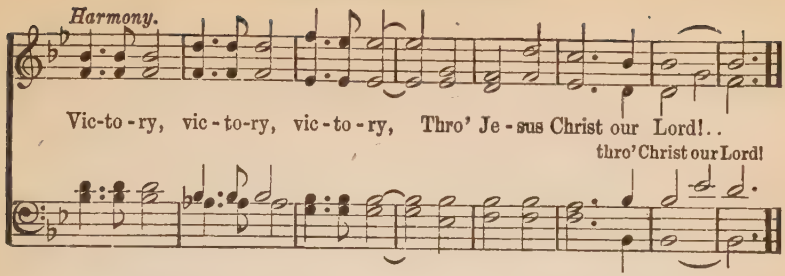
Adam Geibel.

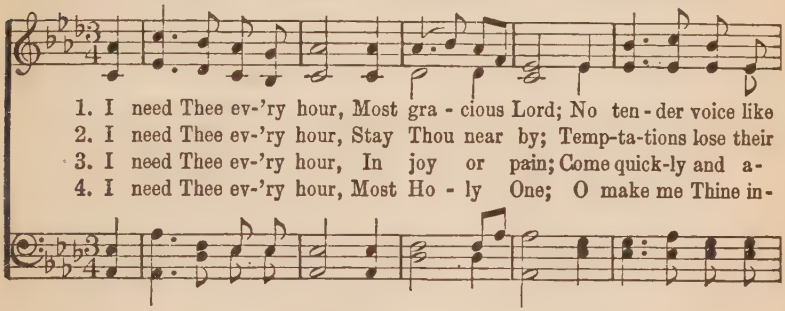

1. Be-hold! a roy-al ar-my, With ban-ner, sword and shield, Is
2. And now the foe, ad-vanc-ing, That val-iant host as-sails, And
3. Oh, when the war is end-ed, When strife and con-flict cease, When
march-ing forth to con-quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with
yet they nev-er fal-ter, Their courage nev-er fails; Their Leader calls, "Be
all are safe-ly gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be-fore the King e-
sol-diers, U-ni-ted, bold and strong, Who fol-low their Com-mand-er,
faith-ful!" They pass the word a-long, They see His sig-nal flash-ing,
ter-nal, That vast and mighty throng Shall praise His name for-ev-er,
CHORUS. *In unison.*
And sing their joy-ful song.
And shout the joy-ful song.
And this shall be their song:
Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Him that re-
deemed us! Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord!

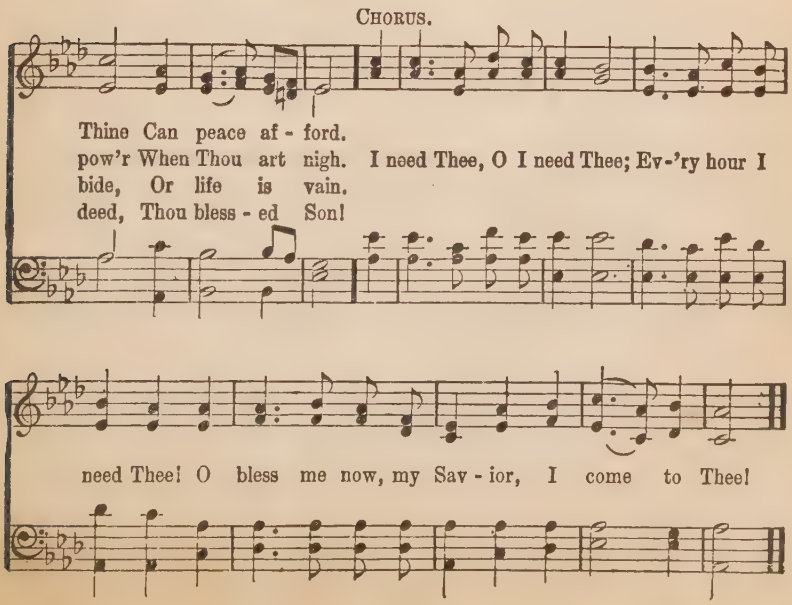
The Joyful Song.



No. 123. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.

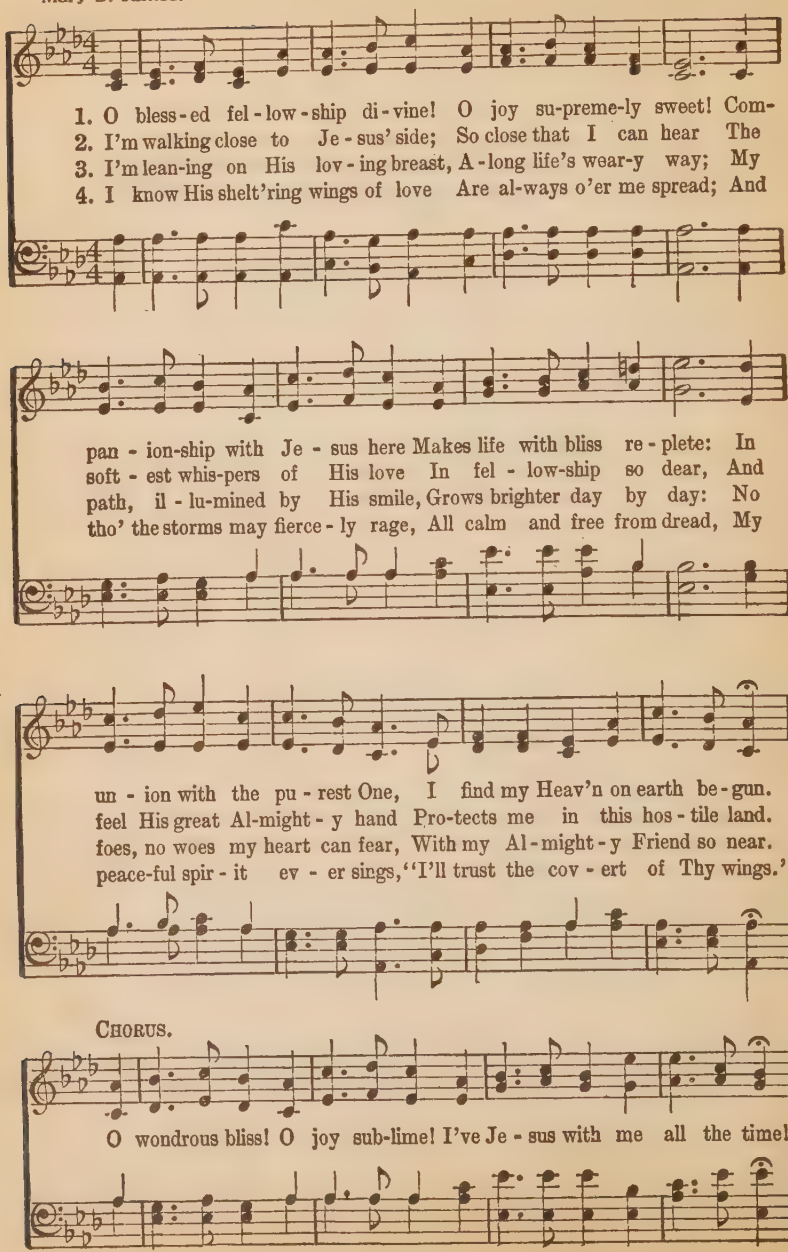

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-


CHORUS.
Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

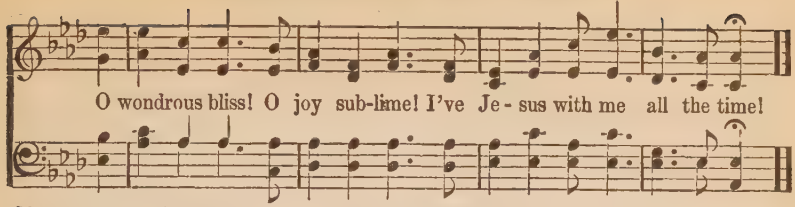
No. 124. Companionship With Jesus.

RENEWAL OF COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

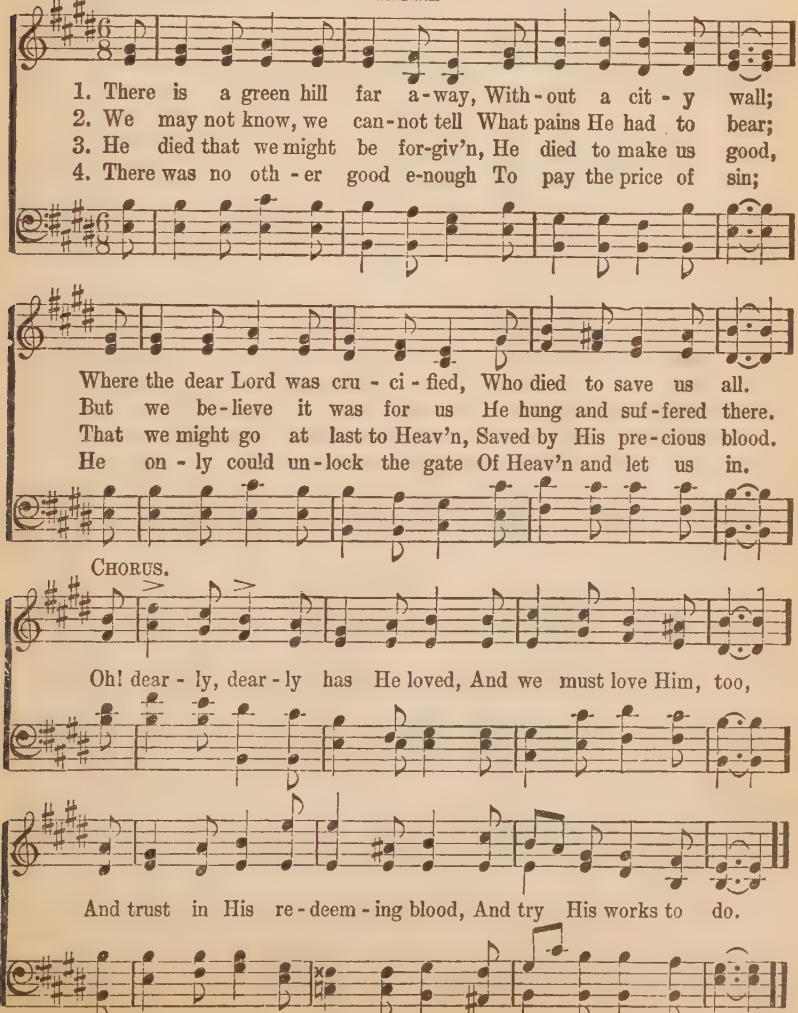

1. O bless-ed fel-low-ship di-vine! O joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A-long life's wear-y way; My
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And
pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete: In
soft-est whis-pers of His love In fel-low-ship so dear, And
path, il-lu-mined by His smile, Grows brighter day by day: No
tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My
un-ion with the pu-rest One, I find my Heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel His great Al-might-y hand Pro-tects me in this hos-tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings."
CHORUS.
O wondrous bliss! O joy sub-lime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!

Companionship With Jesus.



No. 125. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS.
Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 126. Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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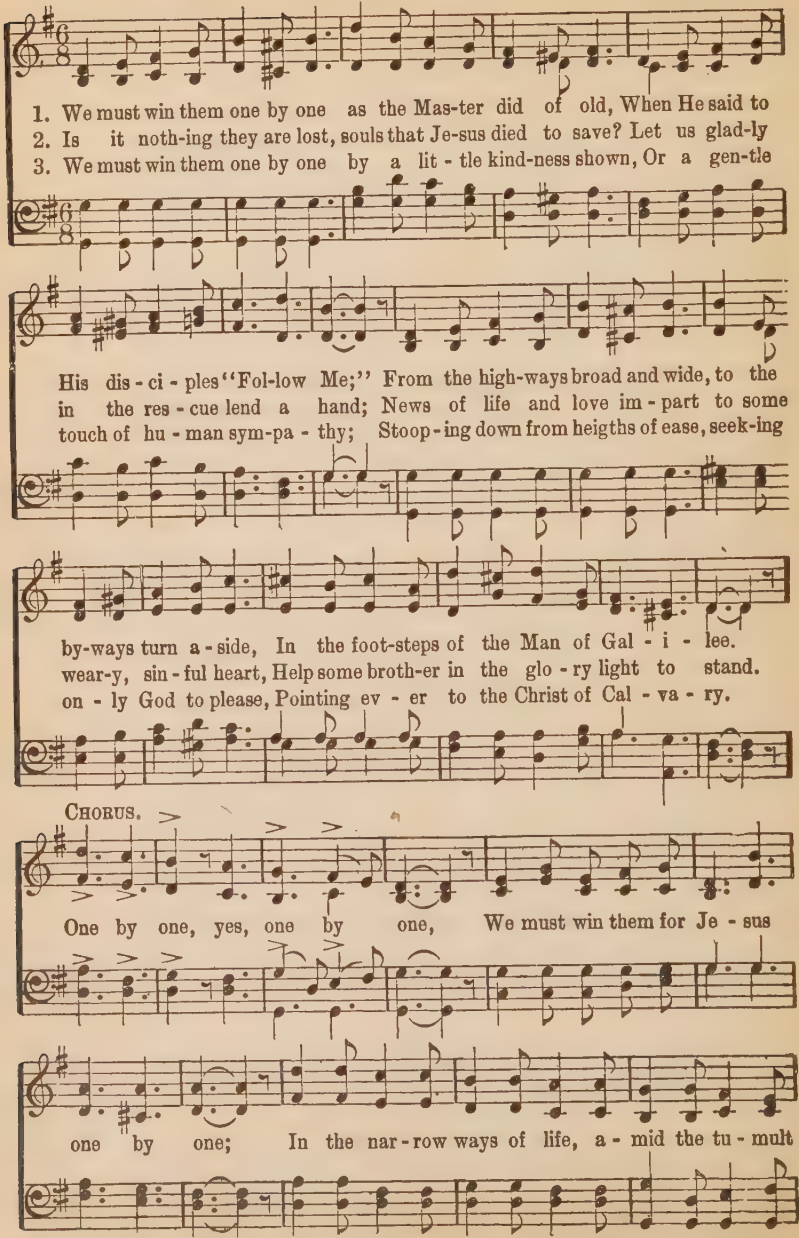
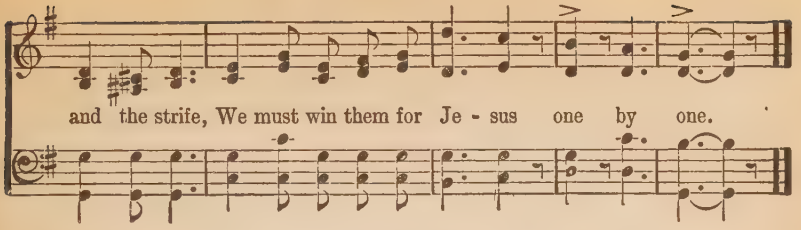
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle
His dis-ci-ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some
touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stoop-ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing
by-ways turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
wear-y, sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand.
on-ly God to please, Pointing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je-sus
one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a-mid the tu-mult

Win Them One By One.

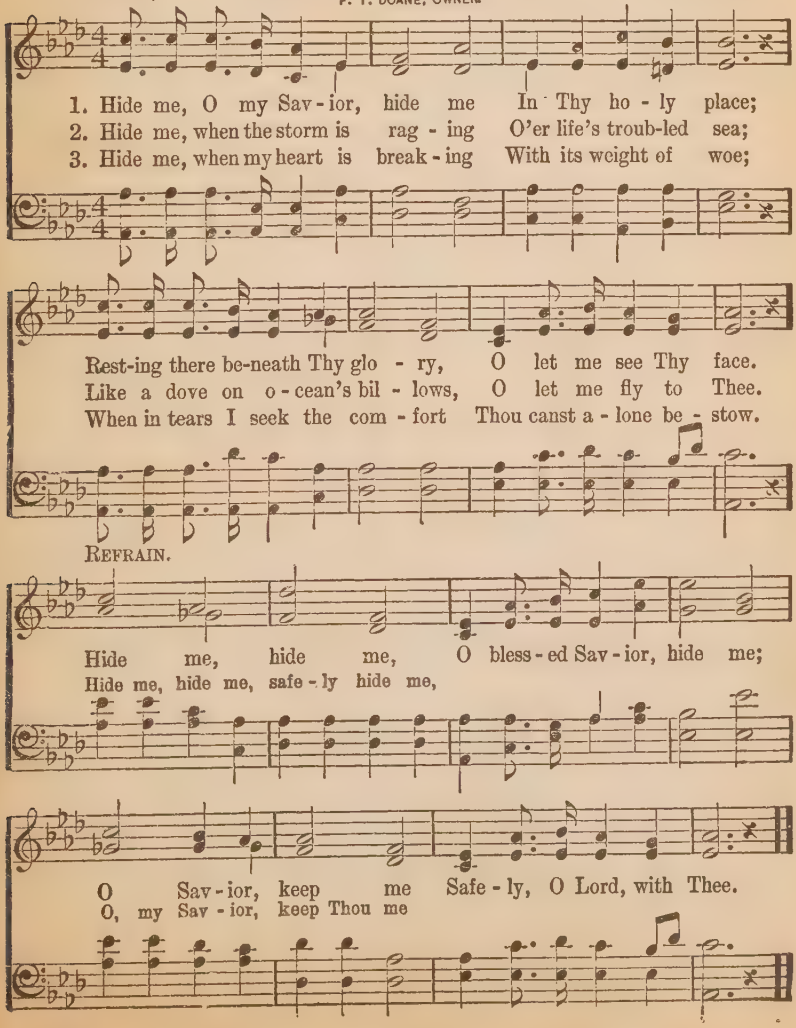


No. 127. Hide Me.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.


1. Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troub-led sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;
Rest-ing there be-neath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.
REFRAIN.
Hide me, hide me, O bless - ed Sav - ior, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,
O Sav - ior, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Sav - ior, keep Thou me

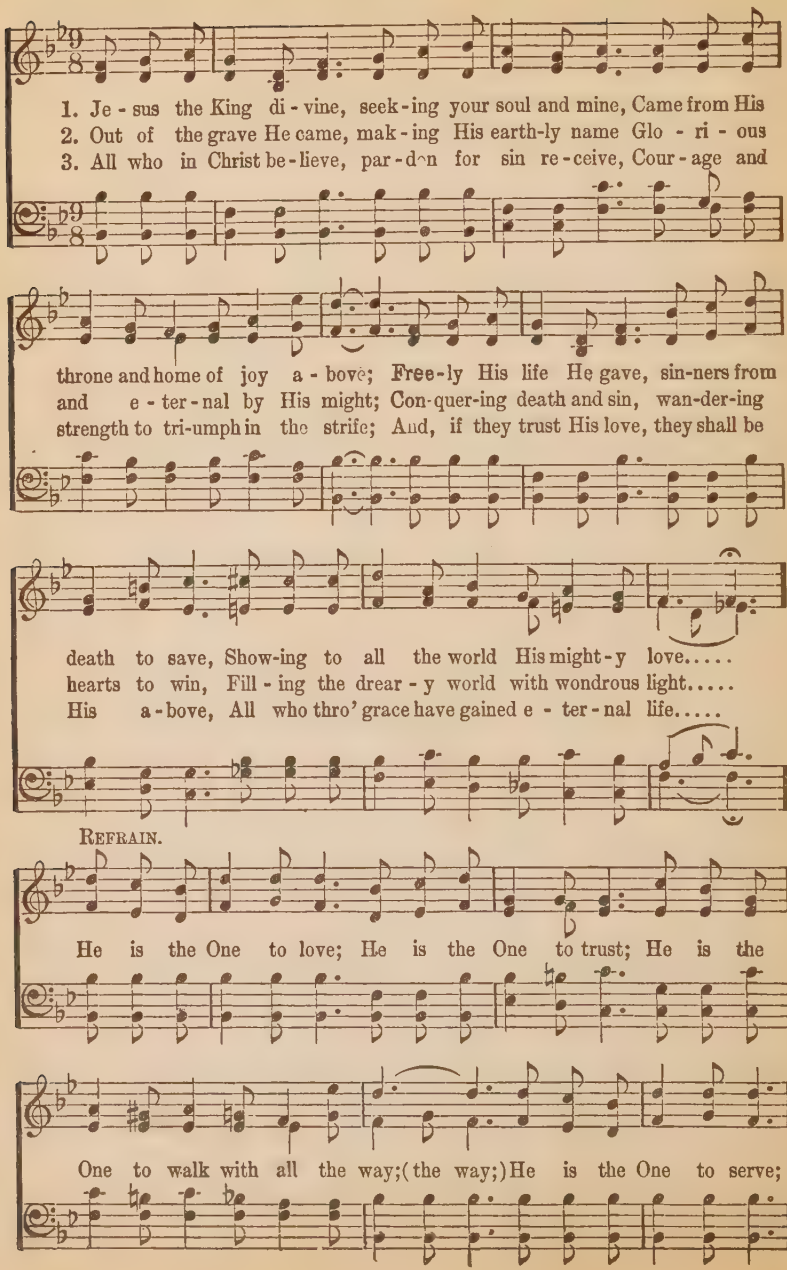
No. 128.

He Is the One.

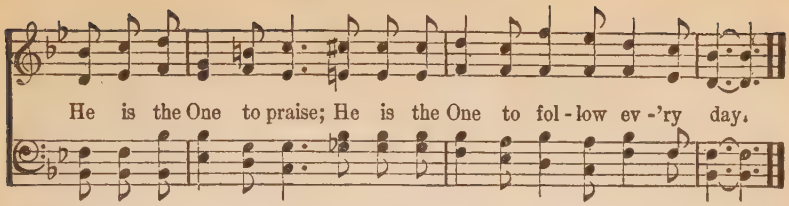
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Homer F. Morris.


1. Je - sus the King di - vine, seek - ing your soul and mine, Came from His
2. Out of the grave He came, mak - ing His earth-ly name Glo - ri - ous
3. All who in Christ be-lieve, par-don for sin re-ceive, Cour-age and
throne and home of joy a - bove; Free-ly His life He gave, sin-ners from
and e - ter - nal by His might; Con-quer-ing death and sin, wan-der-ing
strength to tri-umph in the strife; And, if they trust His love, they shall be
death to save, Show-ing to all the world His might - y love.....
hearts to win, Fill - ing the drear - y world with wondrous light.....
His a-bove, All who thro' grace have gained e - ter - nal life.....
REFRAIN.
He is the One to love; He is the One to trust; He is the
One to walk with all the way;(the way;)He is the One to serve;

He Is the One.



No. 129. I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

Ida L. Reed.

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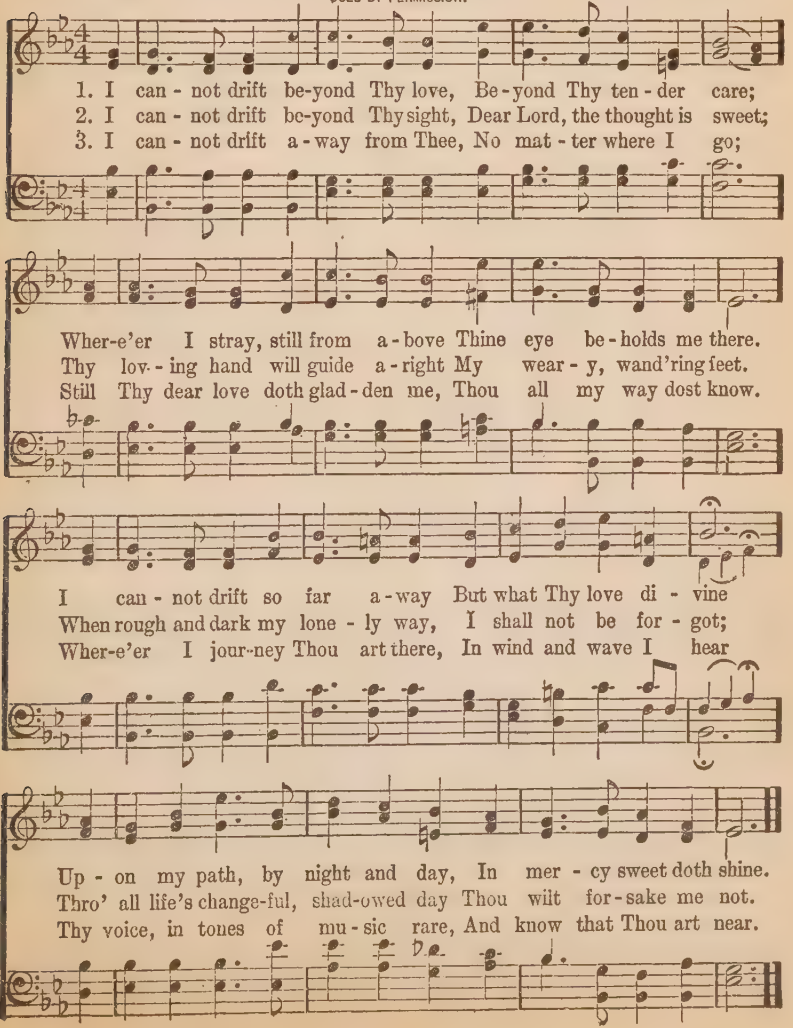
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I can - not drift be-yond Thy love, Be - yond Thy ten - der care;
2. I can - not drift be-yond Thy sight, Dear Lord, the thought is sweet;
3. I can - not drift a - way from Thee, No mat - ter where I go;
Wher-e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be - holds me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wear - y, wand'ring feet.
Still Thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.
I can - not drift so far a - way But what Thy love di - vine
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
Wher-e'er I jour-ney Thou art there, In wind and wave I hear
Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's change-ful, shad-owed day Thou wilt for - sake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that Thou art near.

No. 130. The Story of the Cross.

H. D. L.

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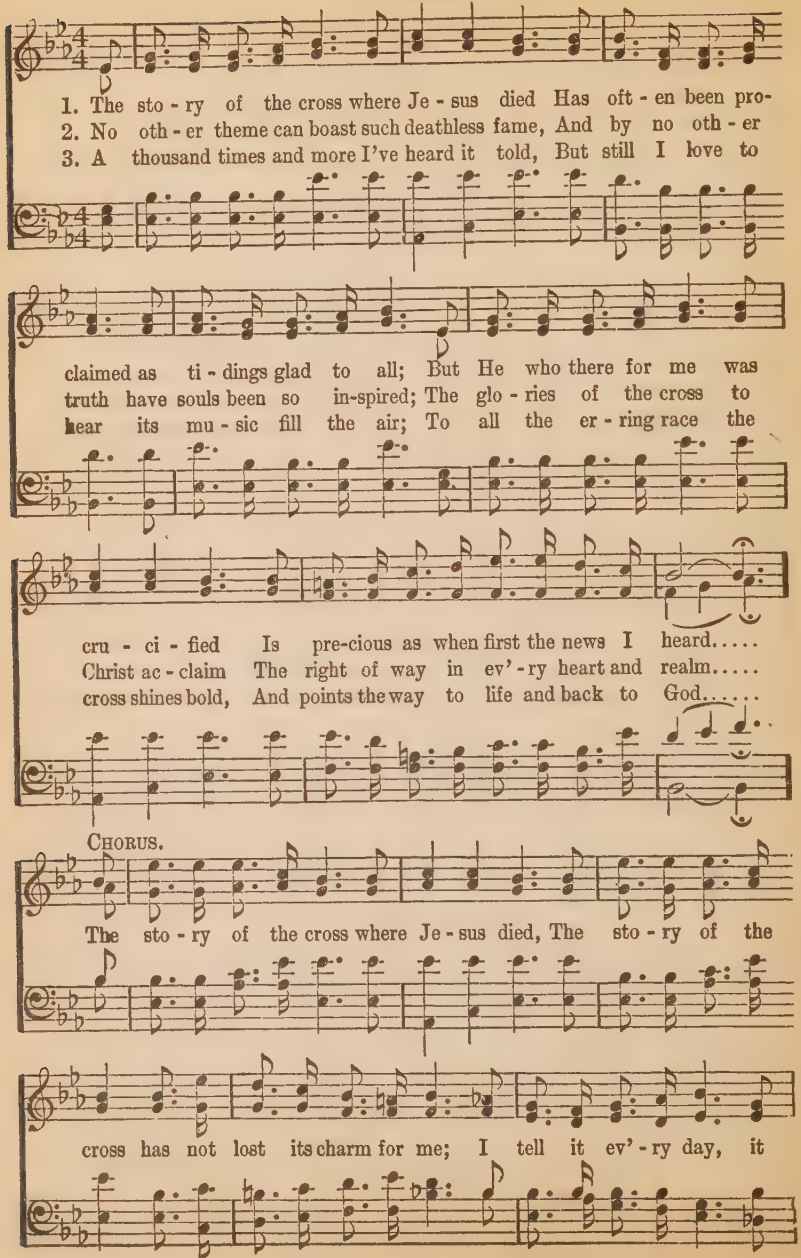
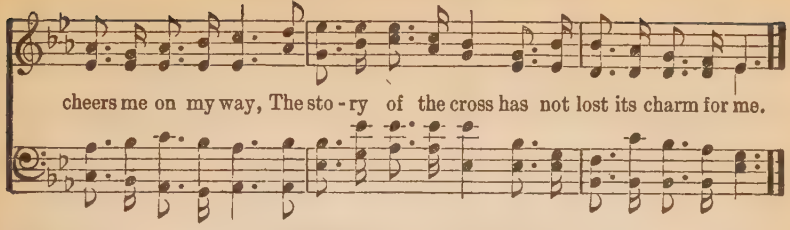
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.


1. The sto - ry of the cross where Je - sus died Has oft - en been pro-
2. No oth - er theme can boast such deathless fame, And by no oth - er
3. A thousand times and more I've heard it told, But still I love to
claimed as ti - dings glad to all; But He who there for me was
truth have souls been so in-spired; The glo - ries of the cross to
hear its mu - sic fill the air; To all the er - ring race the
cru - ci - fied Is pre-cious as when first the news I heard.....
Christ ac - claim The right of way in ev' - ry heart and realm.....
cross shines bold, And points the way to life and back to God.....
CHORUS.
The sto - ry of the cross where Je - sus died, The sto - ry of the
cross has not lost its charm for me; I tell it ev' - ry day, it

The Story of the Cross.



No. 131. I Remember Calvary.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. M. BLACK.
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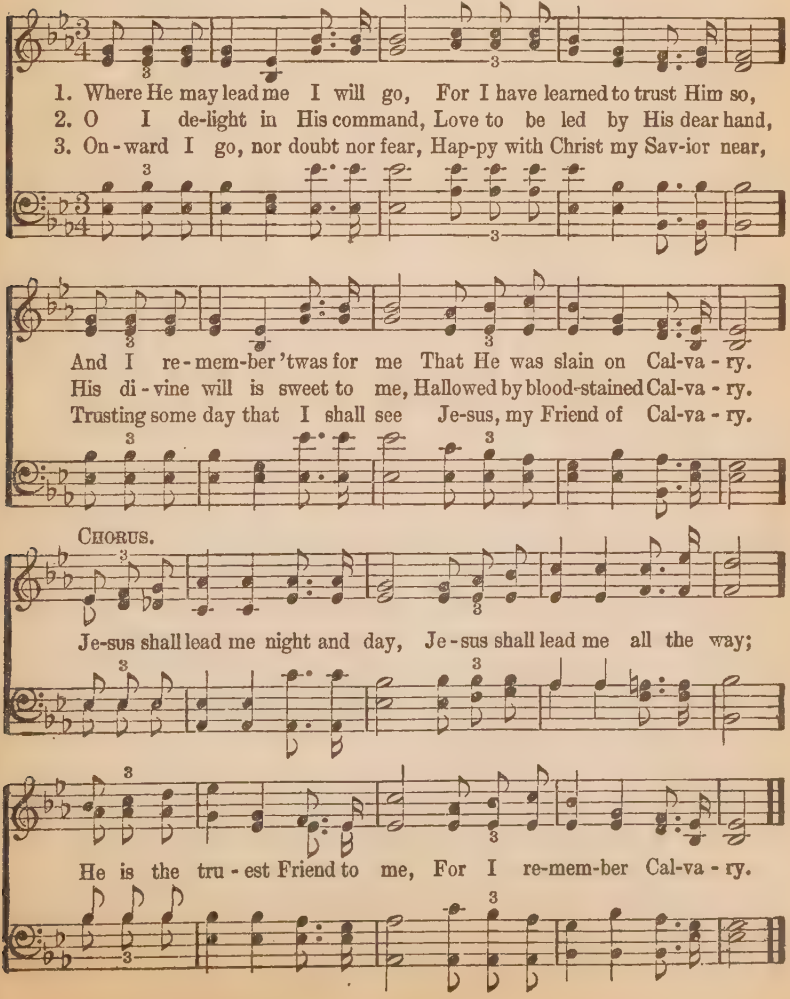
J. M. Black.


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ my Sav-ior near,
And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal-va-ry.
Trusting some day that I shall see Je-sus, my Friend of Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;
He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

No. 132. The Still Small Voice.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Will L. Thompson.

With expression.

1. Lis-ten to the voice of Je - sus, Speak-ing with - in thy heart:
2. Lis-ten to the voice of Je - sus, Speak-ing to thee a - lone:
3. Lis-ten to the voice of Je - sus Call - ing now, "Come home!"

It whis - pers soft - ly, "Come to Me, And live life's bet - ter part."
The sto - ry of His sac - ri - fice Will melt thy heart of stone.
O why not an - swer Him this mo-ment, "Now, my Lord, I come!"

There's on - ly one life worth the liv - ing, Choose it while you may;...
He tells thee of a bless - ed life, Of use - ful-ness and love;...
O take my life, my soul, my all, And make me pure with - in,.....

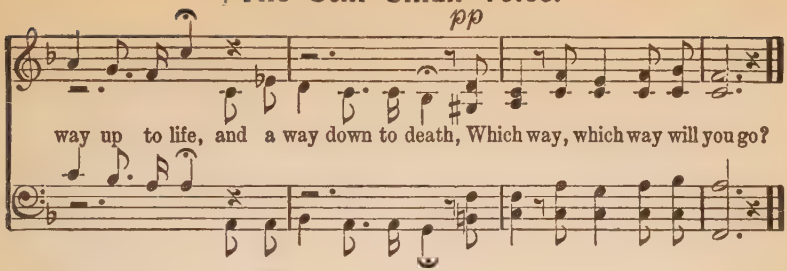
pp

Gen - tly His voice is call - ing thee, He will guide the way.
Gen - tly His voice is call - ing thee To home, sweet home a - bove.
Trust - ing in Thy re-deem - ing - love To cleanse my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *pp* *m*

The still small voice with-in thy heart Is whisp'ring soft and low; There's a

The Still Small Voice.



No. 133. Anywhere With Jesus.

John R. Clements.

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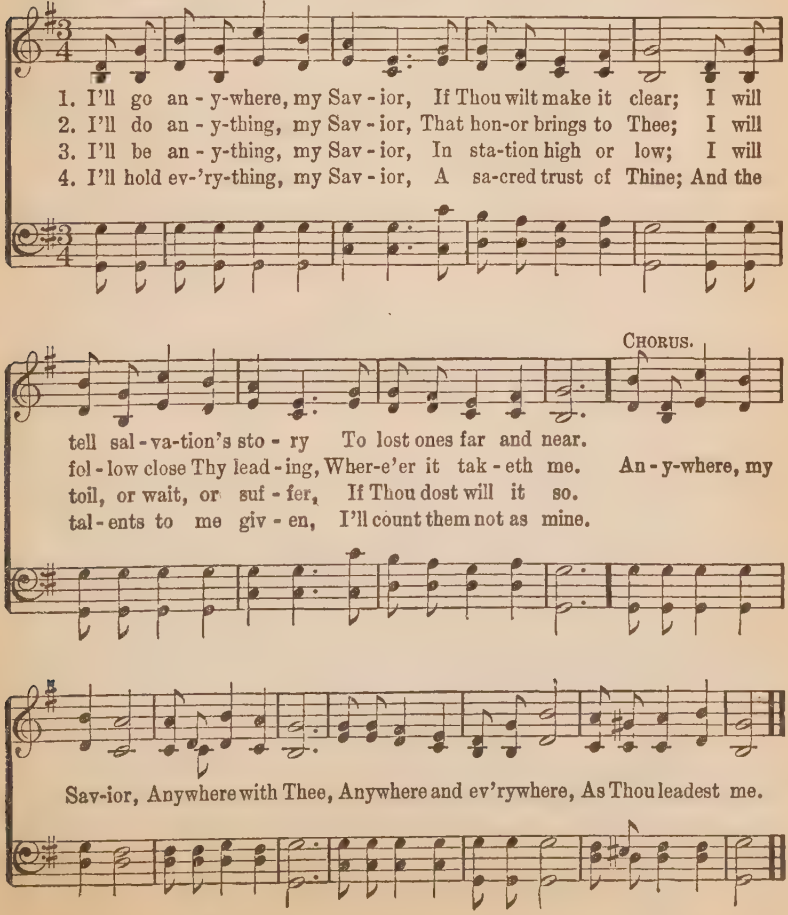
E. O. Excell.

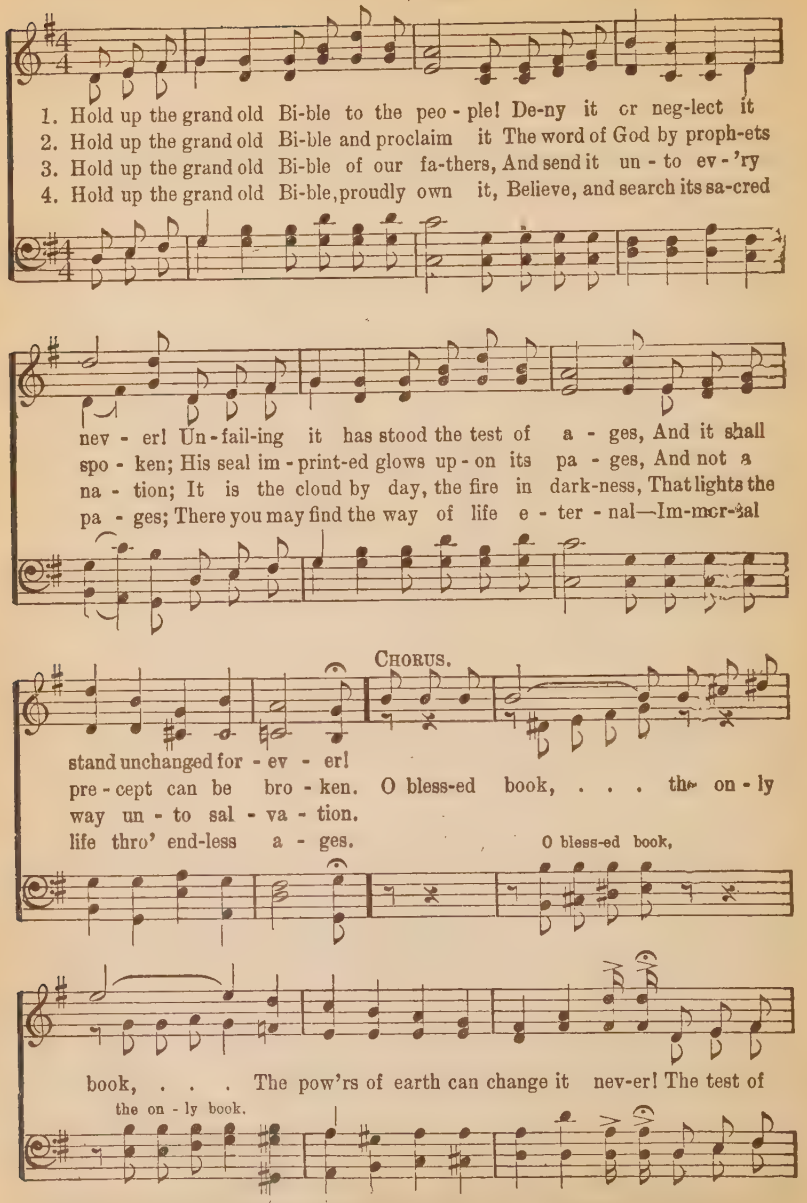

1. I'll go an - y-where, my Sav - ior, If Thou wilt make it clear; I will
2. I'll do an - y-thing, my Sav - ior, That hon-or brings to Thee; I will
3. I'll be an - y-thing, my Sav - ior, In sta-tion high or low; I will
4. I'll hold ev-'ry-thing, my Sav - ior, A sa-cred trust of Thine; And the
CHORUS.
tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry To lost ones far and near.
fol - low close Thy lead - ing, Wher-e'er it tak - eth me. An - y-where, my
toil, or wait, or suf - fer, If Thou dost will it so.
tal - ents to me giv - en, I'll count them not as mine.
Sav-ior, Anywhere with Thee, Anywhere and ev'rywhere, As Thou leadest me.

No. 134. The Grand Old Bible.

C. H. G.

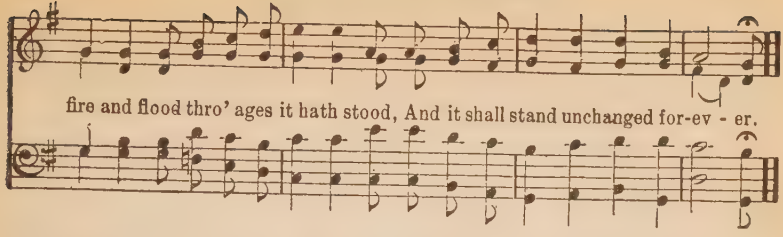
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble to the peo-ple! De-ny it or neg-lect it
2. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble and proclaim it The word of God by proph-ets
3. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble of our fa-thers, And send it un-to ev-'ry
4. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble, proudly own it, Believe, and search its sa-cred
nev-er! Un-fail-ing it has stood the test of a-ges, And it shall
spo-ken; His seal im-print-ed glows up-on its pa-ges, And not a
na-tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in dark-ness, That lights the
pa-ges; There you may find the way of life e-ter-nal—Im-mor-tal
CHORUS.
stand unchanged for-ev-er!
pre-cept can be bro-ken. O bless-ed book, . . . the on-ly
way un-to sal-va-tion.
life thro' end-less a-ges.
O bless-ed book,
book, . . . The pow'rs of earth can change it nev-er! The test of
the on-ly book.

*With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

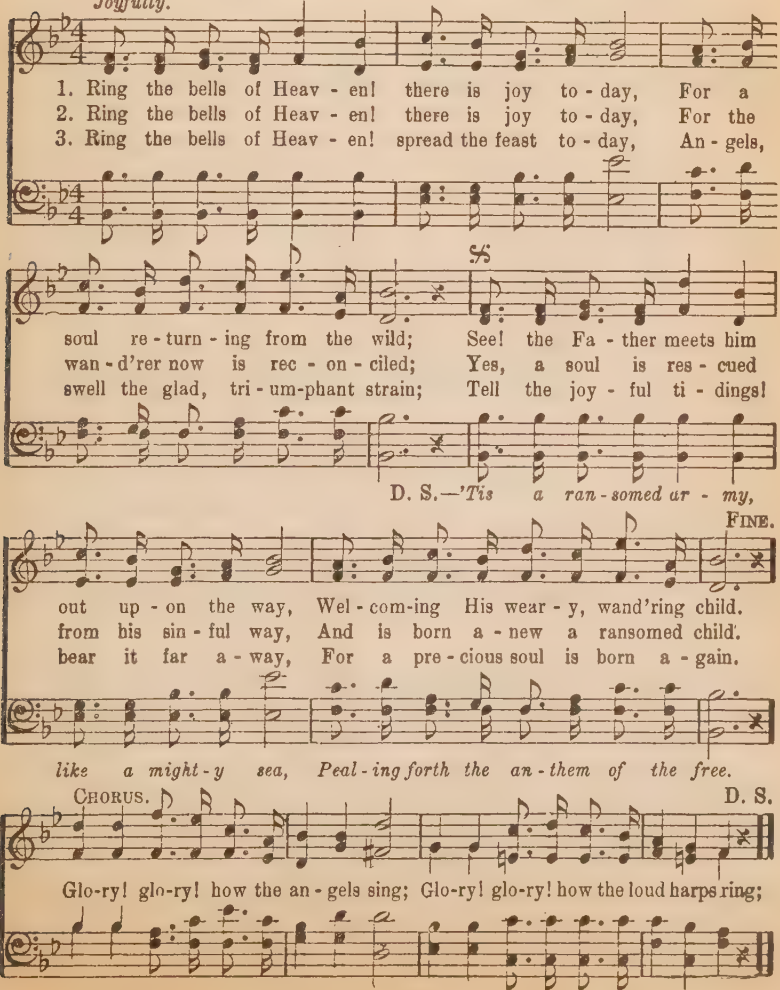
The Grand Old Bible.



No. 135. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.


1. Ring the bells of Heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
2. Ring the bells of Heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
3. Ring the bells of Heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels,
soul re - turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him
wan - d'rer now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued
swell the glad, tri - um-phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings!
D. S.—'Tis a ran - somed ar - my,
FINE.
out up - on the way, Wel - com-ing His wear - y, wand'ring child.
from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransomed child.
bear it far a - way, For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.
like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

No. 136. Songs In the Night.

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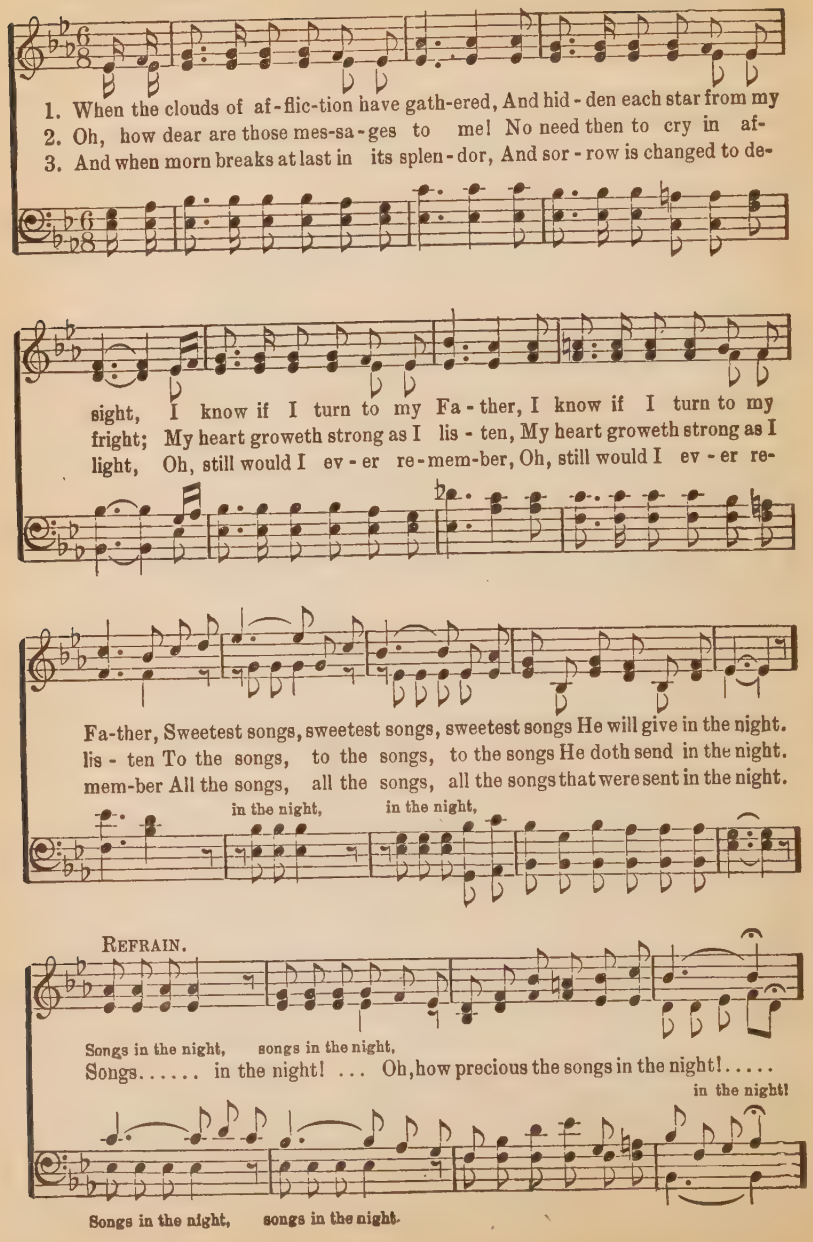
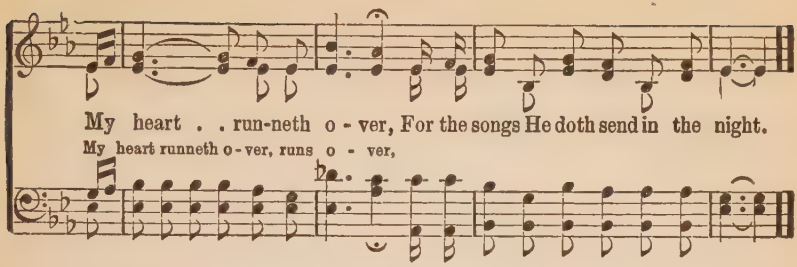
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie A. Montgomery. J. S. Fearis.


1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gath-ered, And hid-den each star from my
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splen-dor, And sor-row is changed to de-
sight, I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my
fright; My heart groweth strong as I lis-ten, My heart groweth strong as I
light, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-
Fa-ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.
lis-ten To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.
mem-ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,
REFRAIN.
Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs..... in the night! ... Oh, how precious the songs in the night!.....
in the night!
Songs in the night, songs in the night.



No. 137. Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D.

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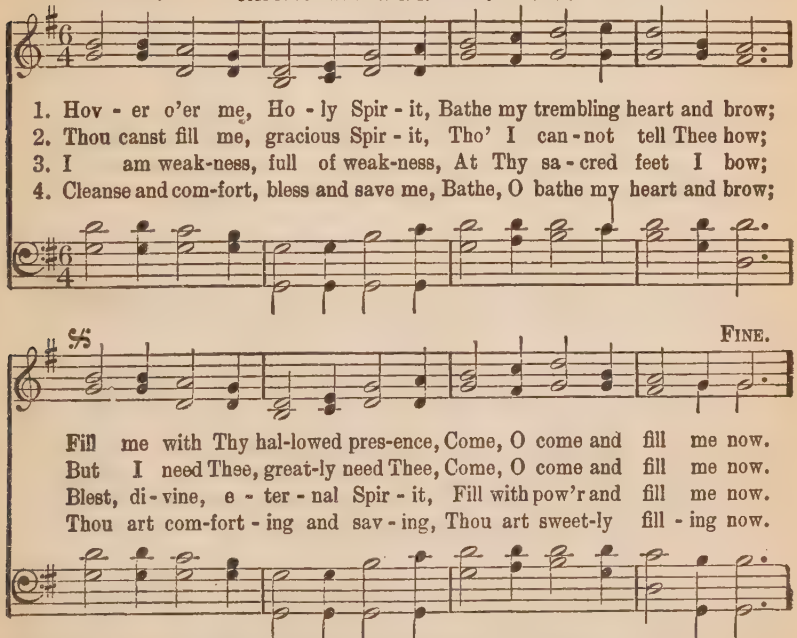
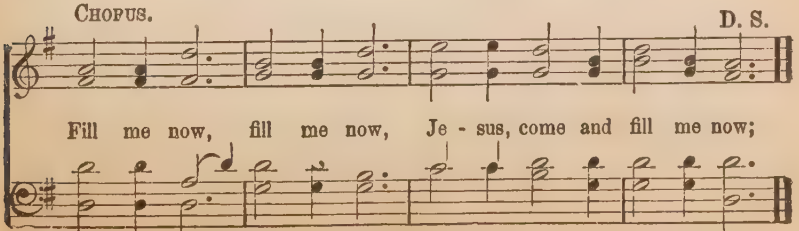
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com-fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
FINE.
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill - ing now.

D. S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*



No. 138. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey.

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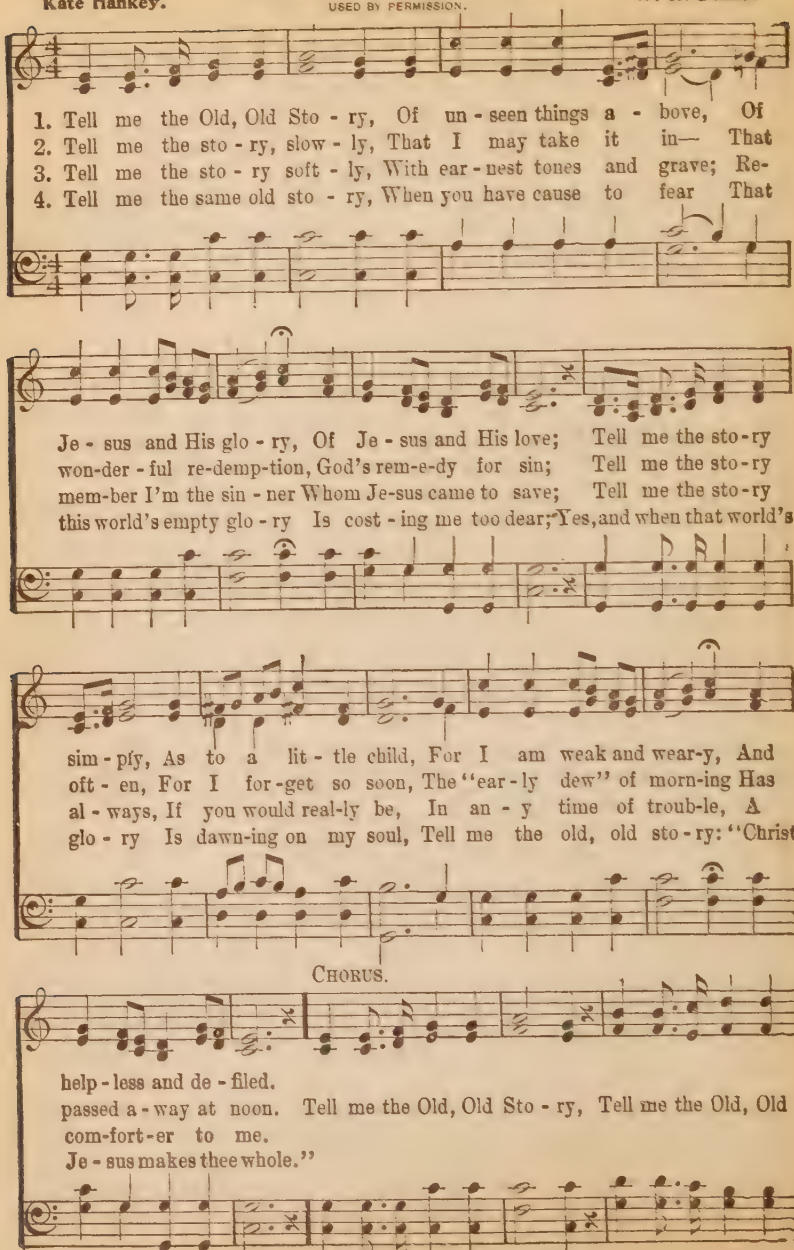
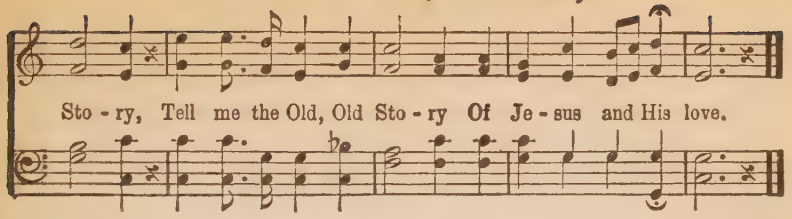
W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re-
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto-ry
won-der - ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin; Tell me the sto-ry
mem-ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me the sto-ry
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear-y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub-le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com-fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



No. 139. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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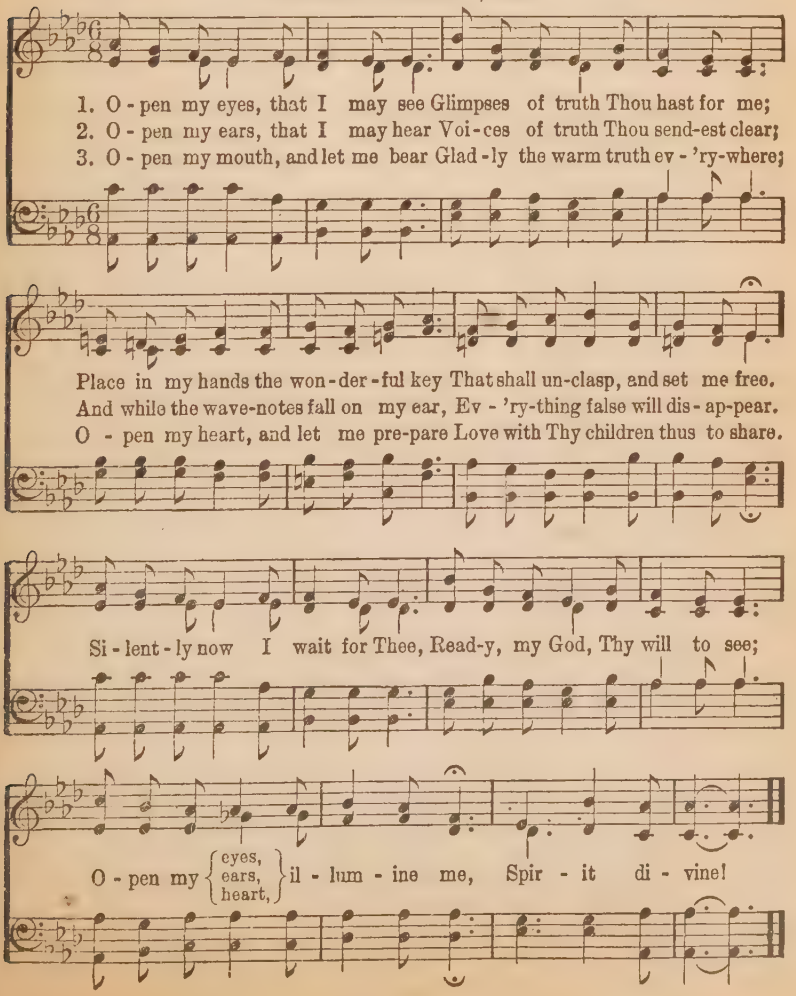
Chas. H. Scott.


1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy children thus to share.
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O - pen my {eyes, ears, heart,} il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

No. 140. Mighty to Deliver.

Eben E. Rexford.

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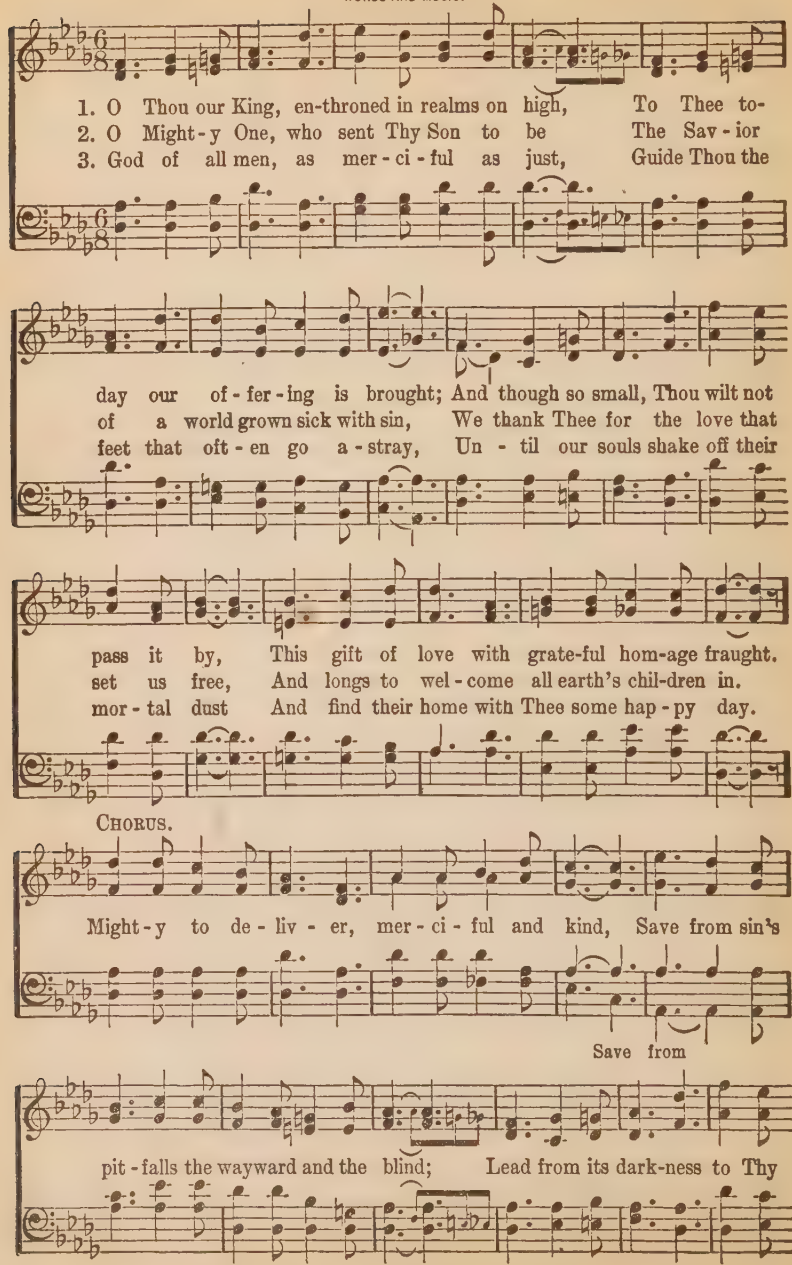
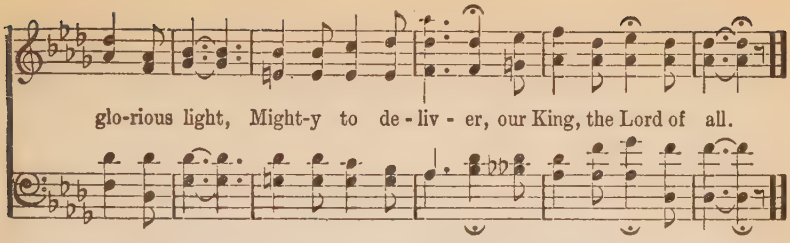
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.


1. O Thou our King, en-throned in realms on high, To Thee to-
2. O Might-y One, who sent Thy Son to be The Sav-ior
3. God of all men, as mer-ci-ful as just, Guide Thou the
day our of-fer-ing is brought; And though so small, Thou wilt not
of a world grown sick with sin, We thank Thee for the love that
feet that oft-en go a-stray, Un-til our souls shake off their
pass it by, This gift of love with grate-ful hom-age fraught.
set us free, And longs to wel-come all earth's chil-dren in.
mor-tal dust And find their home with Thee some hap-py day.
CHORUS.
Might-y to de-liv-er, mer-ci-ful and kind, Save from sin's
Save from
pit-falls the wayward and the blind; Lead from its dark-ness to Thy

Mighty to Deliver.

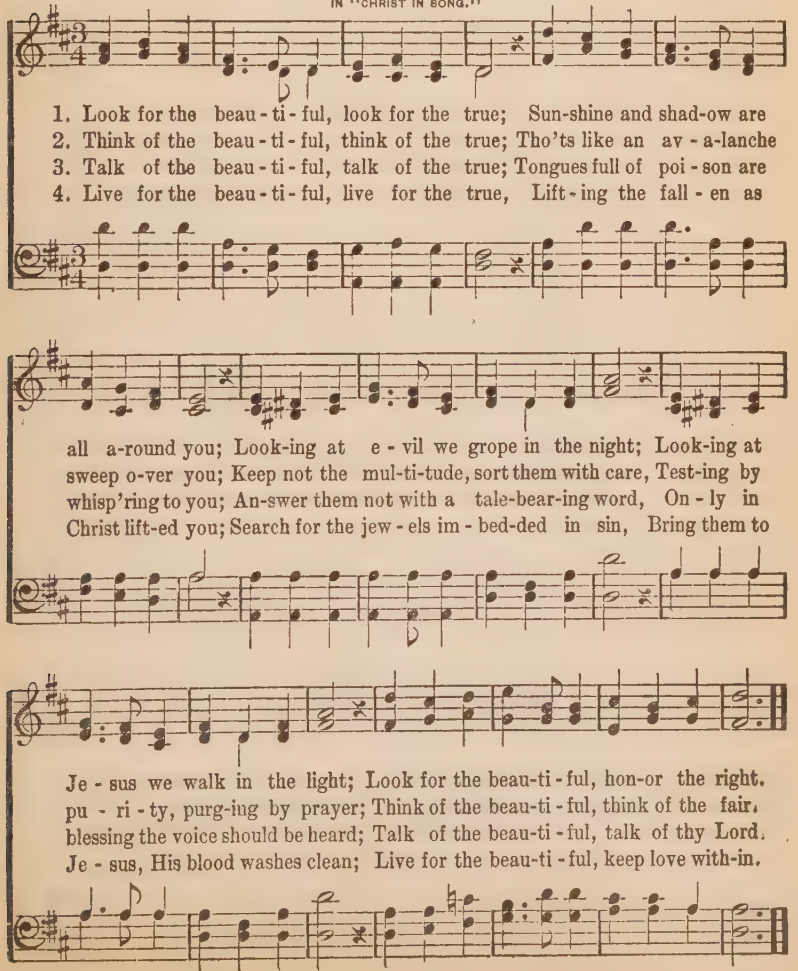


No. 141. Look for the Beautiful.

F. E. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. E. BELDEN.
IN "CHRIST IN SONG."

F. E. Belden.


1. Look for the beau-ti-ful, look for the true; Sun-shine and shad-ow are
2. Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the true; Tho'ts like an av-a-lanche
3. Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi-son are
4. Live for the beau-ti-ful, live for the true, Lift-ing the fall-en as
all a-round you; Look-ing at e-vil we grope in the night; Look-ing at
sweep o-ver you; Keep not the mul-ti-tude, sort them with care, Test-ing by
whisp'ring to you; An-swer them not with a tale-bear-ing word, On-ly in
Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-bed-ded in sin, Bring them to
Je-sus we walk in the light; Look for the beau-ti-ful, hon-or the right.
pu-ri-ty, purg-ing by prayer; Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the fair.
blessing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of thy Lord.
Je-sus, His blood washes clean; Live for the beau-ti-ful, keep love with-in.

No. 142. The Christian's Race.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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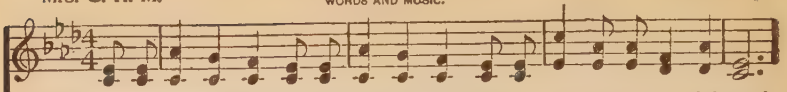
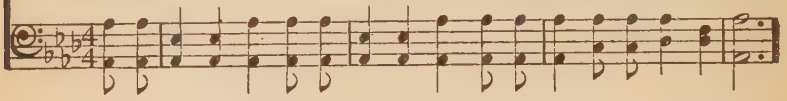
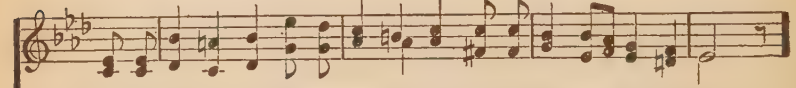
WORDS AND MUSIC.

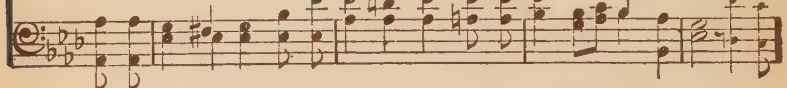
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

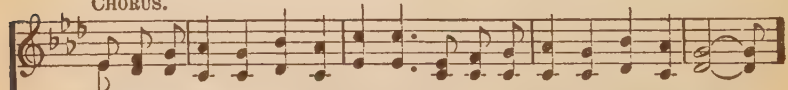


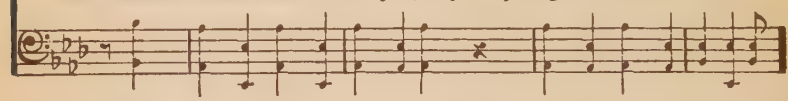
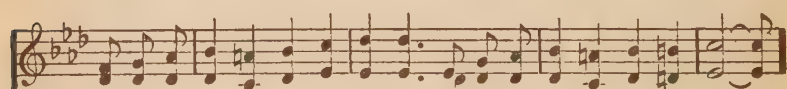
1. Brother, keep straight on in the Christian's race, With your eyes on the heav'nly goal,
2. Brother, keep straight on in the old-time way Which our fathers be-fore us trod;
3. Brother, keep straight on, to the end en - dure, And the goal shall at last be won;



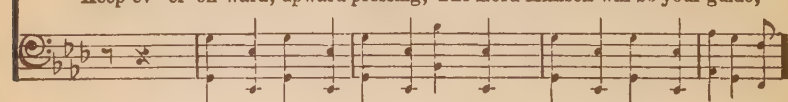
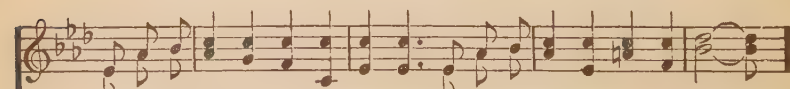
Where a rest re-mains for the tried and true In the home-land of the soul.
Tho' the way be long, rough and toilsome, too, And is stained with martyr's blood.
Till your weary feet tread the golden street, And you hear your Lord's "Well done."



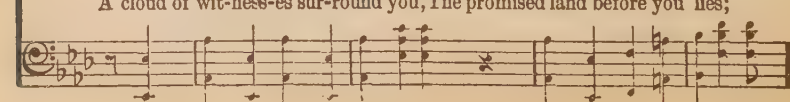
CHORUS.

The Christian's race is set be-fore you, Lay ev'ry weight and sin a - side;



Keep ev - er on-ward, upward pressing, The Lord Himself will be your guide;

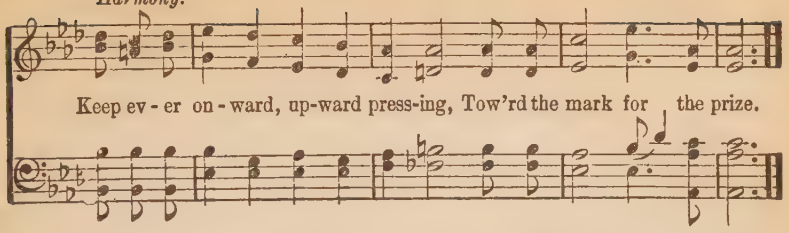


A cloud of wit-ness-es sur-round you, The promised land before you lies;



The Christian's Race.

Harmony.



No. 143. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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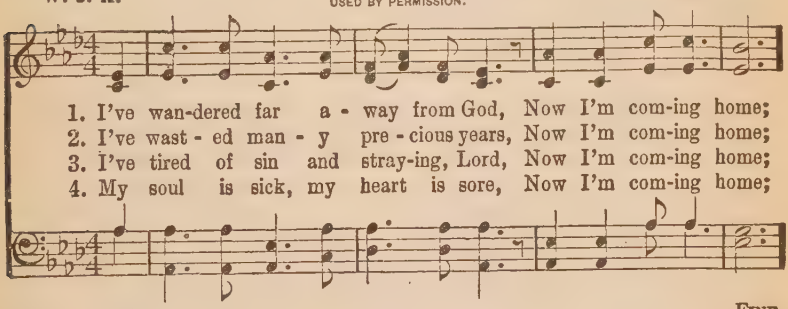
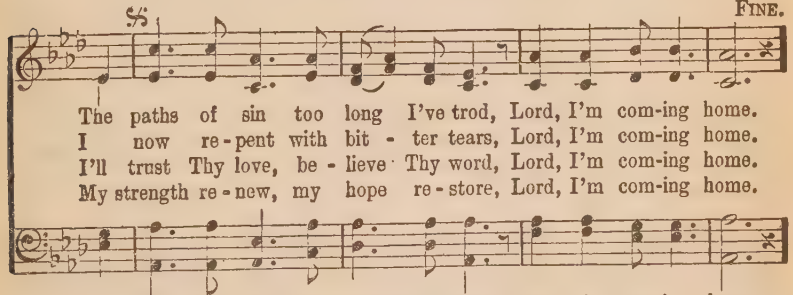
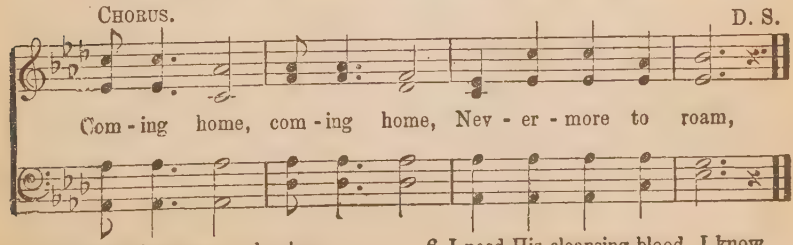
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;


FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

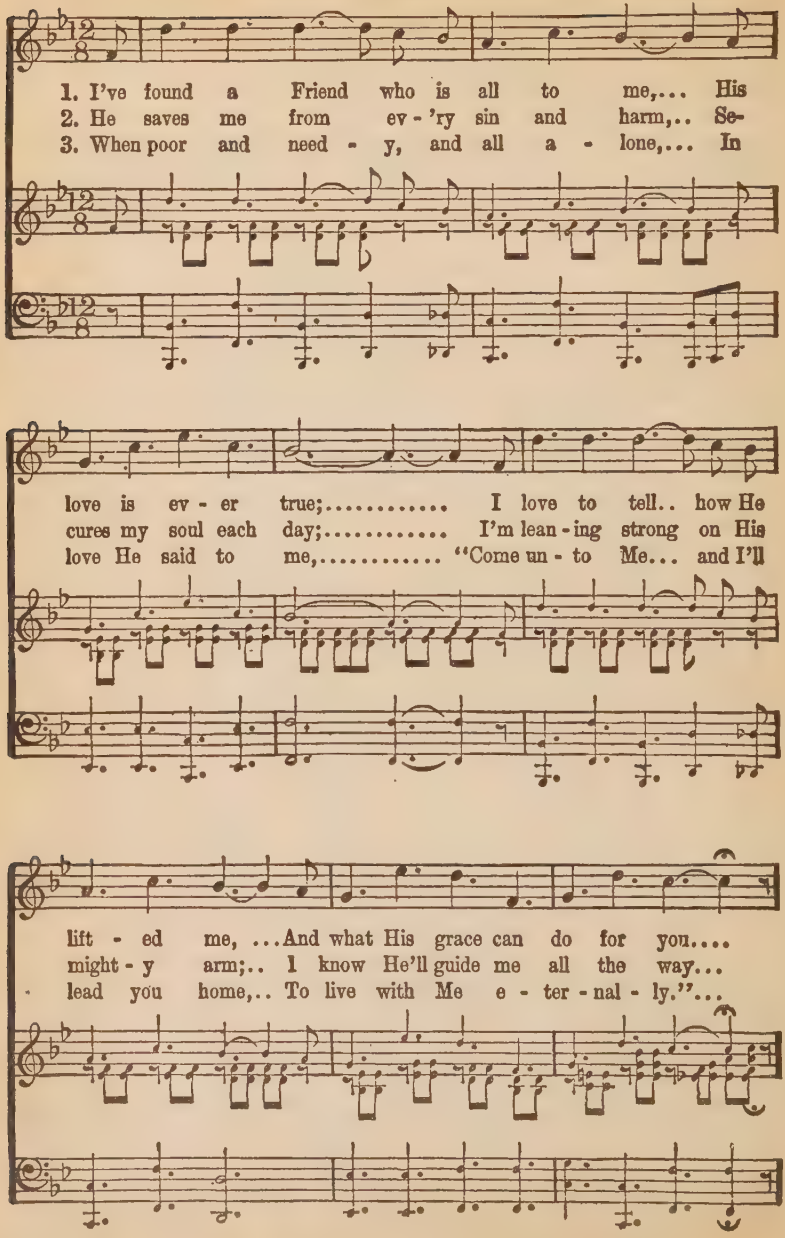
D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*



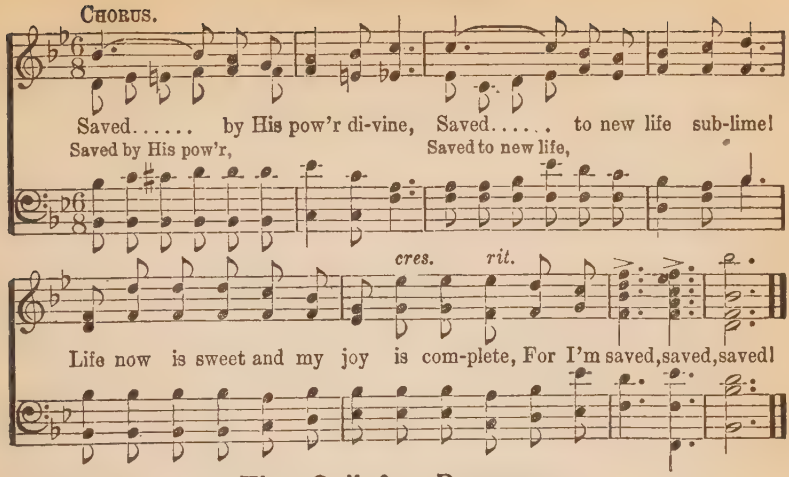
5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 144. Saved! Saved!

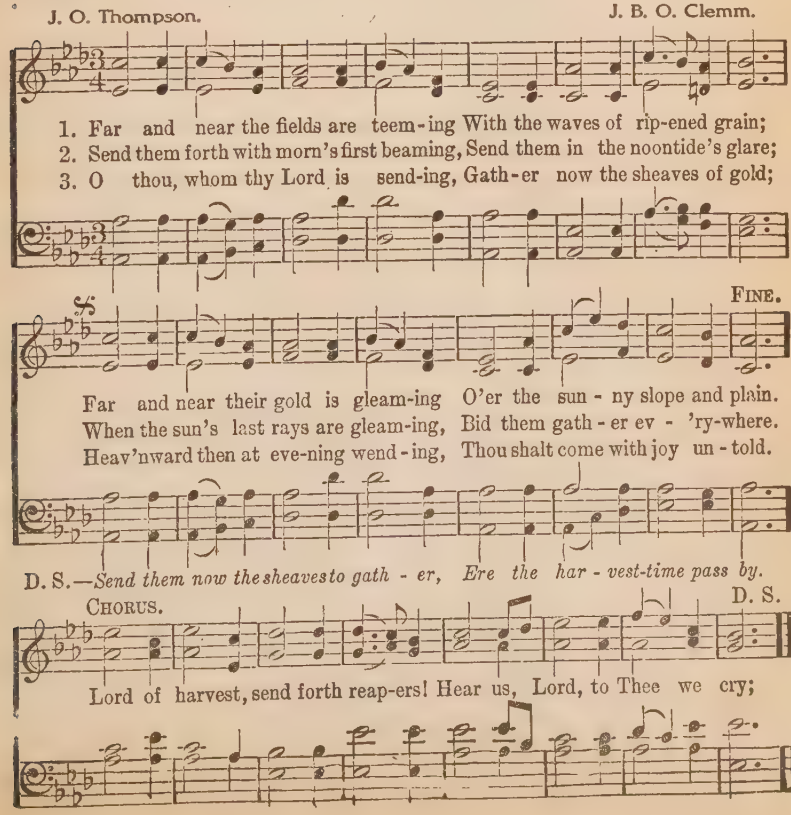
J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Schoffield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,... In
love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll
lift - ed me, ...And what His grace can do for you....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home,.. To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."...

Saved! Saved!


Chorus.
Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
cres.
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

No. 145. The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.

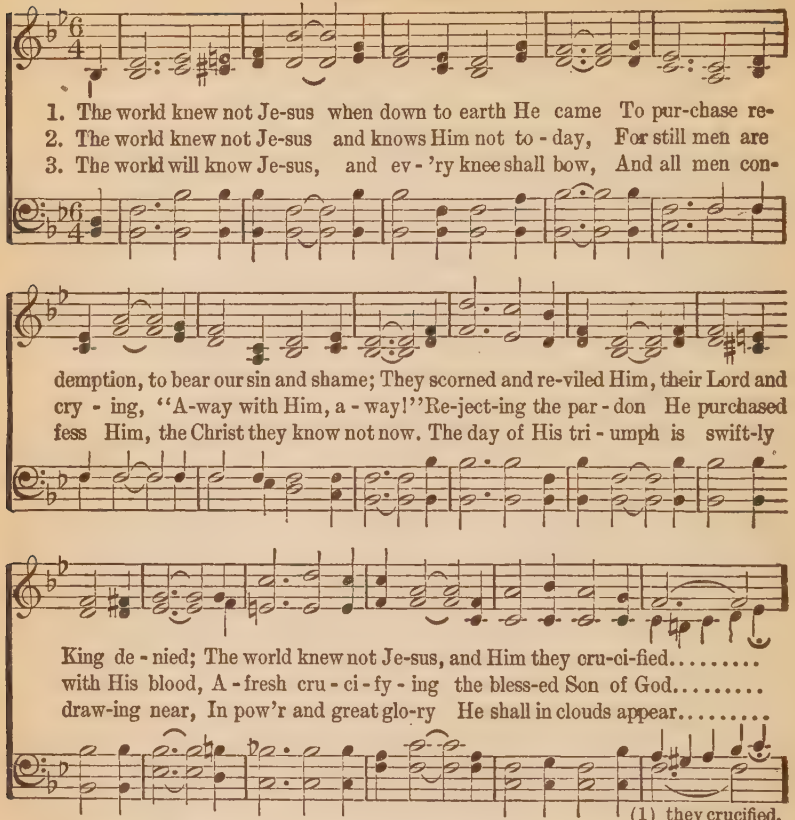

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;
Fine.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.
Chorus.
D. S.
Lord of harvest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

No. 146. The World Knew Not Jesus.

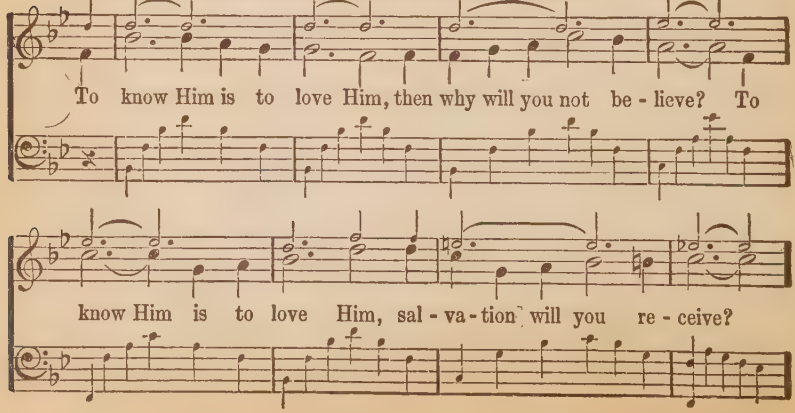
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

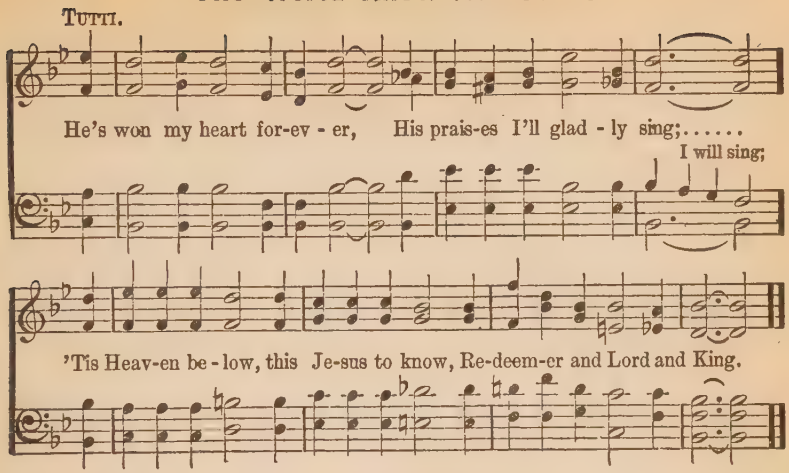
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The world knew not Je-sus when down to earth He came To pur-chase re-
2. The world knew not Je-sus and knows Him not to - day, For still men are
3. The world will know Je-sus, and ev - 'ry knee shall bow, And all men con-
demption, to bear our sin and shame; They scorned and re-viled Him, their Lord and
cry - ing, "A-way with Him, a - way!" Re-ject-ing the par - don He purchased
fess Him, the Christ they know not now. The day of His tri - umph is swift-ly
King de - nied; The world knew not Je-sus, and Him they cru-ci-fied.....
with His blood, A - fresh cru - ci - fy - ing the bless-ed Son of God.....
draw-ing near, In pow'r and great glo-ry He shall in clouds appear.....
(1) they crucified.

CHORUS. (*Instrument, or humming by a few high voices.*)



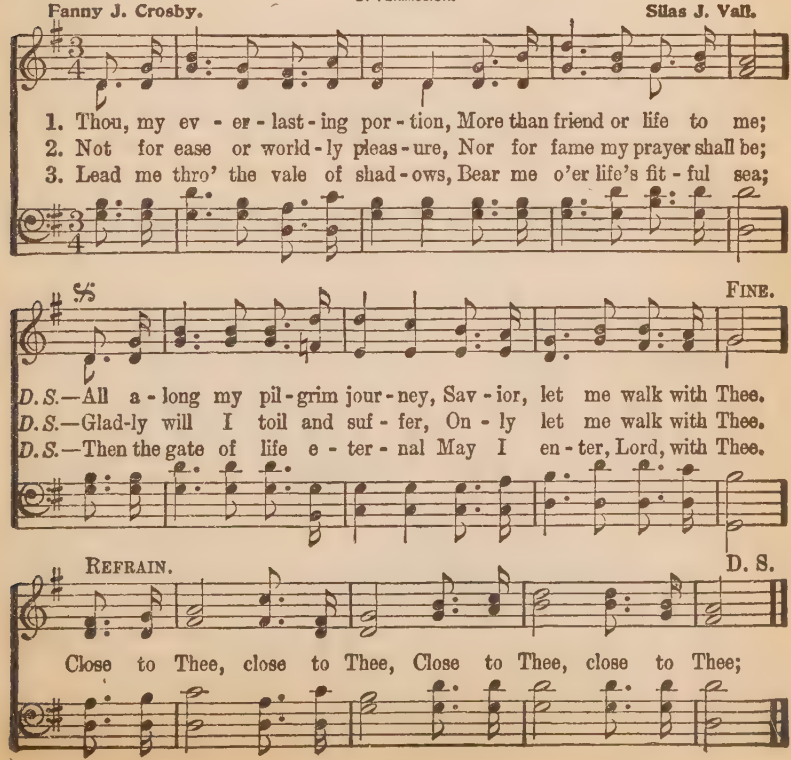
The World Knew Not Jesus.


TUTTI.
He's won my heart for-ev - er, His prais-es I'll glad - ly sing;.....
I will sing;
'Tis Heav-en be - low, this Je-sus to know, Re-deem-er and Lord and King.

No. 147. Close to Thee.

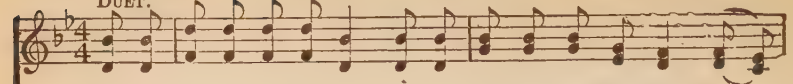
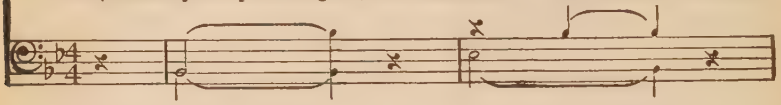
BY PERMISSION.

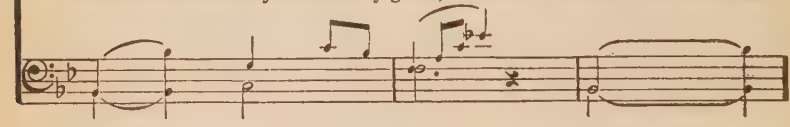
Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

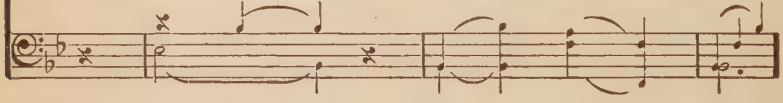

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
FINE.
D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

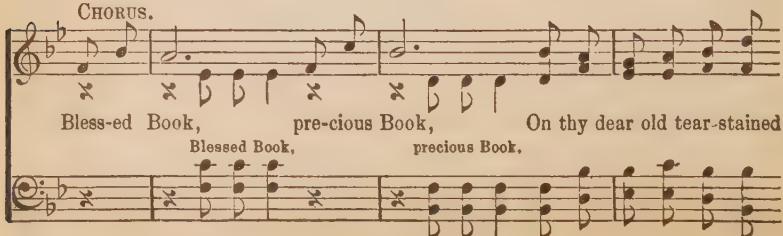
No. 148. My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D Tillman.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin - gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jo - seph and of Dan - iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,
suf-fered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,—
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



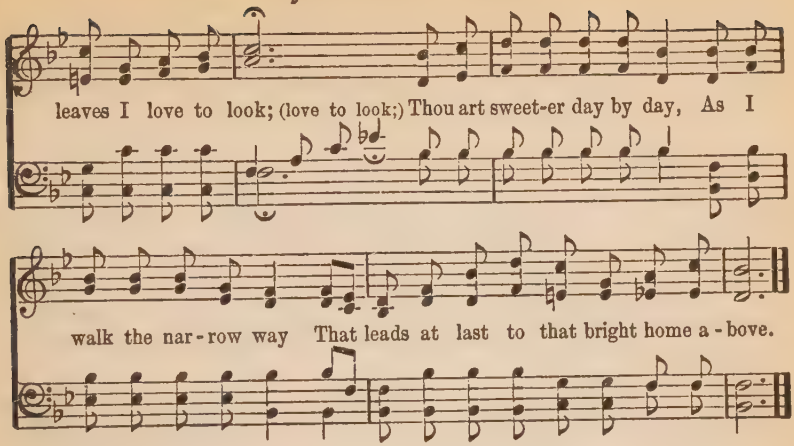
With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his man-y wicked wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.



Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book, On thy dear old tear-stained

Blessed Book, precious Book,

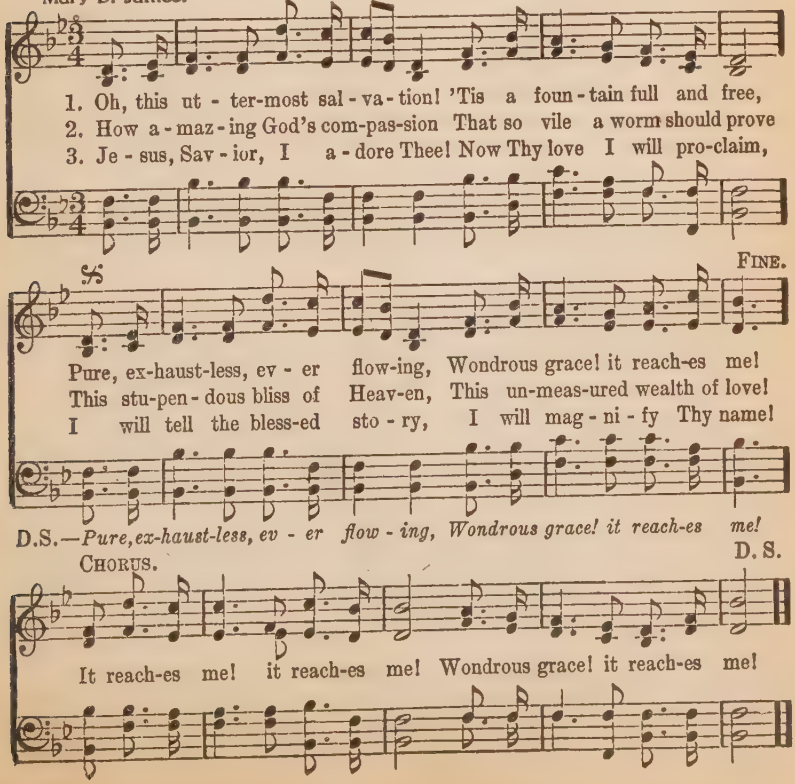
My Mother's Bible.


leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day, As I
walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a-bove.

No. 149. It Reaches Me.

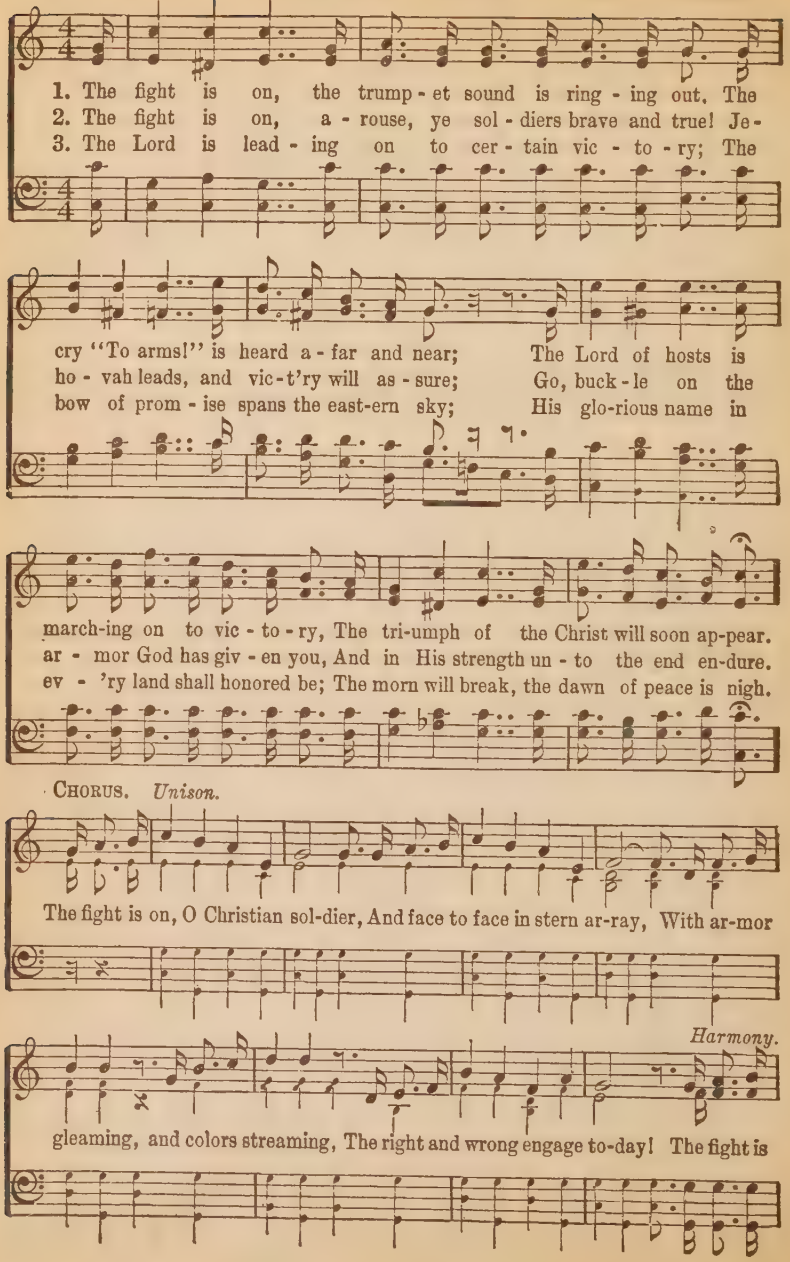
FROM "THE GARNER." USED BY PERMISSION.

Mary D. James. Jno. R. Sweney.

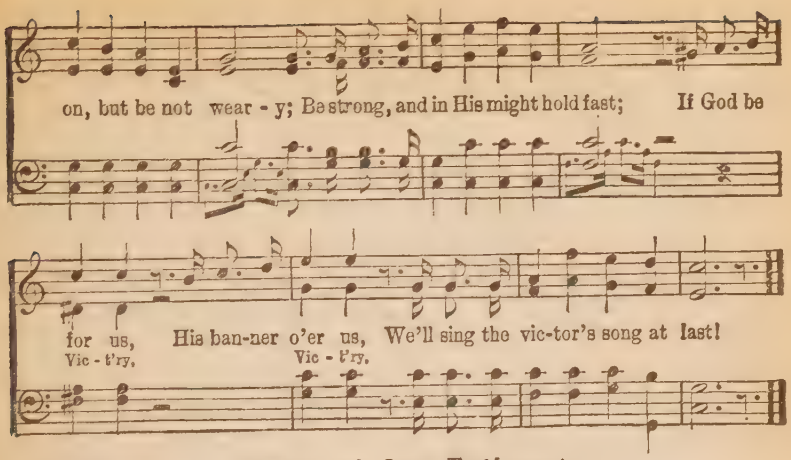

1. Oh, this ut-ter-most sal-va-tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a-maz-ing God's com-pas-sion That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je-sus, Sav-ior, I a-dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro-claim,
FINE.
Pure, ex-haust-less, ev-er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
This stu-pen-dous bliss of Heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto-ry, I will mag-ni-fy Thy name!
D.S.—Pure, ex-haust-less, ev-er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
D. S.
CHORUS.
It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!

No. 150. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

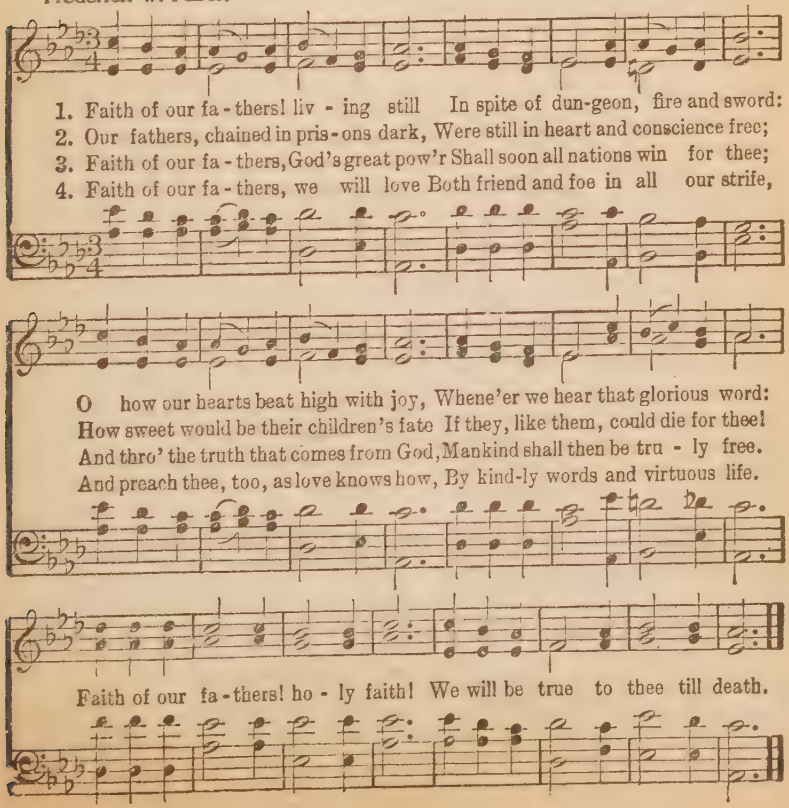

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out. The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je -
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The
cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in
march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor
Harmony.
gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.


on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry.
Vic - t'ry.

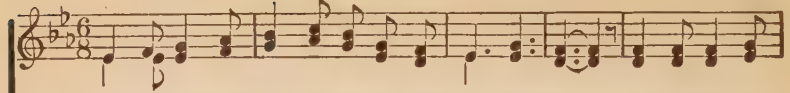
No. 151. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

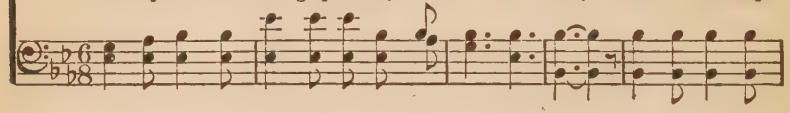
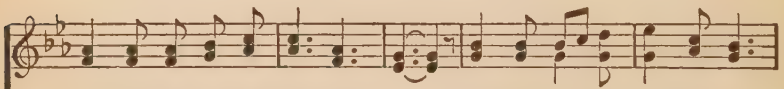

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 152. When Love Shines In.

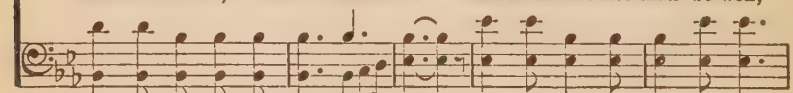
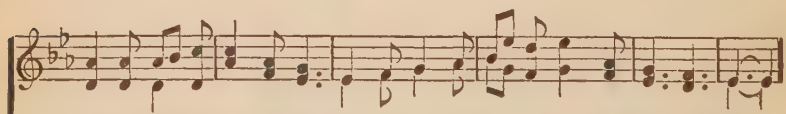
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



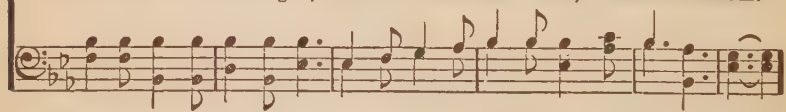
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



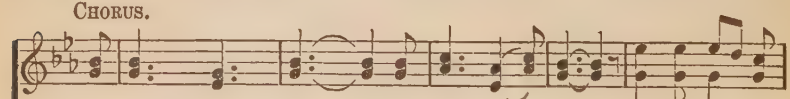
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



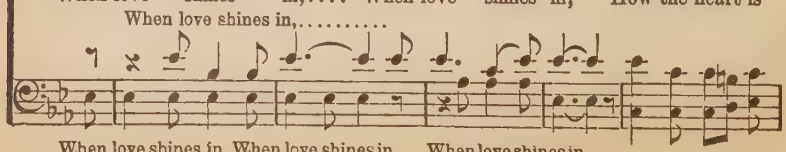
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.



CHORUS.

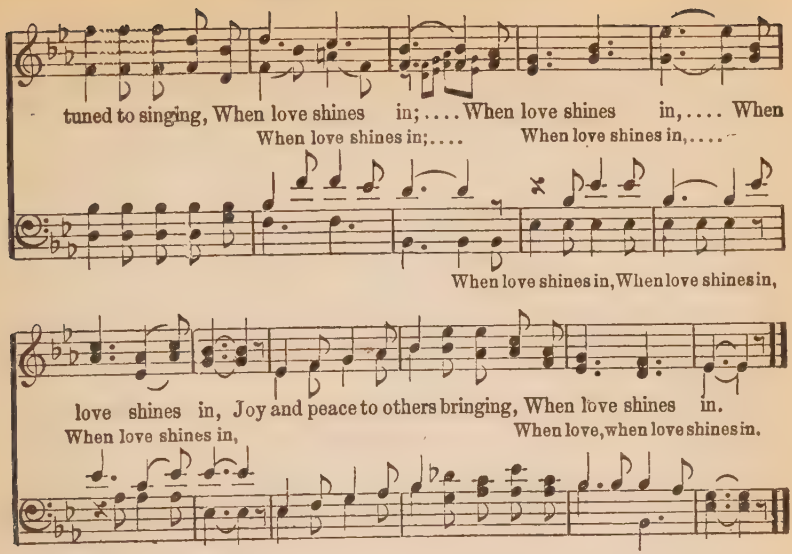


When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.


tuned to singing, When love shines in; .... When love shines in, ... When
When love shines in; .... When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in,
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in,
When love, when love shines in.

No. 153. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

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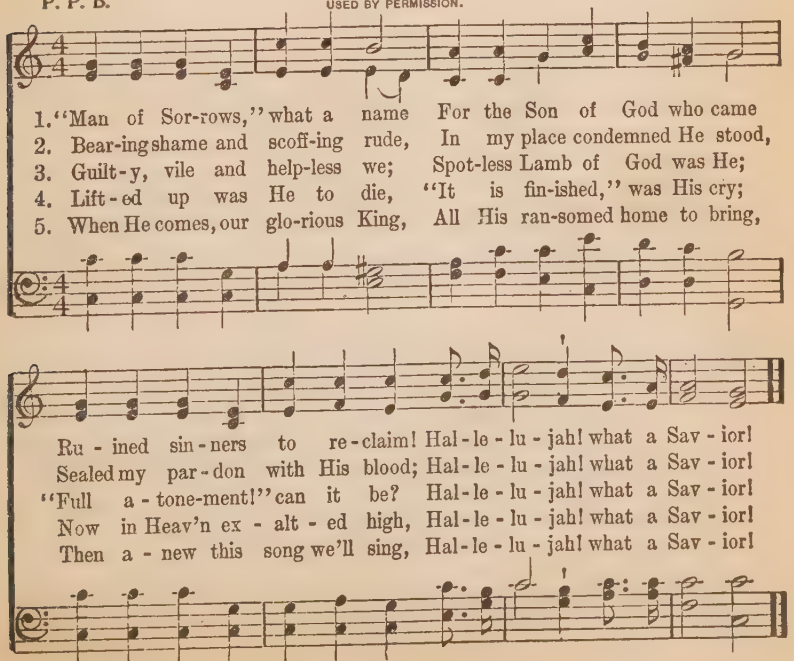
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Now in Heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

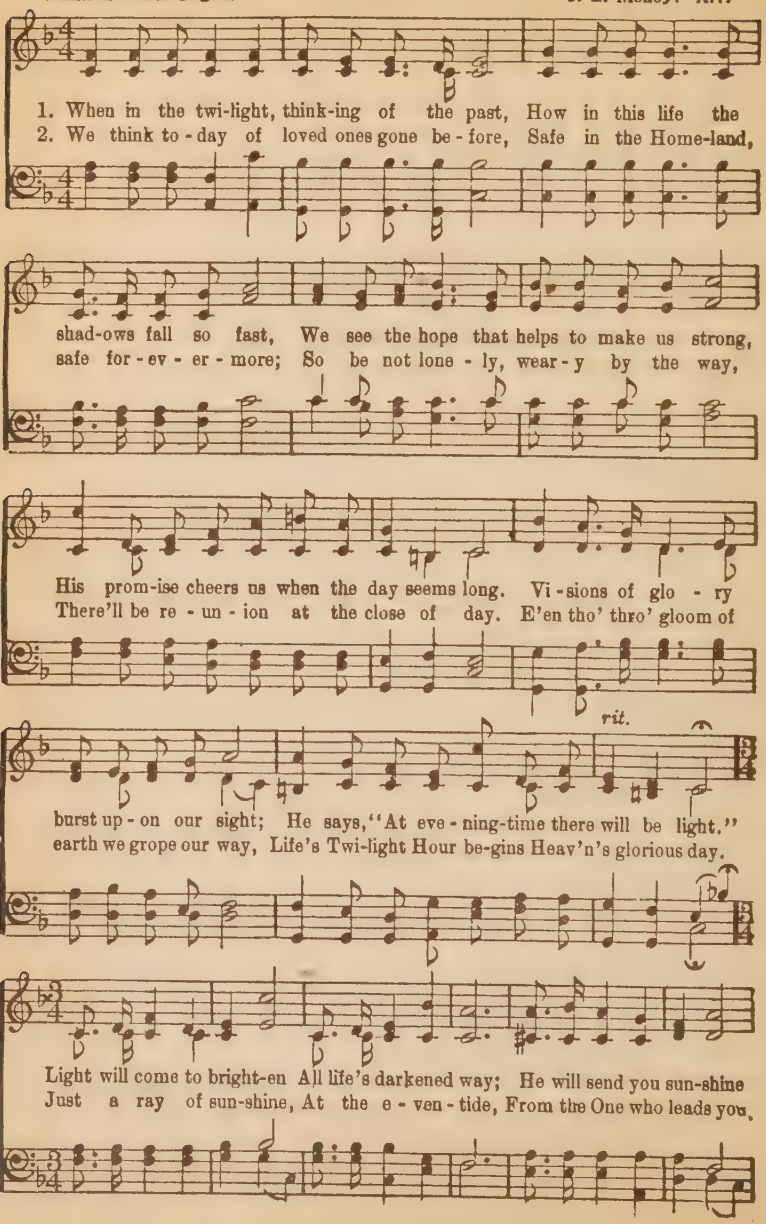
No. 154.

Life's Twilight Hour.

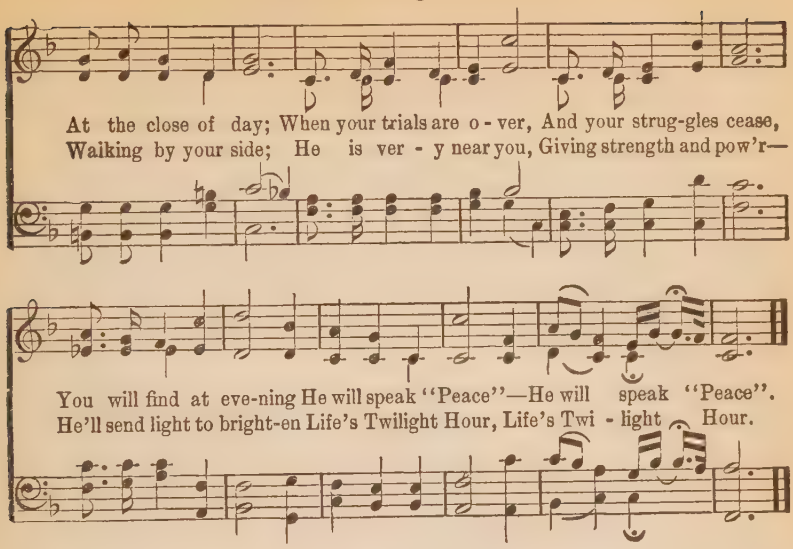
(To Bethany.)

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WINIFRED WIRTS DAGUE.

Winifred Wirts Dague. J. L. Molloy. Arr.

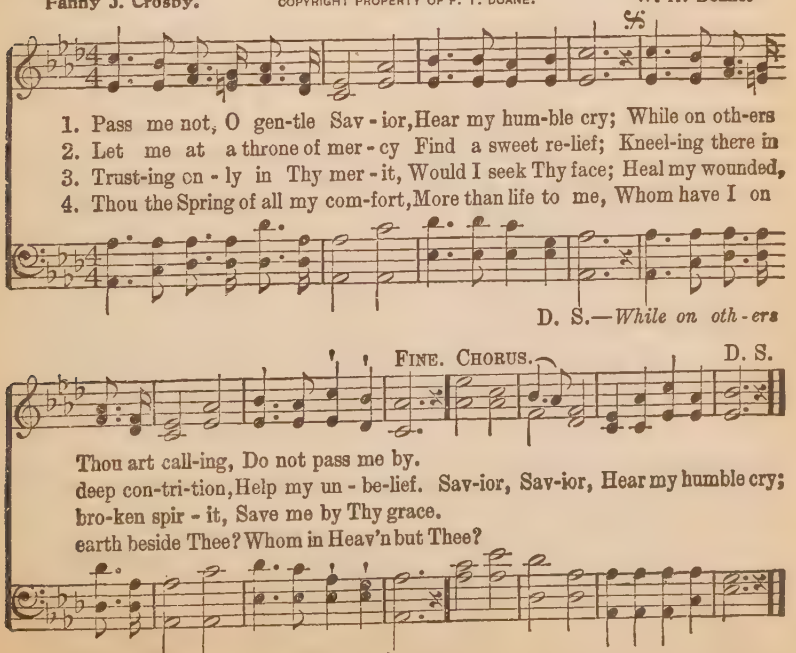

1. When in the twi-light, think-ing of the past, How in this life the
2. We think to-day of loved ones gone be-fore, Safe in the Home-land,
shad-ows fall so fast, We see the hope that helps to make us strong,
safe for-ev-er-more; So be not lone-ly, wear-y by the way,
His prom-ise cheers us when the day seems long. Vi-sions of glo-ry
There'll be re-un-ion at the close of day. E'en tho' thro' gloom of
rit.
burst up-on our sight; He says, "At eve-ning-time there will be light."
earth we grope our way, Life's Twi-light Hour be-gins Heav'n's glorious day.
Light will come to bright-en All life's darkened way; He will send you sun-shine
Just a ray of sun-shine, At the e-ven-tide, From the One who leads you.

Life's Twilight Hour.


At the close of day; When your trials are o - ver, And your strug-gles cease,
Walking by your side; He is ver - y near you, Giving strength and pow'r—
You will find at eve-ning He will speak "Peace"—He will speak "Peace".
He'll send light to bright-en Life's Twilight Hour, Life's Twi - light Hour.

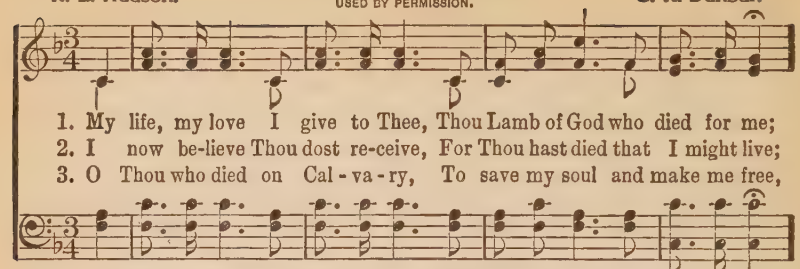
No. 155. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

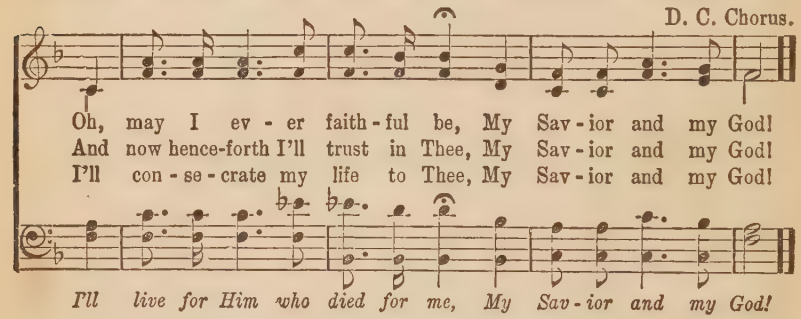

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D. S.—While on oth - ers
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 156. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.

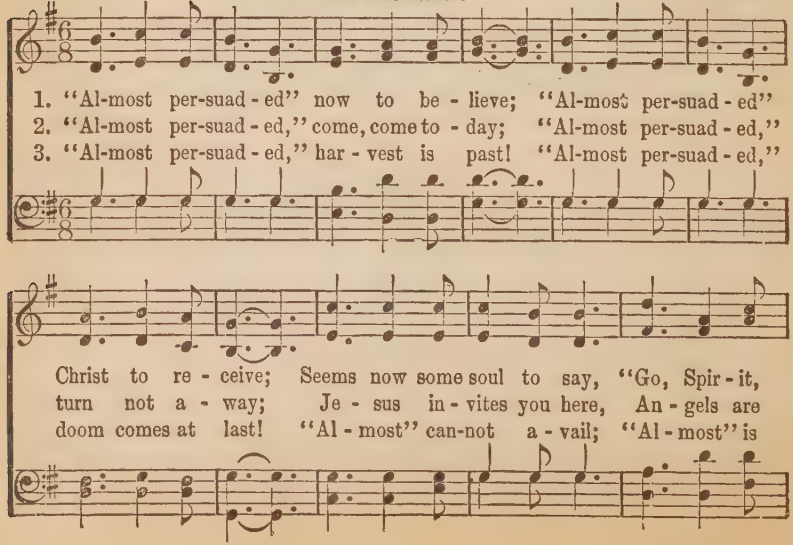

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

D. C. Chorus.

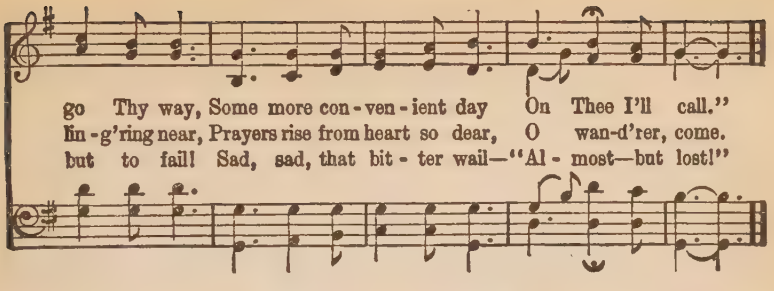

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 157. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

"Almost Persuaded."


go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
in-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

No. 158. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

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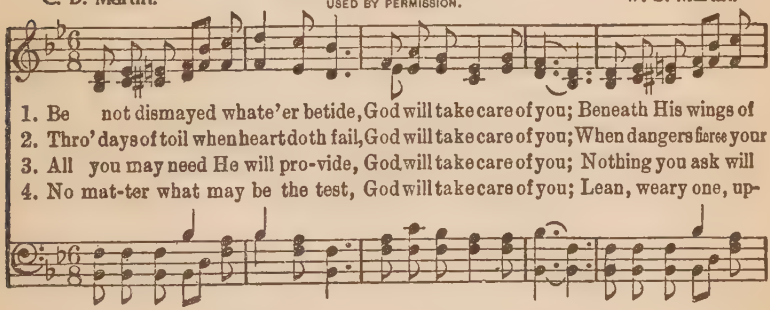
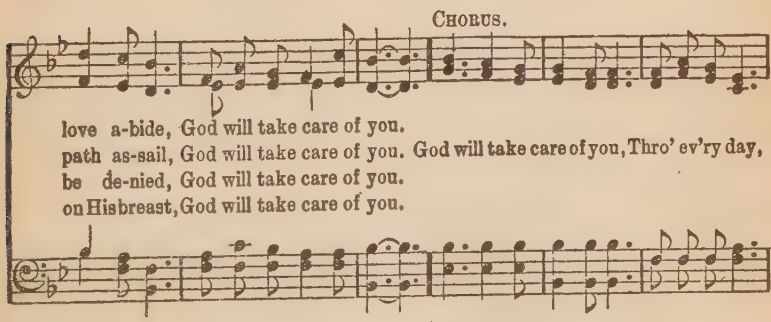
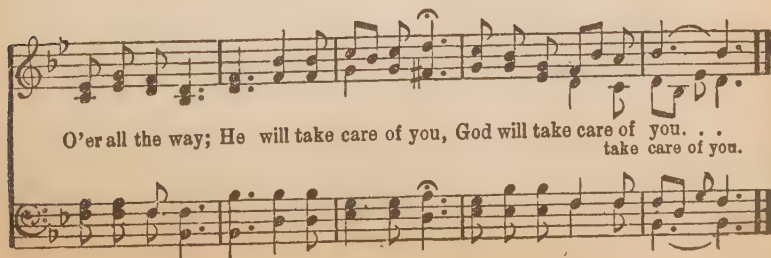
W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-


CHORUS.
love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.



No. 159. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

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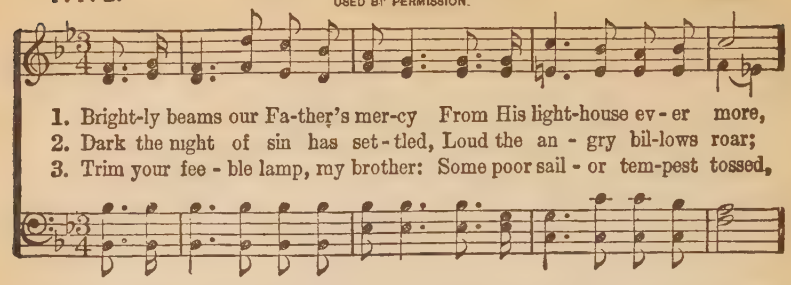
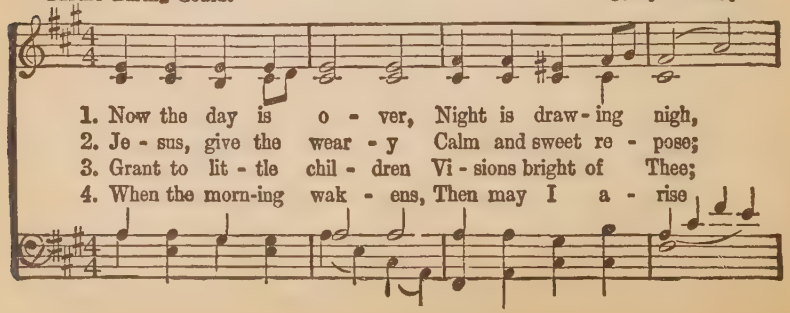
P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
FINE.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

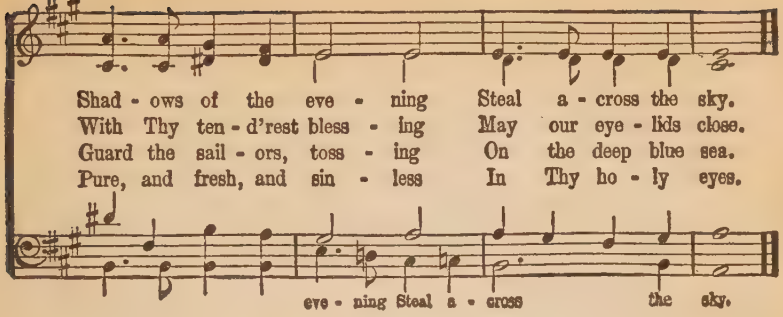
No. 160. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wear-y Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vi-sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise

Now the Day is Over.


Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 161. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
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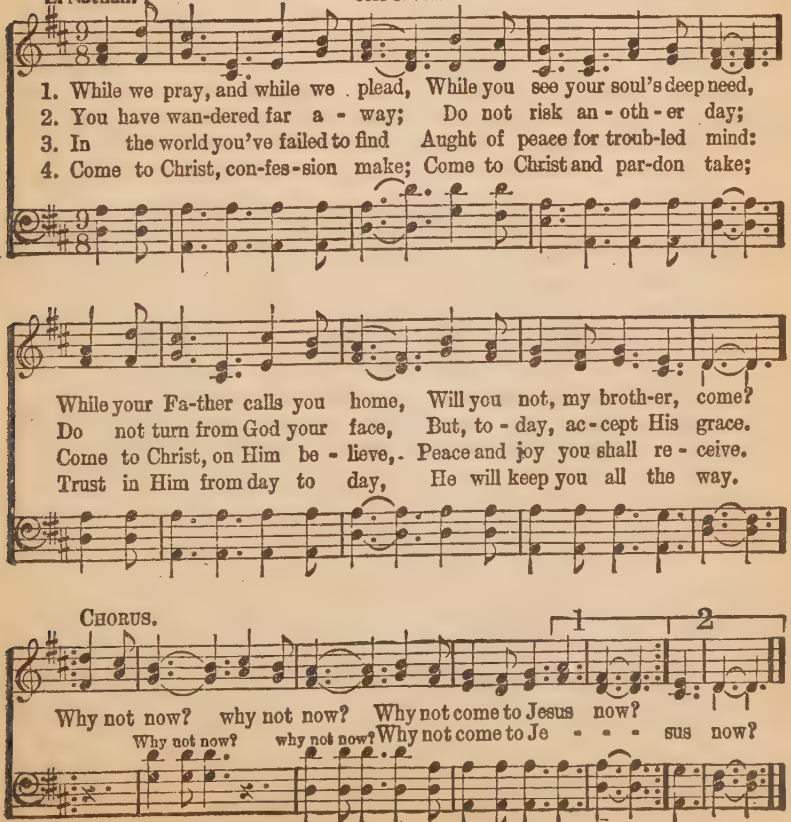
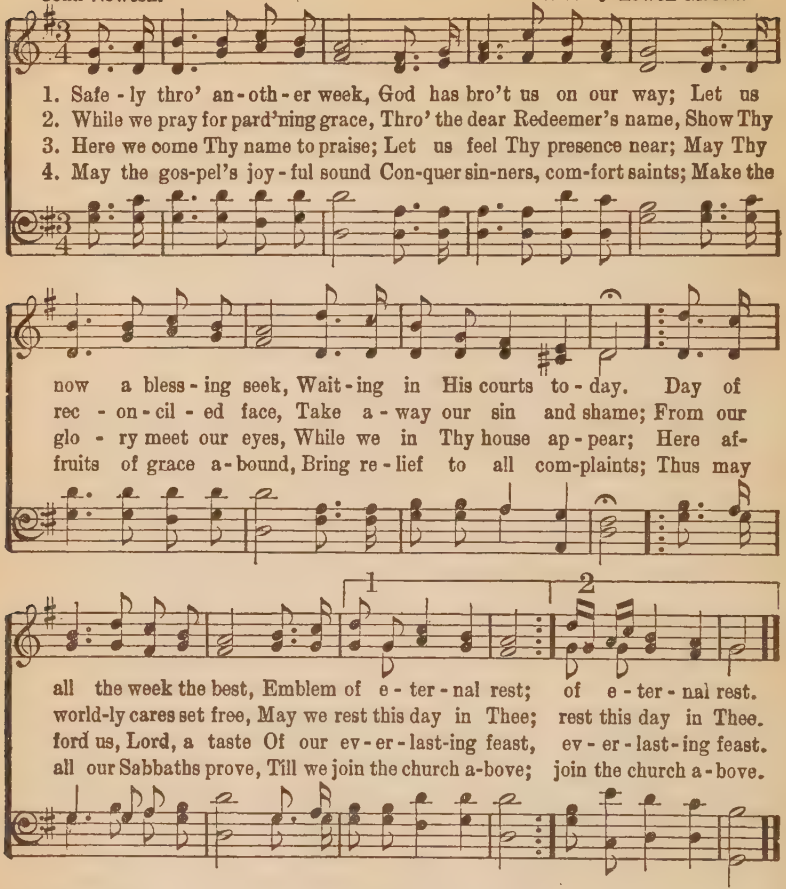
El Nathan. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
Chorus.
1
2
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

No. 162. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints; Make the
now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day. Day of
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear; Here af-
fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints; Thus may
1
2
all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast, ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove; join the church a - bove.

No. 163. Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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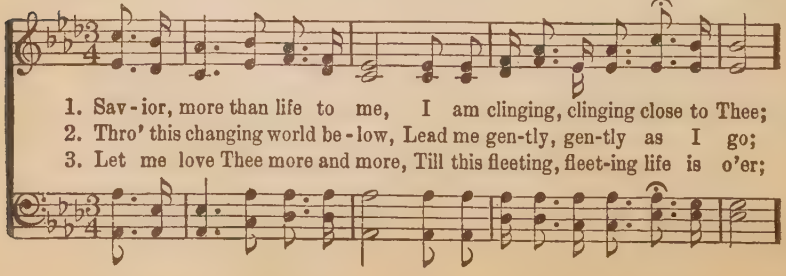
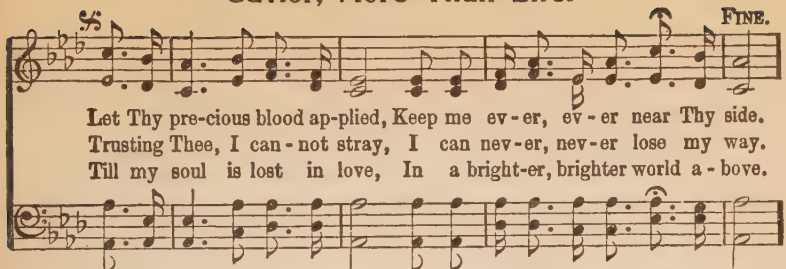
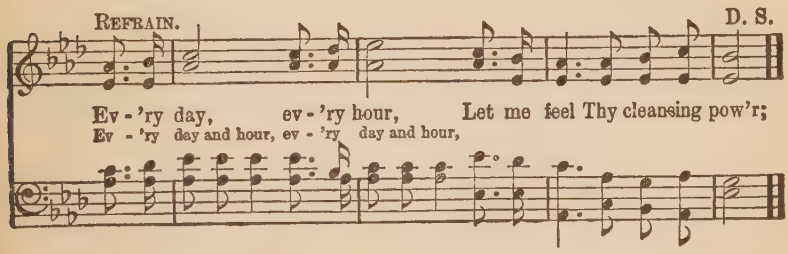
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er;

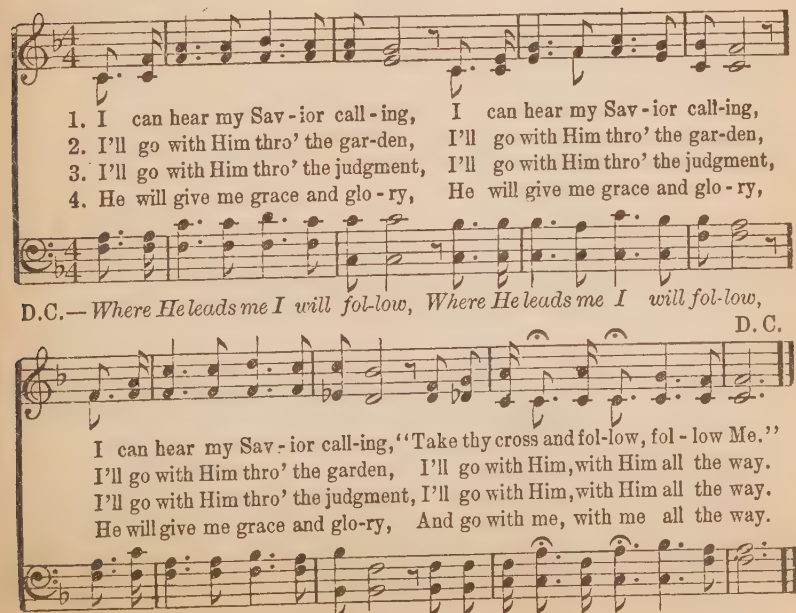
Savior, More Than Life.


FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a-bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



No. 164. Where He Leads Me.

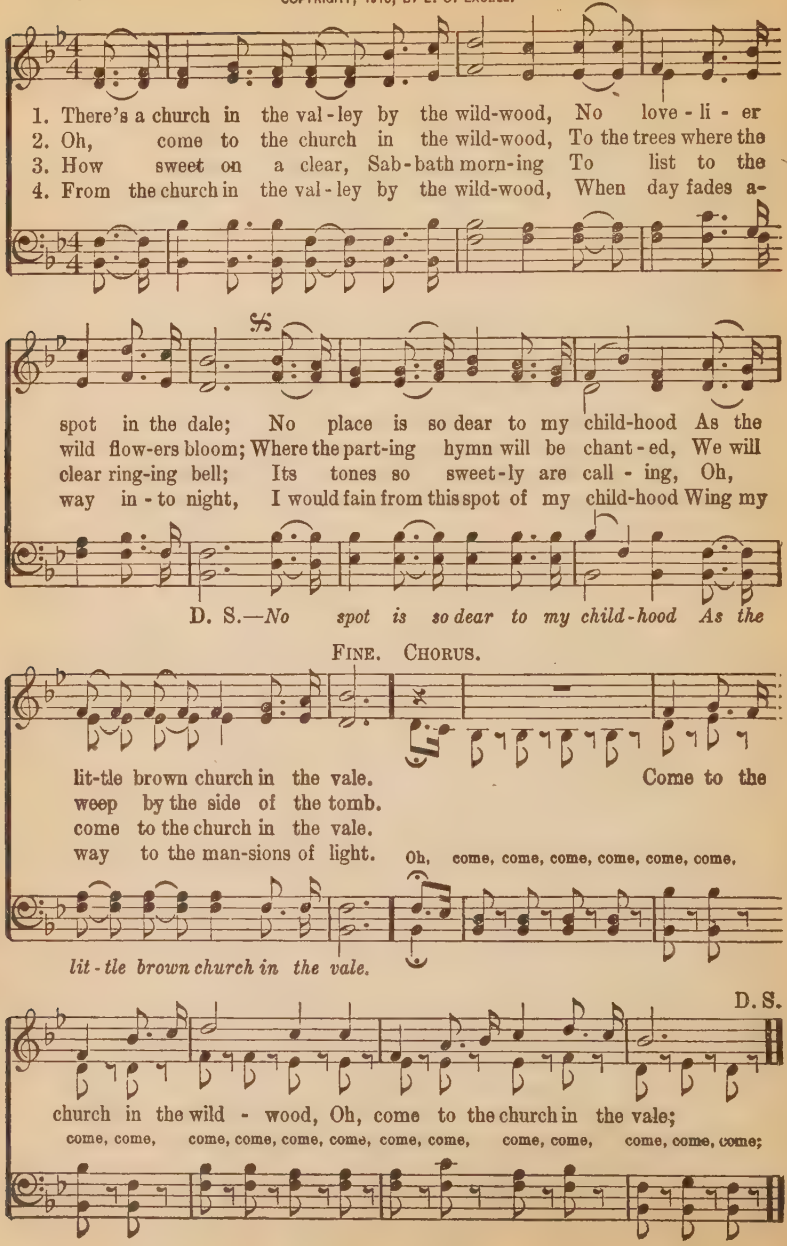
E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 165. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE. CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

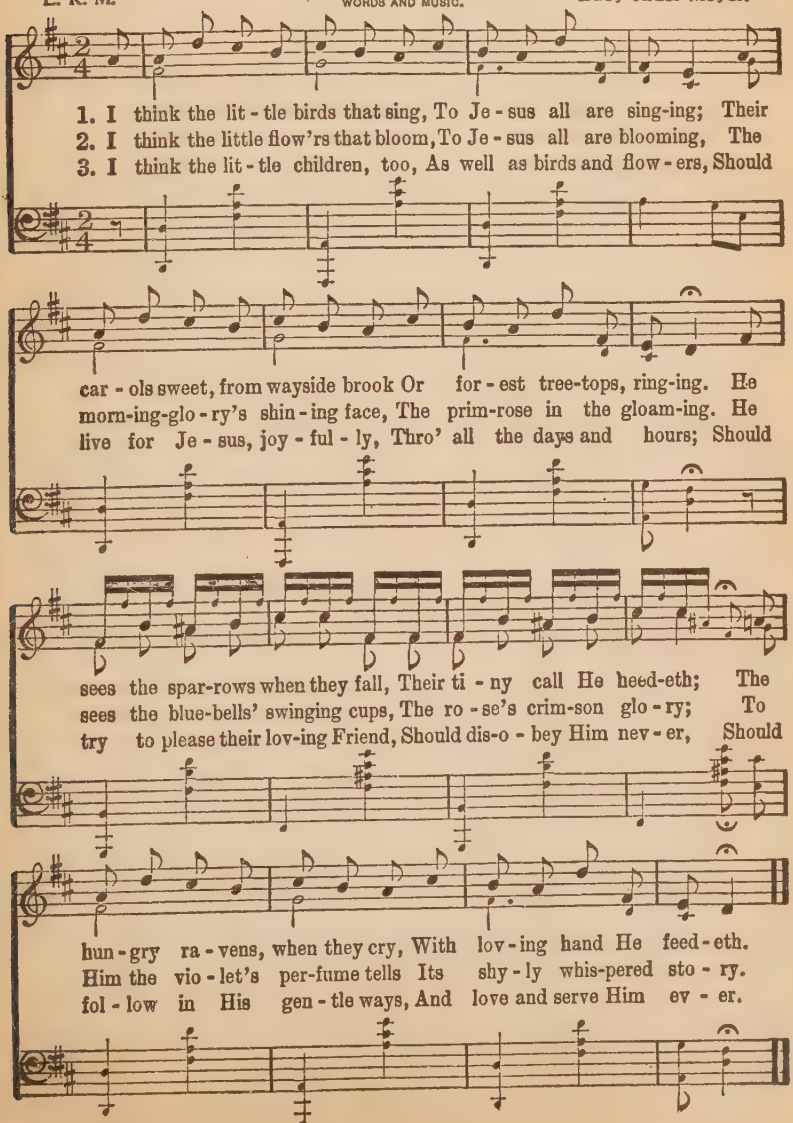
No. 166. I Think the Birds That Sing.

L. R. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lucy Rider Meyer.


1. I think the lit - tle birds that sing, To Je - sus all are sing-ing; Their
2. I think the little flow'rs that bloom, To Je - sus all are blooming, The
3. I think the lit - tle children, too, As well as birds and flow - ers, Should
car - ols sweet, from wayside brook Or for - est tree-tops, ring-ing. He
morn-ing-glo - ry's shin - ing face, The prim-rose in the gloam-ing. He
live for Je - sus, joy - ful - ly, Thro' all the days and hours; Should
sees the spar-rows when they fall, Their ti - ny call He heed-eth; The
sees the blue-bells' swinging cups, The ro - se's crim-son glo - ry; To
try to please their lov-ing Friend, Should dis-o - bey Him nev - er, Should
hun - gry ra - vens, when they cry, With lov - ing hand He feed - eth.
Him the vio - let's per-fume tells Its shy - ly whis-pered sto - ry.
fol - low in His gen - tle ways, And love and serve Him ev - er.

No. 167. The Roses Are Telling.

E. E. Hewitt.

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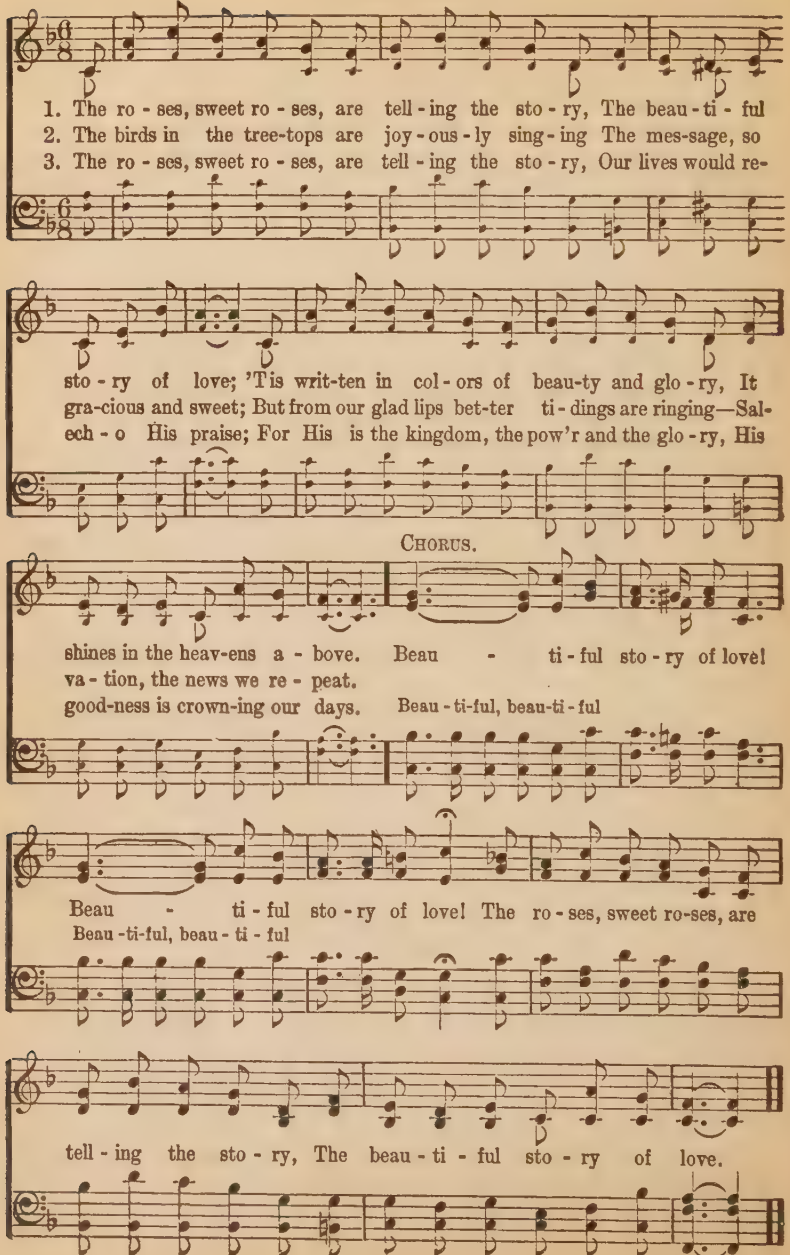
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The ro - ses, sweet ro - ses, are tell - ing the sto - ry, The beau - ti - ful
2. The birds in the tree-tops are joy - ous - ly sing - ing The mes-sage, so
3. The ro - ses, sweet ro - ses, are tell - ing the sto - ry, Our lives would re-
sto - ry of love; 'Tis writ-ten in col - ors of beau-ty and glo - ry, It
gra-cious and sweet; But from our glad lips bet-ter ti - dings are ringing—Sal-
ech - o His praise; For His is the kingdom, the pow'r and the glo - ry, His
CHORUS.
shines in the heav-ens a - bove. Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of love!
va - tion, the news we re - peat.
good-ness is crown-ing our days. Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful
Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of love! The ro - ses, sweet ro-ses, are
Beau - ti-ful, beau - ti - ful
tell - ing the sto - ry, The beau - ti - ful sto - ry of love.

No. 168.

Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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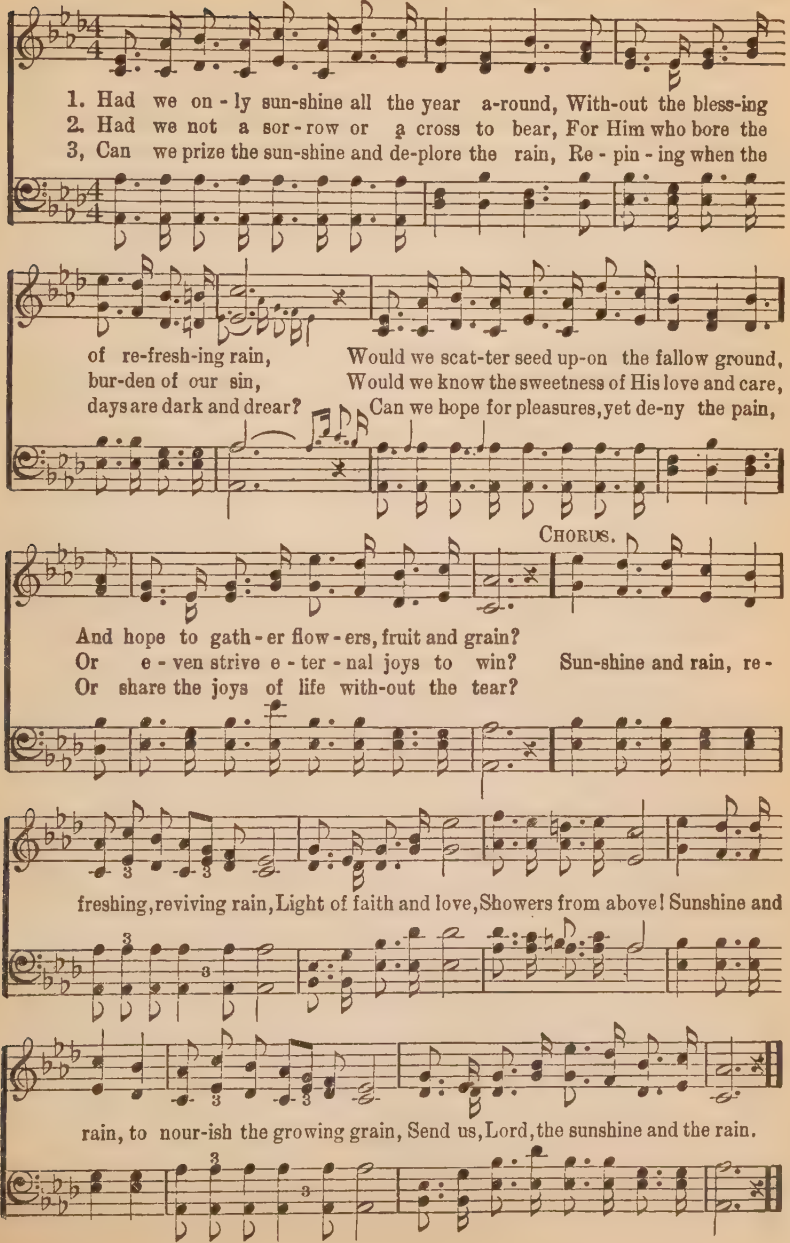
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3, Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,
CHORUS.
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain, re -
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?
freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and
rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 169.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

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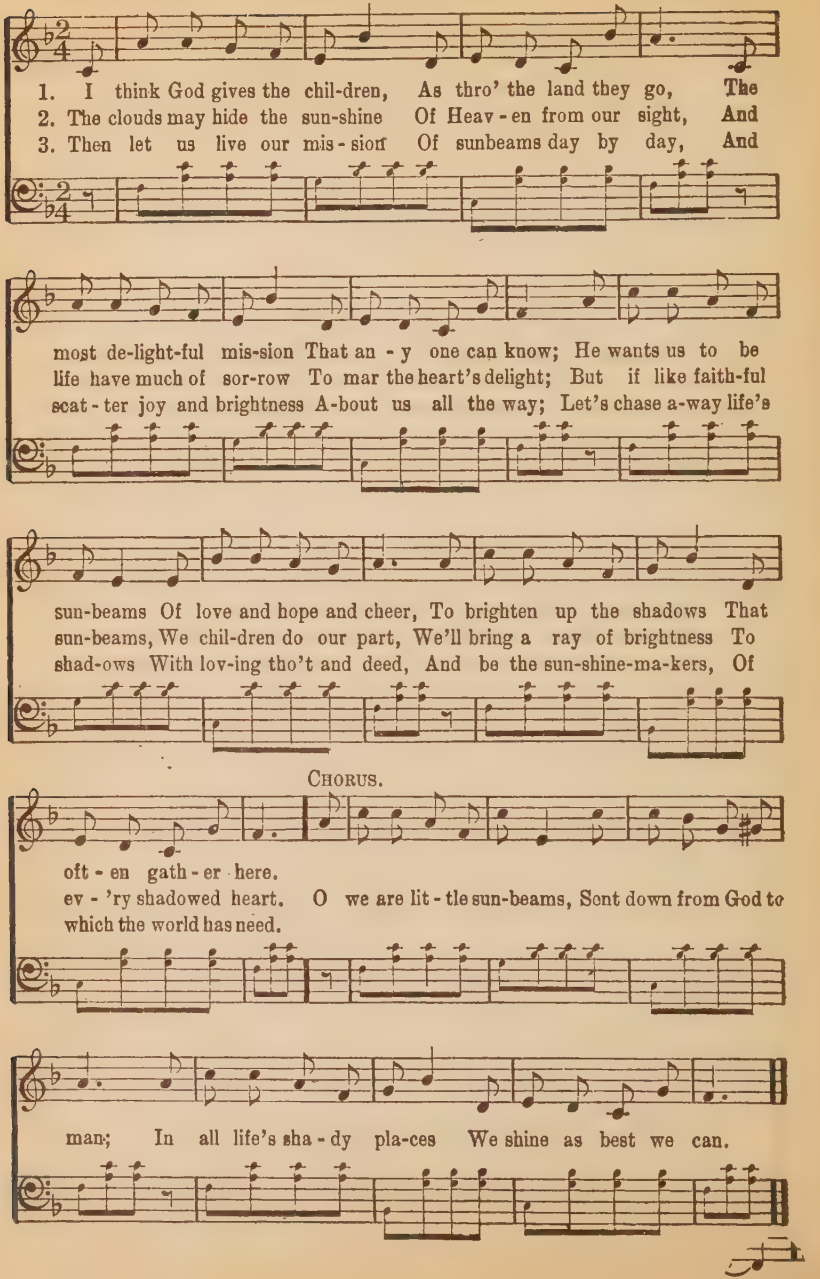
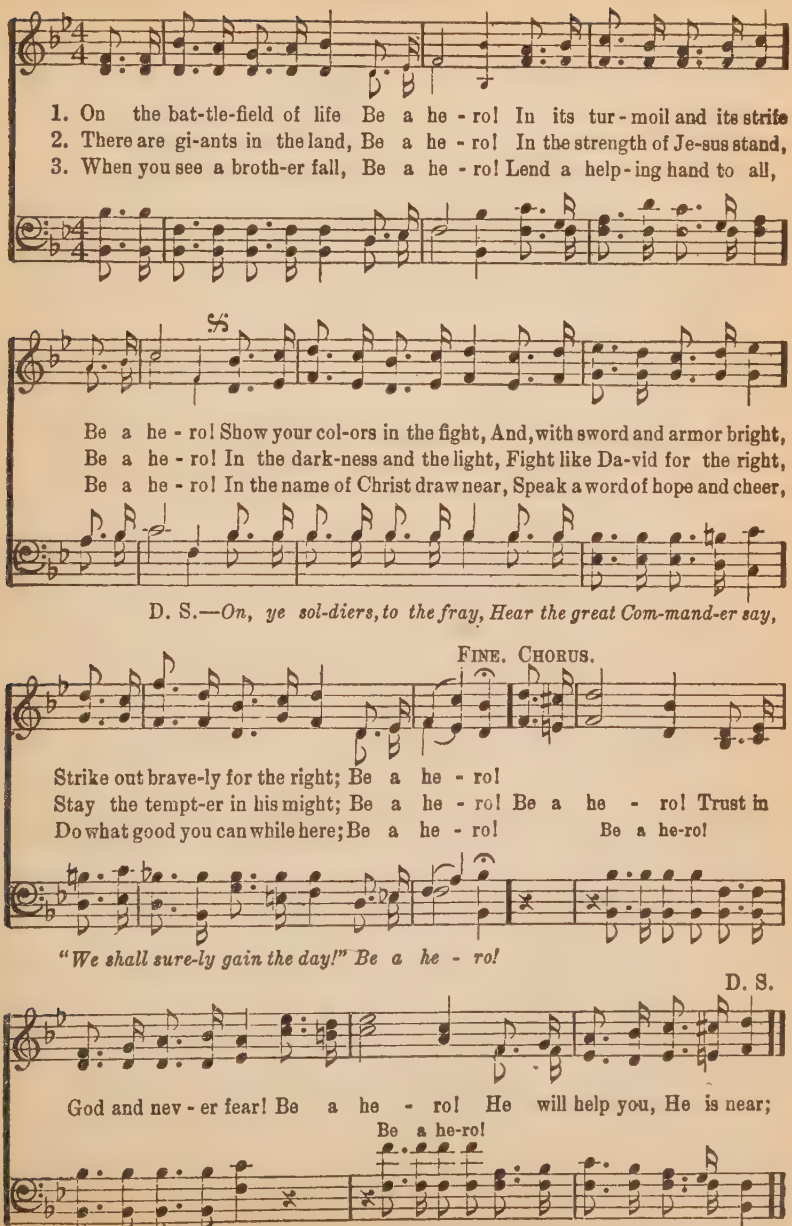
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go, The
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of Heav-en from our sight, And
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sunbeams day by day, And
most de-light-ful mis-sion That an-y one can know; He wants us to be
life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
scat-ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's
sun-beams Of love and hope and cheer, To brighten up the shadows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers, Of
CHORUS.
oft-en gath-er here.
ev-'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.
man; In all life's sha-dy pla-ces We shine as best we can.

No. 170. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur - moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Je-sus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help - ing hand to all,
Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,
D. S.—On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-mand-er say,
FINE. CHORUS.
Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!
"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!
D. S.
God and nev - er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!

No. 171 Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. [1]Three col - ors has the na-tion's flag Our [2]hearts de - light to see,—
2. [3]Red speaks to us of Je - sus' blood, For all the [4]whole world shed,
3. [5]White tells of those who, pure in heart, Shall see the Sav-ior's face,
4. [7]Blue tells us of the faith - ful ones Who like the [8]stars shall be,

The Red, and White, and star - ry Blue, Our pledge of lib - er - ty.
That we might rise to life and light, Thro' Him who once was dead.
And in His like-ness dai - ly grow, In [6]Heav-en's ho - ly place.
Bright jew - els in the Victor's crown, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, our colors so true, An emblem fair of heav'nly things, to
O [1]Red, White, and Blue, the old and the new, Our [*Omit*.....

help us on our way;
.....] ban-ner of gladness, we hail it to - day!

GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars. All hold American flags.

No. 172.

I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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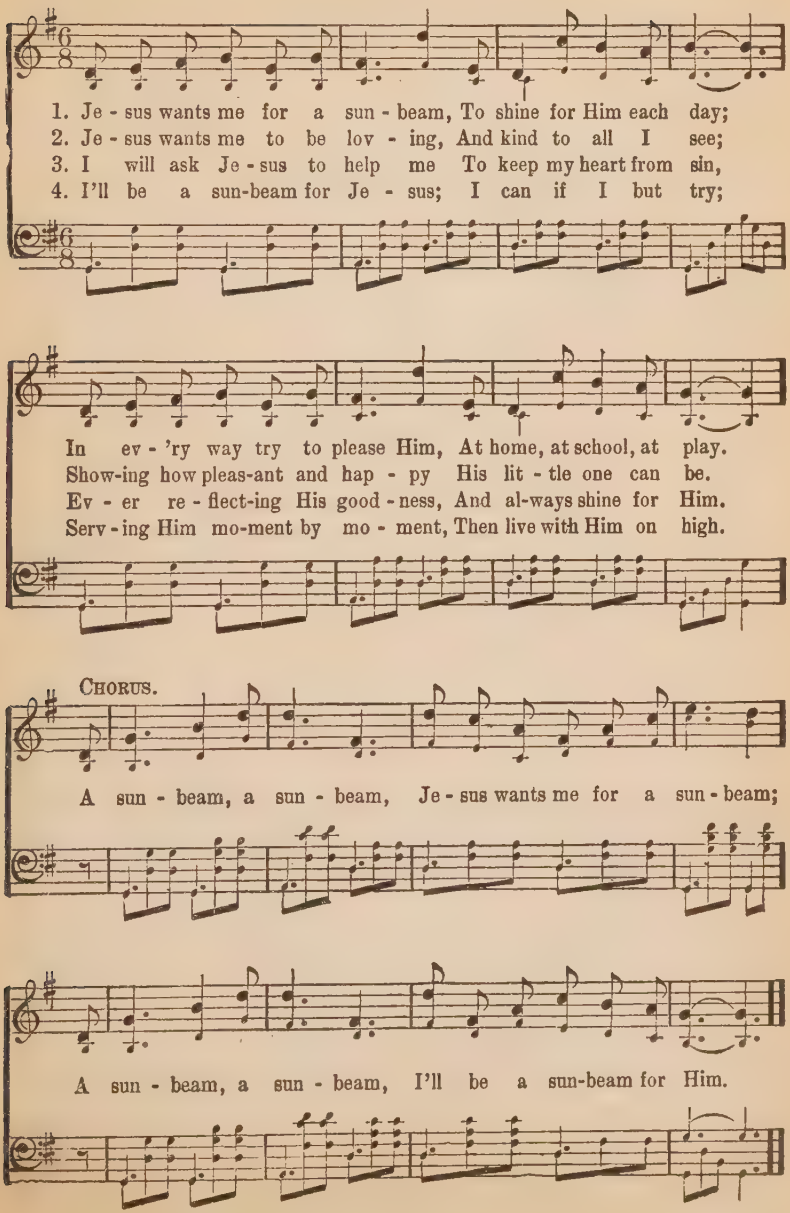
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.
CHORUS.
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 173. Little Evangels.

Ida L. Reed.

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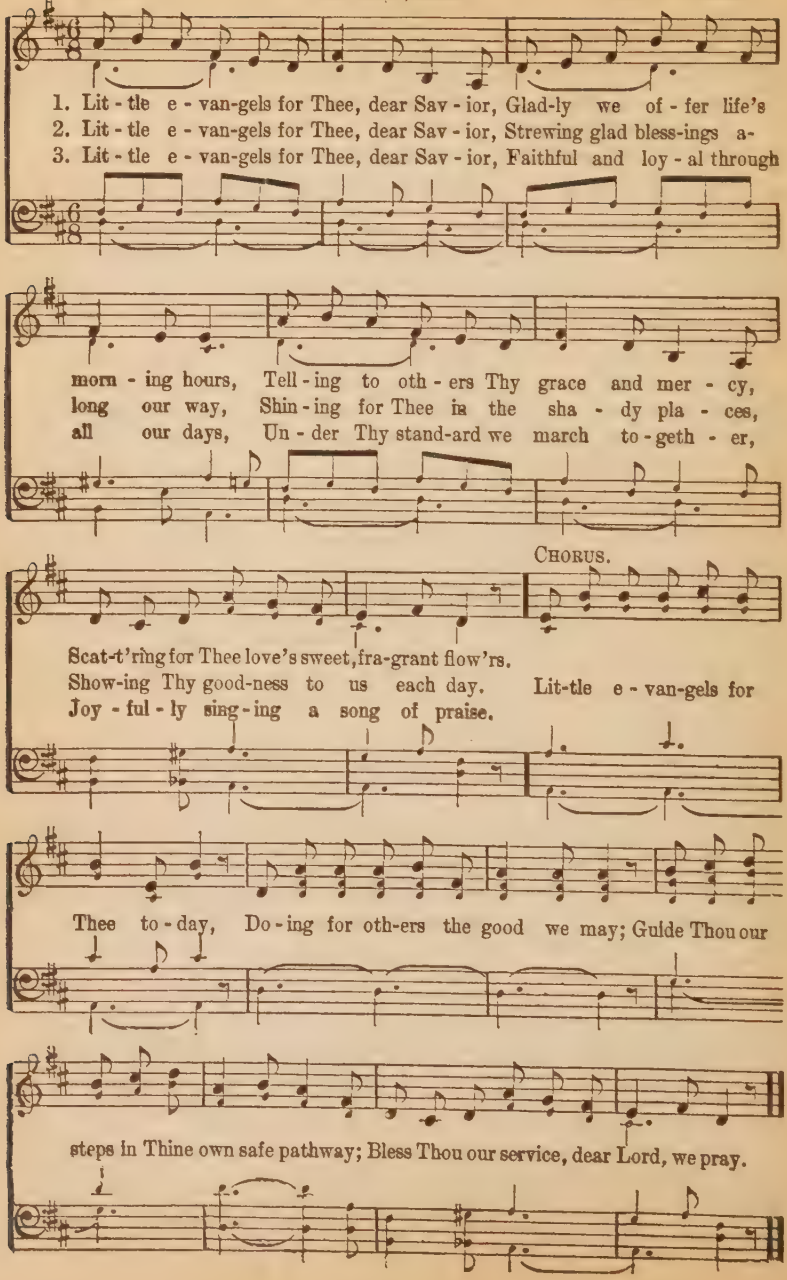
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Glad-ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Strewing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Faithful and loy - al through
morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the sha - dy pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,
CHORUS.
Scat-t'ring for Thee love's sweet, fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit-tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.
Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth-ers the good we may; Guide Thou our
steps in Thine own safe pathway; Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray.

No. 174. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

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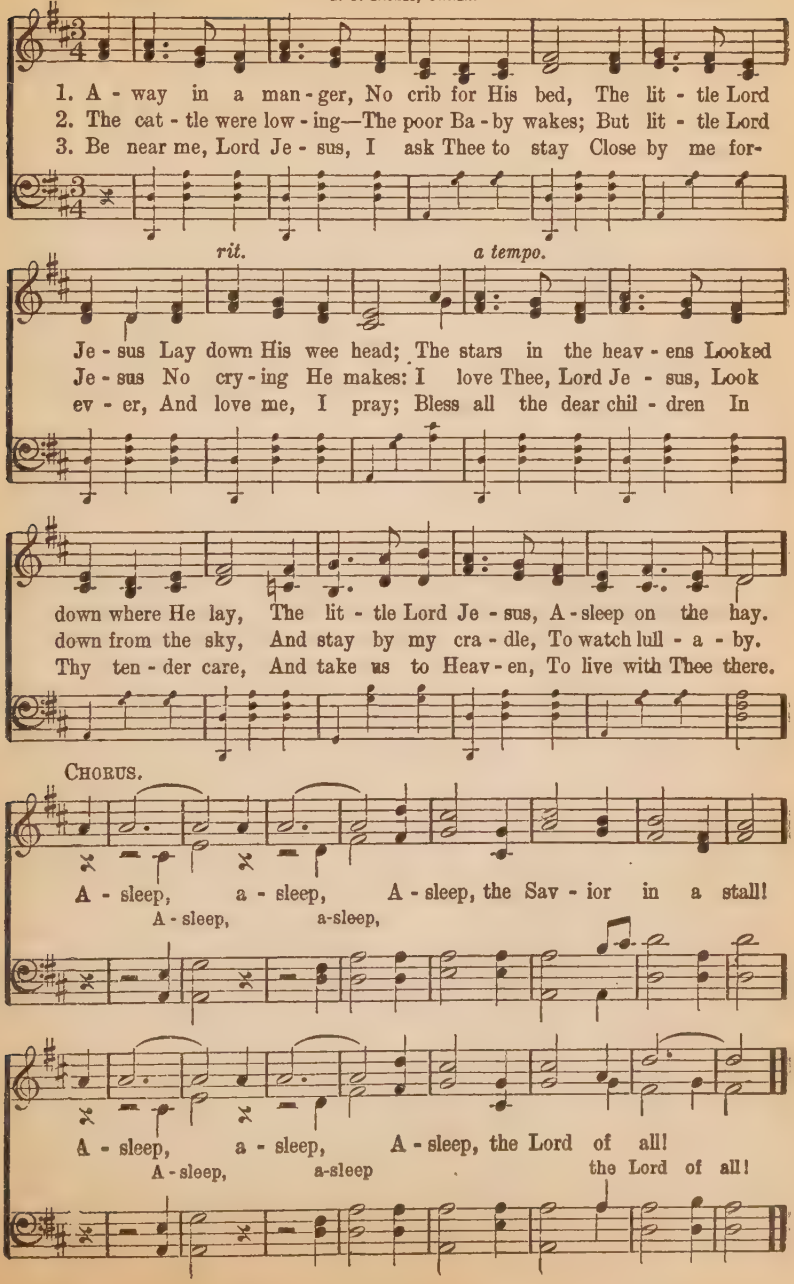
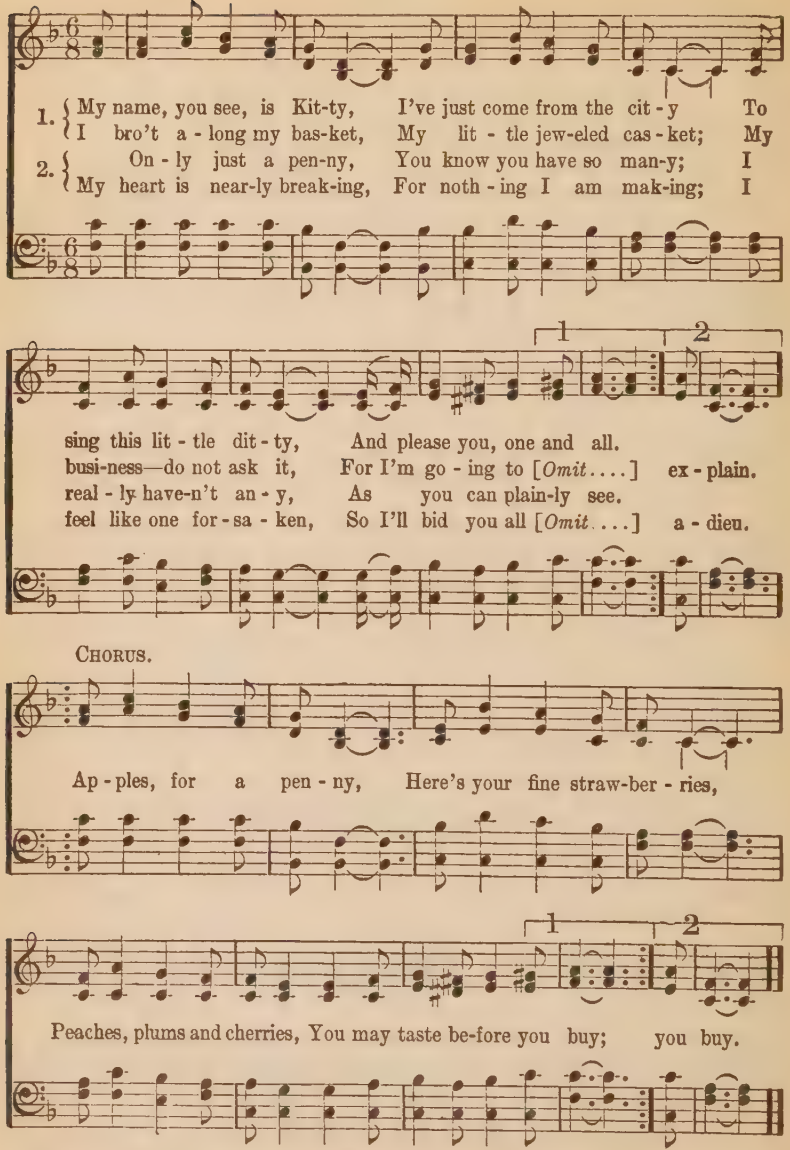

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-
rit.
a tempo.
Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lull - a - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to Heav - en, To live with Thee there.
CHORUS.
A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Sav - ior in a stall!
A - sleep, a-sleep,
A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Lord of all!
A - sleep, a-sleep the Lord of all!

No. 175. Apples For a Penny.

I. D. K. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. My name, you see, is Kit-ty, I've just come from the cit-y To
I bro't a-long my bas-ket, My lit-tle jew-eled cas-ket; My
2. On-ly just a pen-ny, You know you have so man-y; I
My heart is near-ly break-ing, For noth-ing I am mak-ing; I
1 2
sing this lit-tle dit-ty, And please you, one and all.
busi-ness—do not ask it, For I'm go-ing to [Omit....] ex-plain.
real-ly have-n't an-y, As you can plain-ly see.
feel like one for-sa-ken, So I'll bid you all [Omit....] a-dieu.
CHORUS.
Ap-ples, for a pen-ny, Here's your fine straw-ber-ries,
1 2
Peaches, plums and cherries, You may taste be-fore you buy; you buy.

(*Spoken after 1st verse and before singing the Chorus.*)—"Business is very dull, so I filled my basket and came down here to see if I could sell."

(*Spoken after 2d verse and before singing the Chorus.*)—"But before I go, I will give you one more chance, for you see I am very anxious to sell."

While singing the words in the Chorus *last time*, "You may taste before you buy," throw some of the small fruit far out into the audience

No. 176. The Naughty Little Mouse.

Caroline B. Condit.

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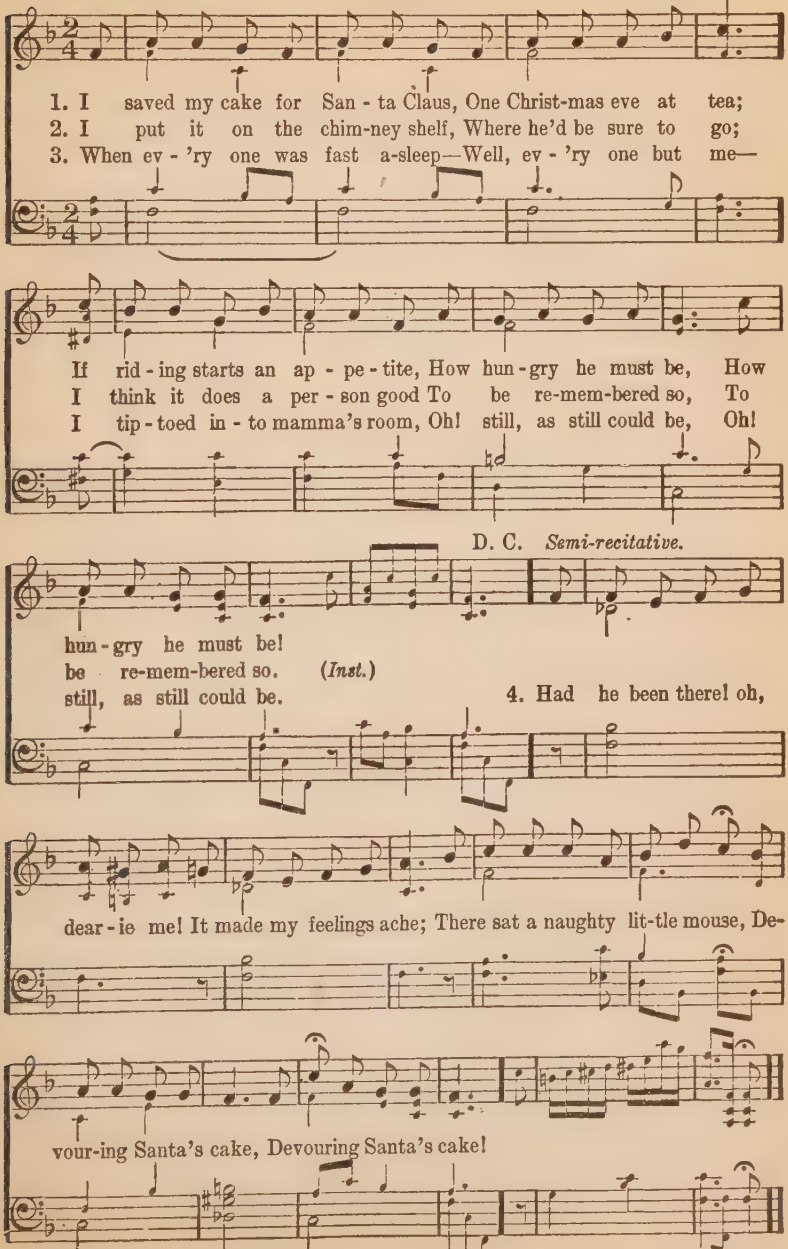
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I saved my cake for San - ta Claus, One Christ-mas eve at tea;
2. I put it on the chim-ney shelf, Where he'd be sure to go;
3. When ev - 'ry one was fast a-sleep—Well, ev - 'ry one but me—
If rid - ing starts an ap - pe - tite, How hun - gry he must be, How
I think it does a per - son good To be re-mem-bered so, To
I tip - toed in - to mamma's room, Oh! still, as still could be, Oh!
D. C. Semi-recitative.
hun - gry he must be!
be re-mem-bered so. (Inst.)
still, as still could be.
4. Had he been there! oh,
dear - ie me! It made my feelings ache; There sat a naughty lit-tle mouse, De-
vour-ing Santa's cake, Devouring Santa's cake!

No. 177. The Snow Prayer.

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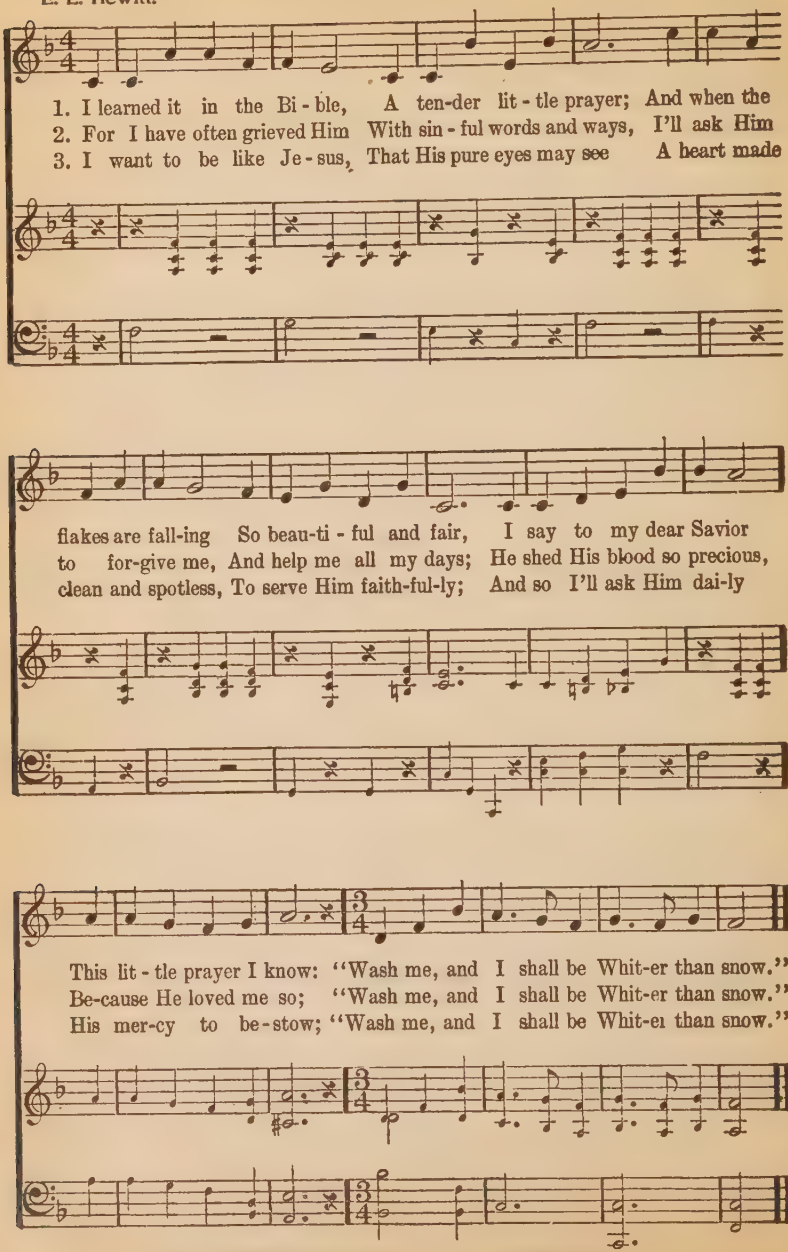
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I learned it in the Bi - ble, A ten-der lit - tle prayer; And when the
2. For I have often grieved Him With sin - ful words and ways, I'll ask Him
3. I want to be like Je - sus, That His pure eyes may see A heart made
flakes are fall-ing So beau-ti - ful and fair, I say to my dear Savior
to for-give me, And help me all my days; He shed His blood so precious,
clean and spotless, To serve Him faith-ful-ly; And so I'll ask Him dai-ly
This lit - tle prayer I know: "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."
Be-cause He loved me so; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."
His mer-cy to be-stow; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."

NOTE.—The chorus of "Whiter than Snow" may be sung by all after last verse

No. 178. Rose, Rose, Rose.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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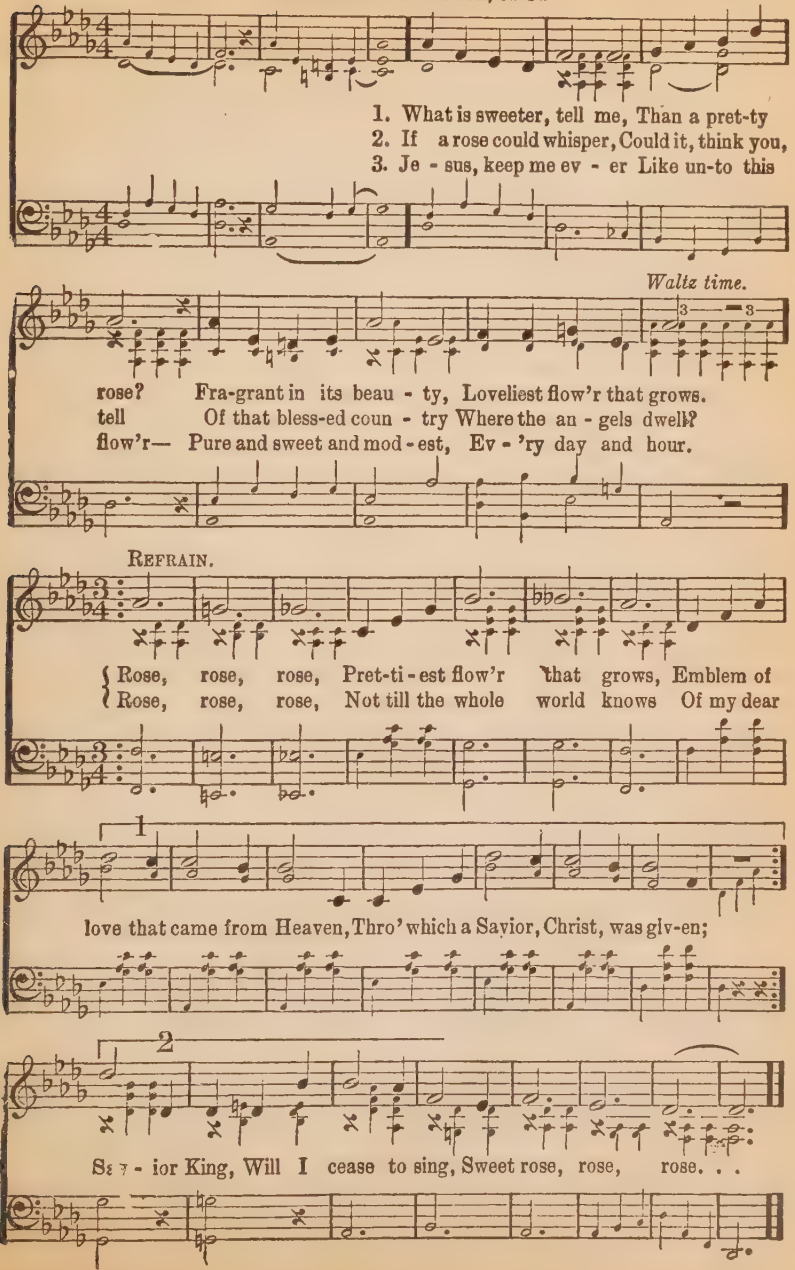
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un-to this
Waltz time.
rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.
REFRAIN.
Rose, rose, rose, Pret-ti - est flow'r that grows, Emblem of
Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear
1
love that came from Heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;
2
Sa - vior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

No. 179.

Keep Step in the March.

Jessie H. Brown.

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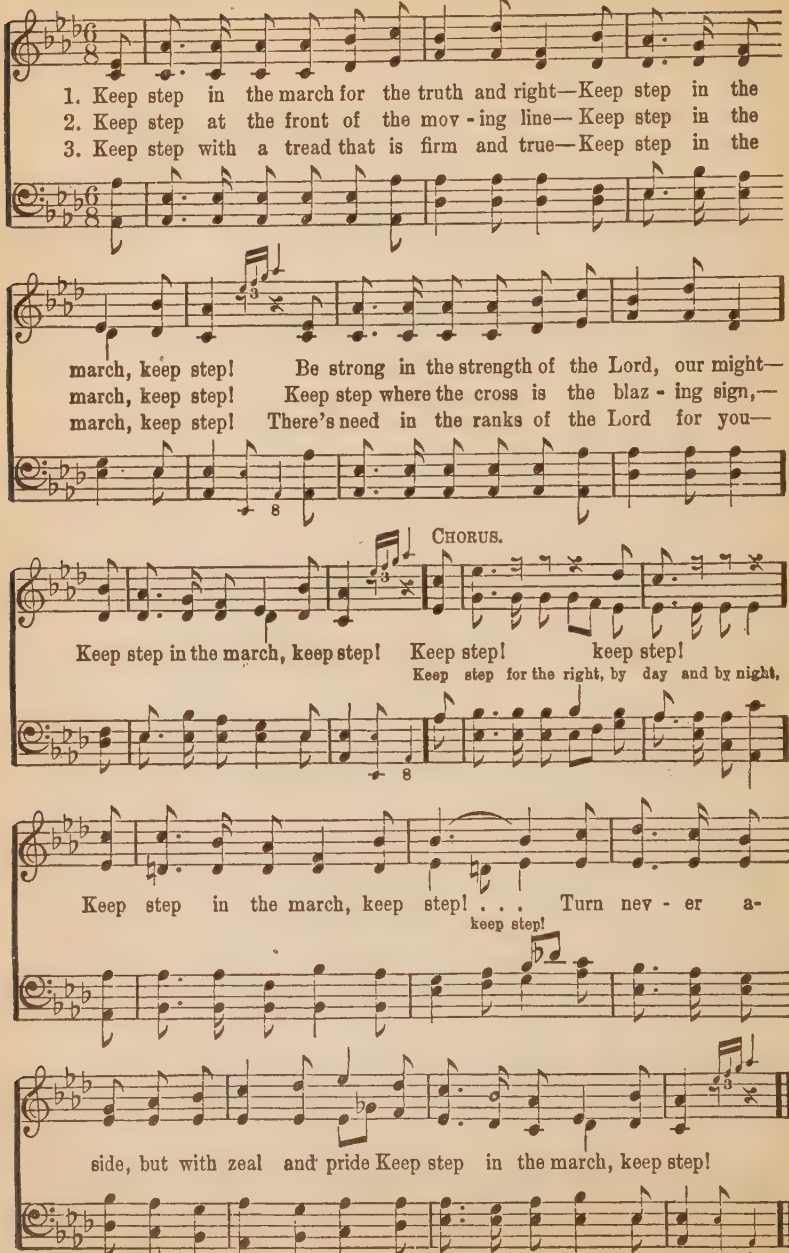
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Keep step in the march for the truth and right—Keep step in the
2. Keep step at the front of the mov - ing line—Keep step in the
3. Keep step with a tread that is firm and true—Keep step in the
march, keep step! Be strong in the strength of the Lord, our might—
march, keep step! Keep step where the cross is the blaz - ing sign,—
march, keep step! There's need in the ranks of the Lord for you—
CHORUS.
Keep step in the march, keep step! Keep step! keep step!
Keep step for the right, by day and by night,
Keep step in the march, keep step! . . . Turn nev - er a-
keep step!
side, but with zeal and pride Keep step in the march, keep step!

No. 180. Watching Over All.

Rev. Wm. C. Pool.

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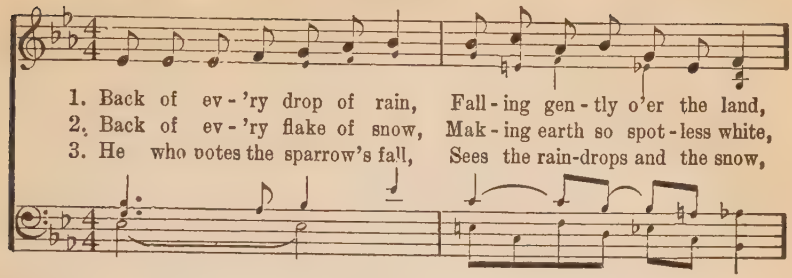
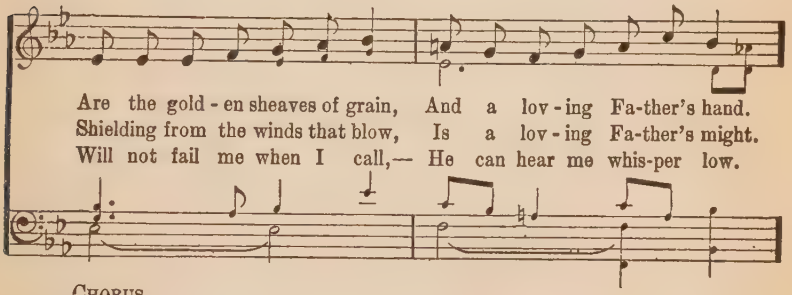
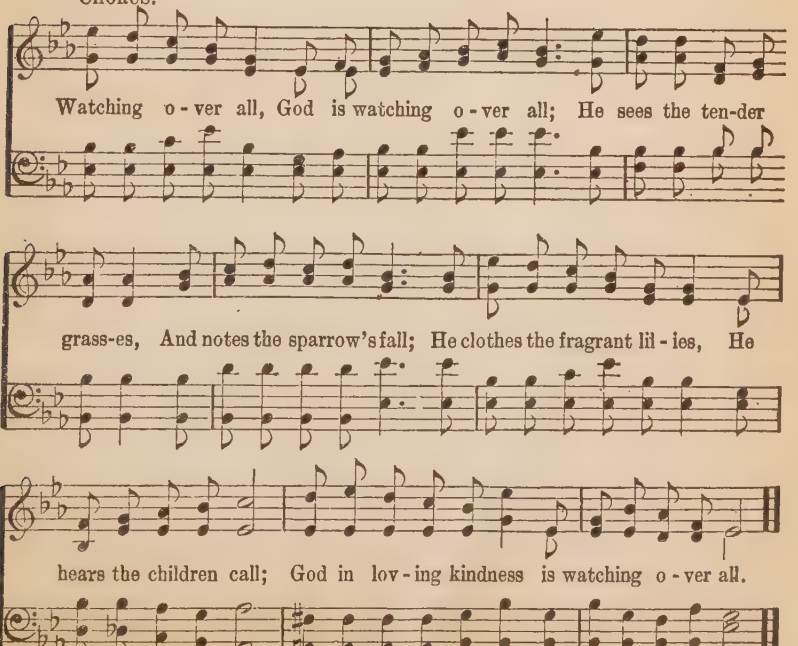
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Back of ev - 'ry drop of rain, Fall - ing gen - tly o'er the land,
2. Back of ev - 'ry flake of snow, Mak - ing earth so spot - less white,
3. He who notes the sparrow's fall, Sees the rain-drops and the snow,

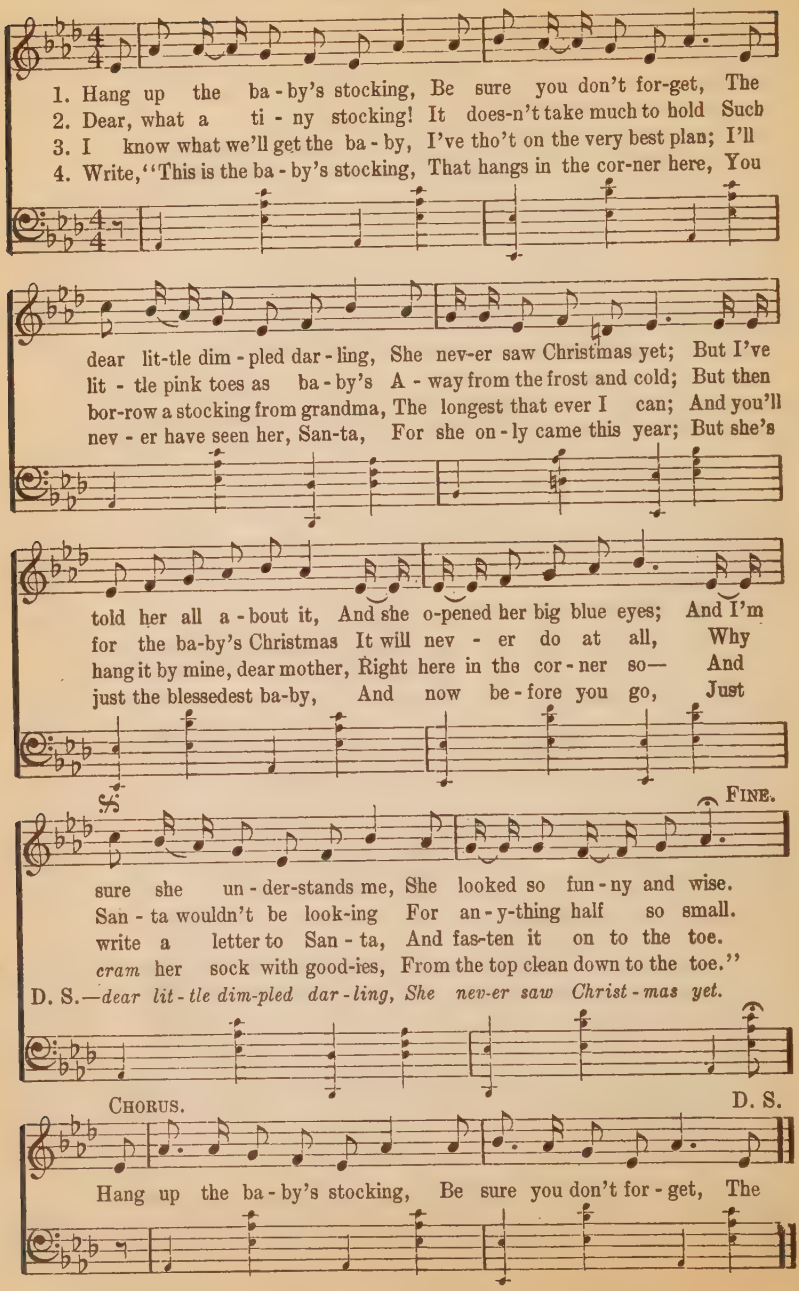

Are the gold - en sheaves of grain, And a lov - ing Fa-ther's hand.
Shielding from the winds that blow, Is a lov - ing Fa-ther's might.
Will not fail me when I call,— He can hear me whis-per low.

CHORUS.


Watching o - ver all, God is watching o - ver all; He sees the ten-der
grass-es, And notes the sparrow's fall; He clothes the fragrant lil - ies, He
hears the children call; God in lov - ing kindness is watching o - ver all.

No. 181. Hang Up the Baby's Stocking.

USED BY PERMISSION. James McGranahan, Arr.


1. Hang up the ba - by's stocking, Be sure you don't for-get, The
2. Dear, what a ti - ny stocking! It does-n't take much to hold Such
3. I know what we'll get the ba - by, I've tho't on the very best plan; I'll
4. Write, "This is the ba - by's stocking, That hangs in the cor-ner here, You
dear lit-tle dim - pled dar - ling, She nev-er saw Christmas yet; But I've
lit - tle pink toes as ba - by's A - way from the frost and cold; But then
bor-row a stocking from grandma, The longest that ever I can; And you'll
nev - er have seen her, San-ta, For she on - ly came this year; But she's
told her all a - bout it, And she o-pened her big blue eyes; And I'm
for the ba-by's Christmas It will nev - er do at all, Why
hang it by mine, dear mother, Right here in the cor - ner so— And
just the blessedest ba-by, And now be - fore you go, Just
FINE.
sure she un - der-stands me, She looked so fun - ny and wise.
San - ta wouldn't be look-ing For an - y-thing half so small.
write a letter to San - ta, And fas-ten it on to the toe.
cram her sock with good-ies, From the top clean down to the toe."
D. S.—dear lit - tle dim-pled dar - ling, She nev-er saw Christ - mas yet.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Hang up the ba - by's stocking, Be sure you don't for - get, The

No. 182. Little Stars.

H. H. Pierson.

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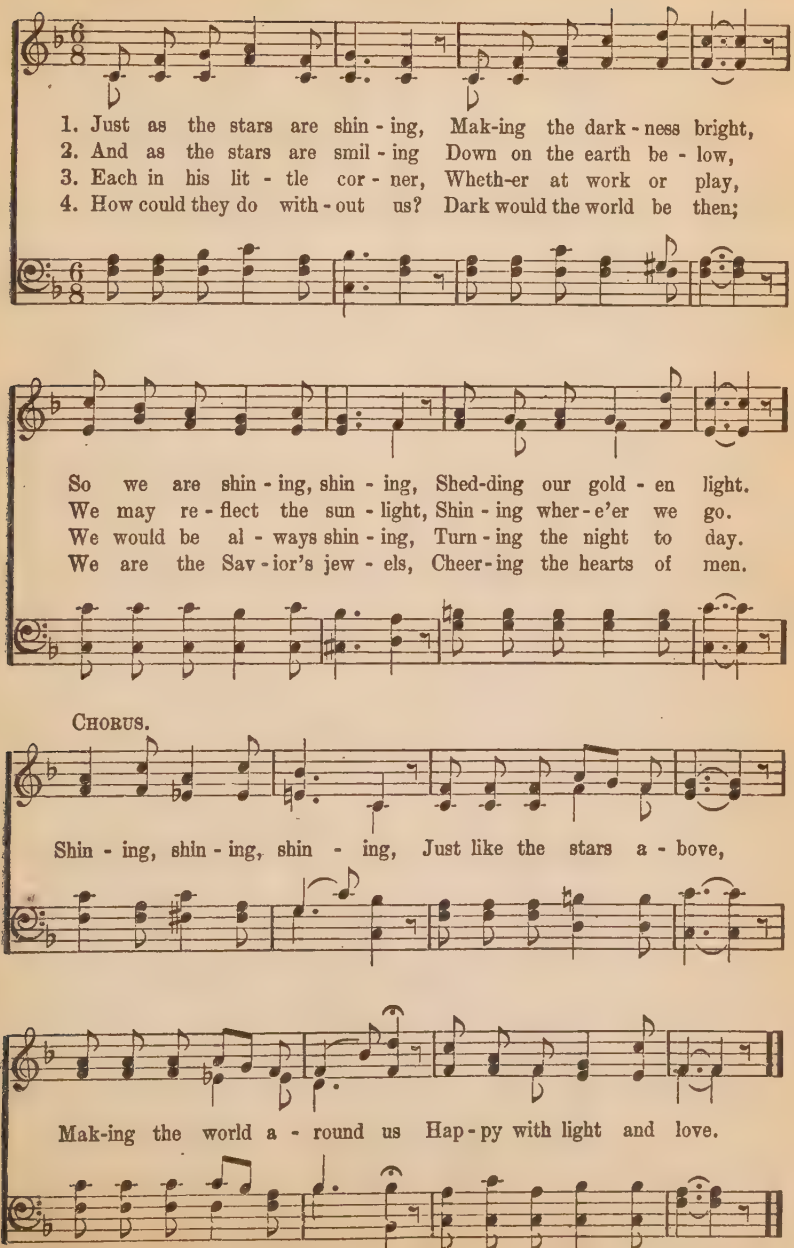
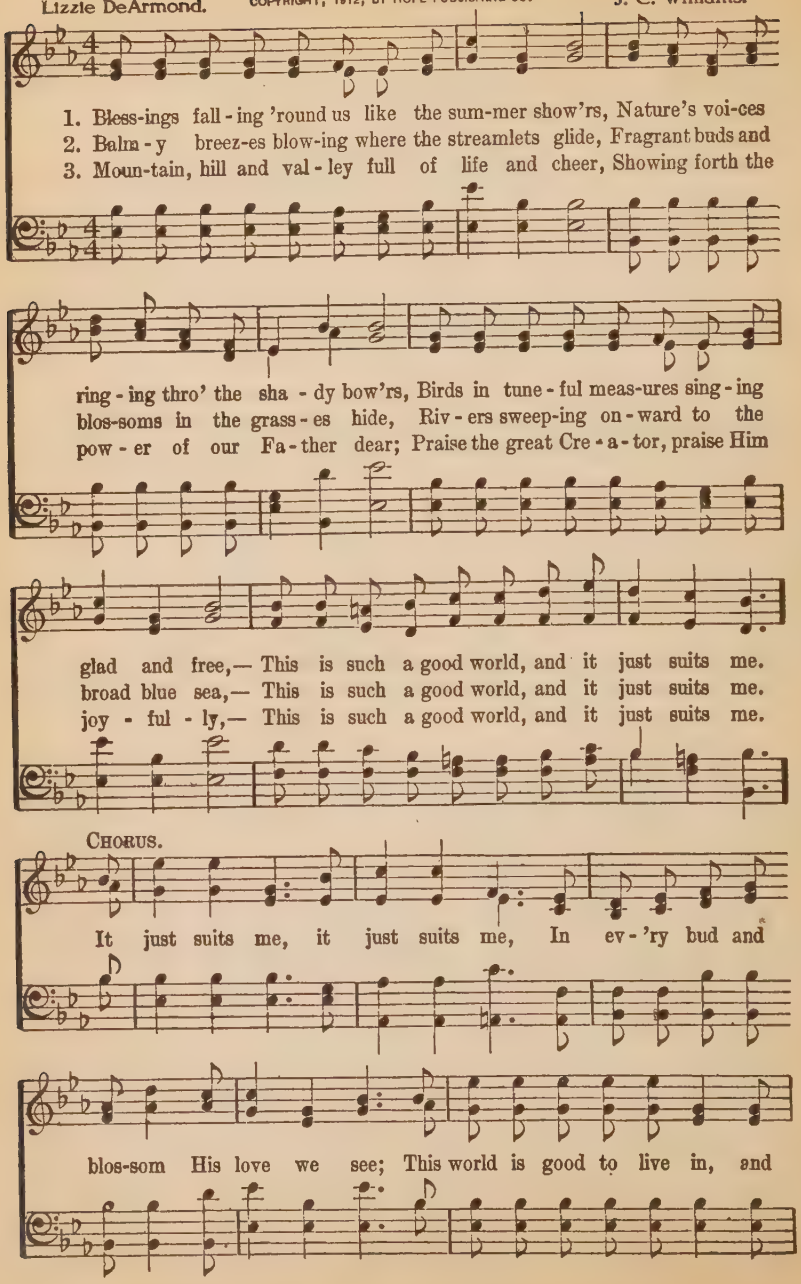
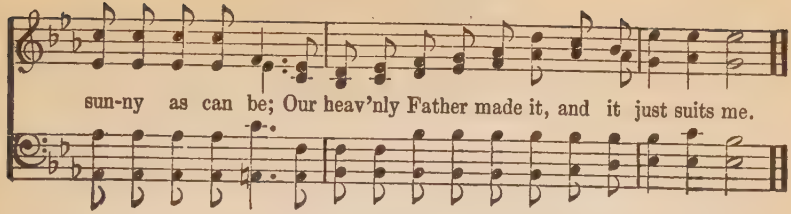
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak-ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;
So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.
CHORUS.
Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak-ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.

No. 183. It Just Suits Me.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. J. C. Williams.


1. Bless-ings fall-ing 'round us like the sum-mer show'rs, Nature's voi-ces
2. Balm-y breez-es blow-ing where the streamlets glide, Fragrant buds and
3. Moun-tain, hill and val-ley full of life and cheer, Showing forth the
ring-ing thro' the sha-dy bow'rs, Birds in tune-ful meas-ures sing-ing
blos-soms in the grass-es hide, Riv-ers sweep-ing on-ward to the
pow-er of our Fa-ther dear; Praise the great Cre-a-tor, praise Him
glad and free,— This is such a good world, and it just suits me.
broad blue sea,— This is such a good world, and it just suits me.
joy-ful-ly,— This is such a good world, and it just suits me.
CHORUS.
It just suits me, it just suits me, In ev-'ry bud and
blos-som His love we see; This world is good to live in, and

It Just Suits Me.

No. 184. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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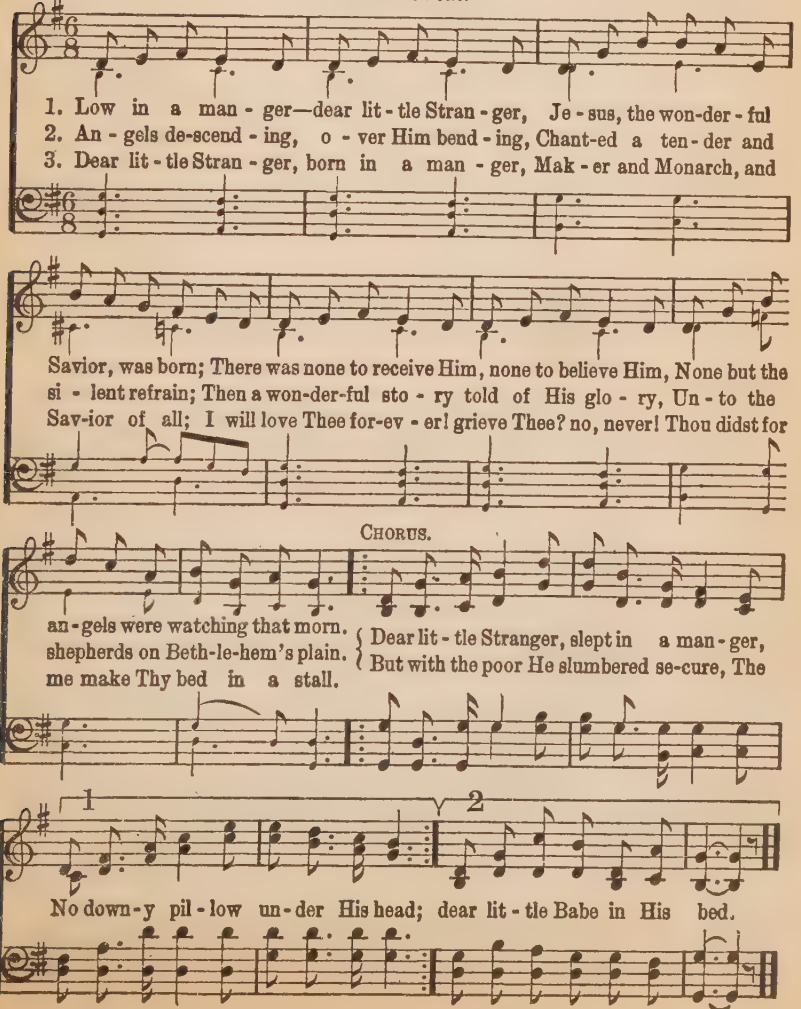
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
Chorus.
an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 185. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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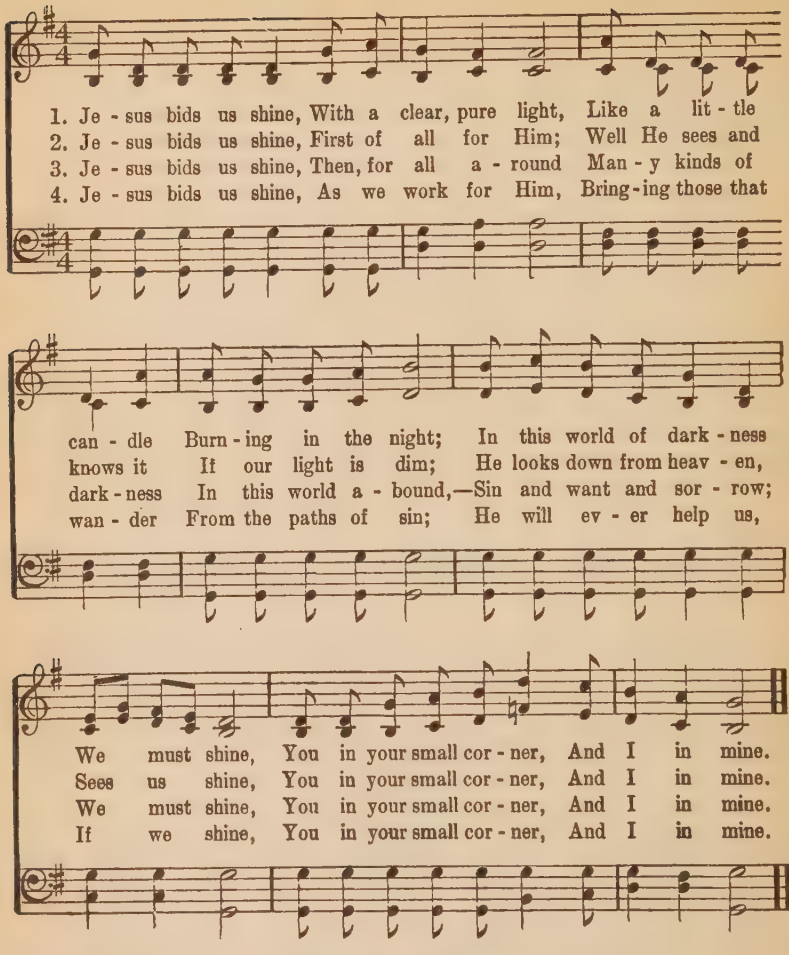
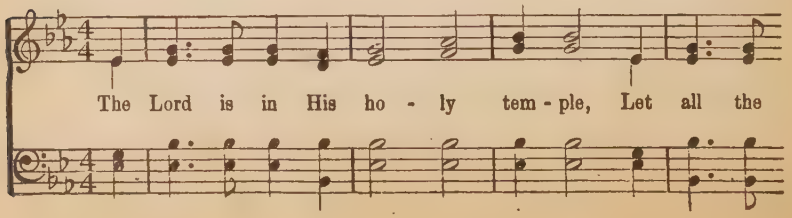
E. O. Excell.

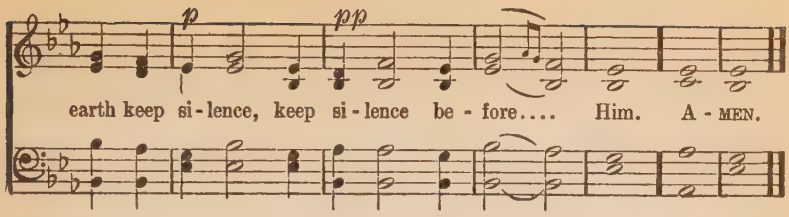

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
dark - ness In this world a - bound,—Sin and want and sor - row;
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 186. His Holy Temple.

(*To be sung before prayer.*)

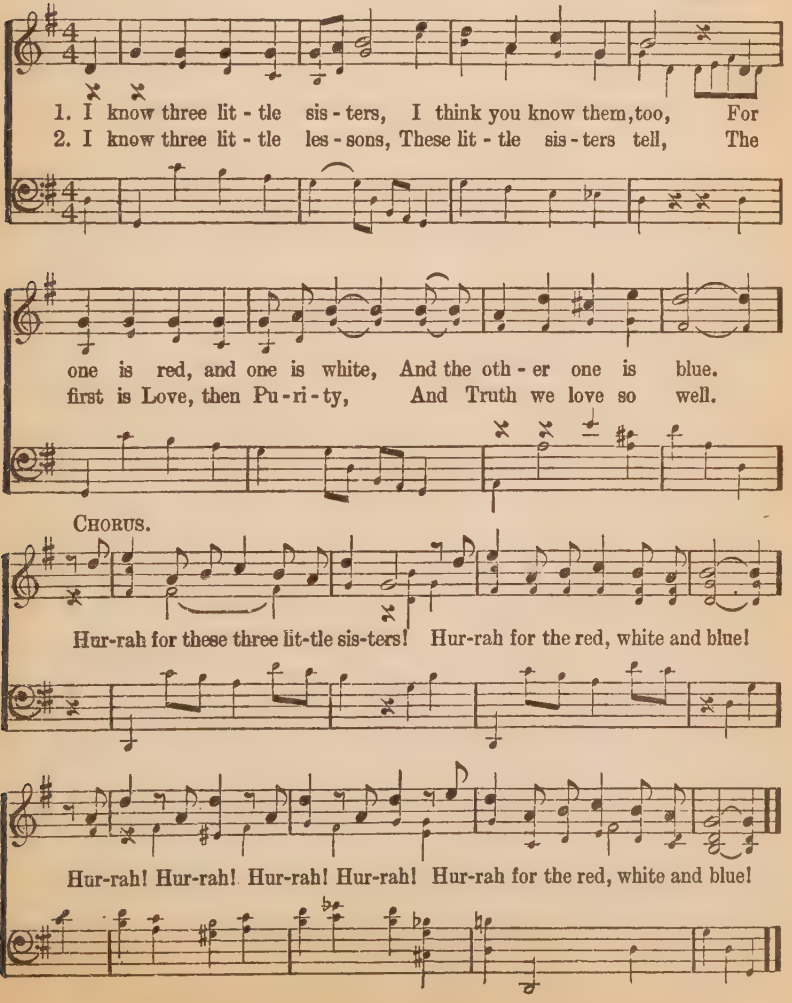
E. O. E.





No. 187. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

E. L. McCord. USED BY PERMISSION. W. W. Gilchrist.


1. I know three lit-tle sis-ters, I think you know them, too, For
2. I know three lit-tle les-sons, These lit-tle sis-ters tell, The
one is red, and one is white, And the oth-er one is blue.
first is Love, then Pu-ri-ty, And Truth we love so well.
CHORUS.
Hur-rah for these three lit-tle sis-ters! Hur-rah for the red, white and blue!
Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah for the red, white and blue!

No. 188. The Birds' Nest.

Mrs. B. B. Selby, Arr.

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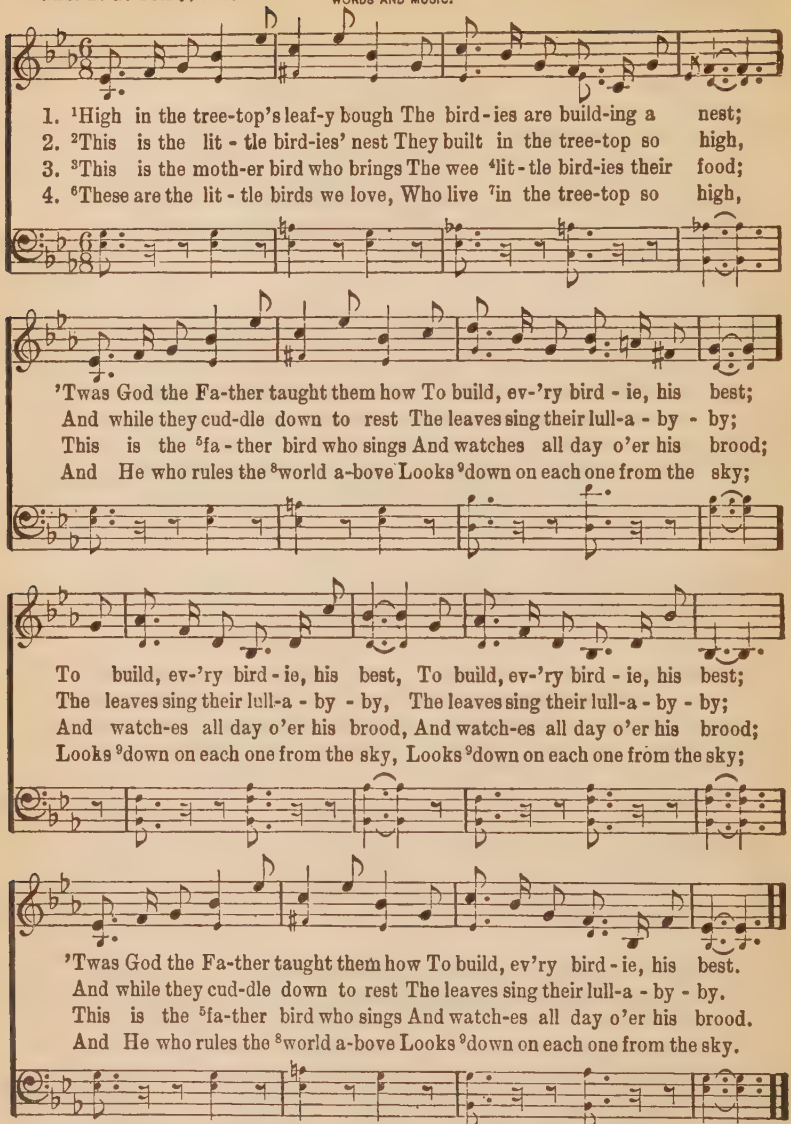
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. [1]High in the tree-top's leaf-y bough The bird-ies are build-ing a nest;
2. [2]This is the lit-tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. [3]This is the moth-er bird who brings The wee [4]lit-tle bird-ies their food;
4. [6]These are the lit-tle birds we love, Who live [7]in the tree-top so high,
'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird-ie, his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by;
This is the [5]fa-ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;
To build, ev-'ry bird-ie, his best, To build, ev-'ry bird-ie, his best;
The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by, The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by;
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood;
Looks [9]down on each one from the sky, Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;
'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev'ry bird-ie, his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by.
This is the [5]fa-ther bird who sings And watch-es all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky.

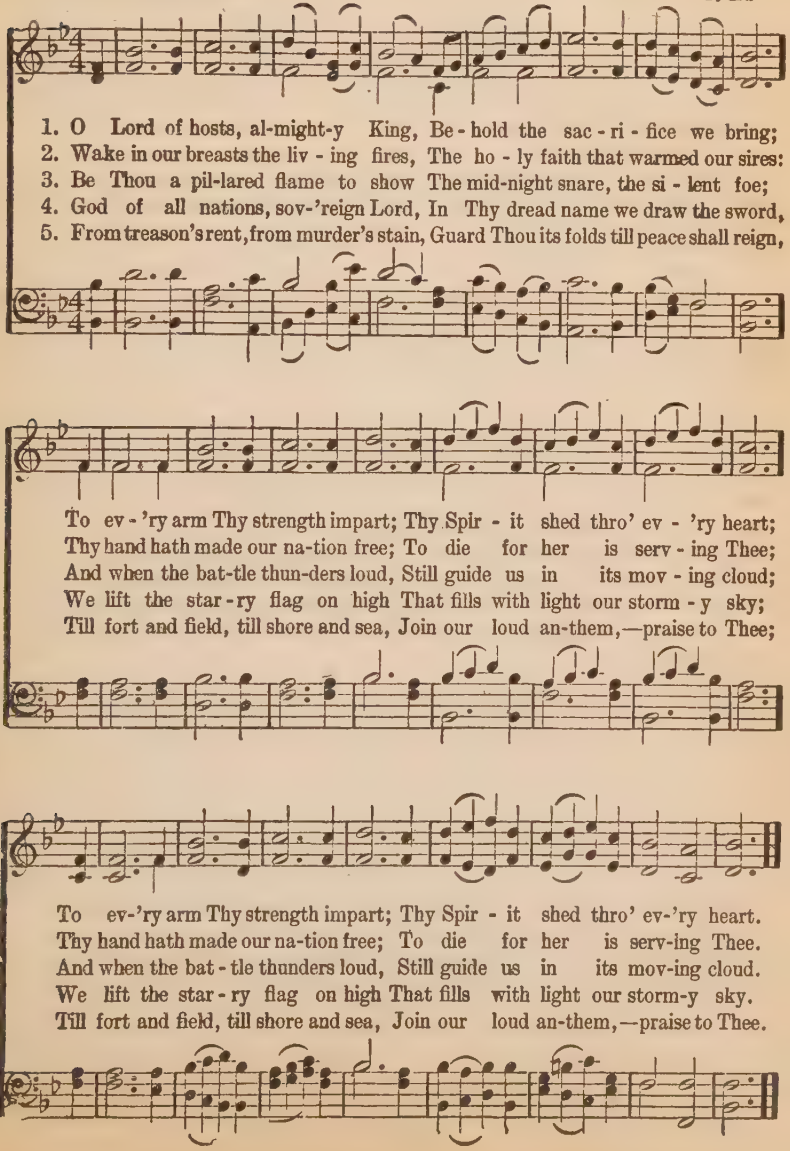
NOTE—To form bird's nest, clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1. Point upward to tree-top. 2. Hands clasped to form bird's nest. 3. Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird. 4. Raise little fingers representing the baby birds. 5. Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird. 6. Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest. 7. Point upward to tree-top. 8. Look upward toward the sky. 9. Look down on the birds in the nest.

SPECIAL SELECTIONS

No. 189. O Lord of Hosts.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. Arr. from Haydn.


1. O Lord of hosts, al-might-y King, Be - hold the sac - ri - fice we bring;
2. Wake in our breasts the liv - ing fires, The ho - ly faith that warmed our sires:
3. Be Thou a pil-lared flame to show The mid-night snare, the si - lent foe;
4. God of all nations, sov-'reign Lord, In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
5. From treason's rent, from murder's stain, Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
To ev - 'ry arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spir - it shed thro' ev - 'ry heart;
Thy hand hath made our na-tion free; To die for her is serv - ing Thee;
And when the bat-tle thun-ders loud, Still guide us in its mov - ing cloud;
We lift the star-ry flag on high That fills with light our storm - y sky;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea, Join our loud an-them,—praise to Thee;
To ev-'ry arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spir - it shed thro' ev-'ry heart.
Thy hand hath made our na-tion free; To die for her is serv-ing Thee.
And when the bat - tle thunders loud, Still guide us in its mov-ing cloud.
We lift the star - ry flag on high That fills with light our storm-y sky.
Till fort and field, till shore and sea, Join our loud an-them,—praise to Thee.

No. 190. Harvest Song.

C. H. G.

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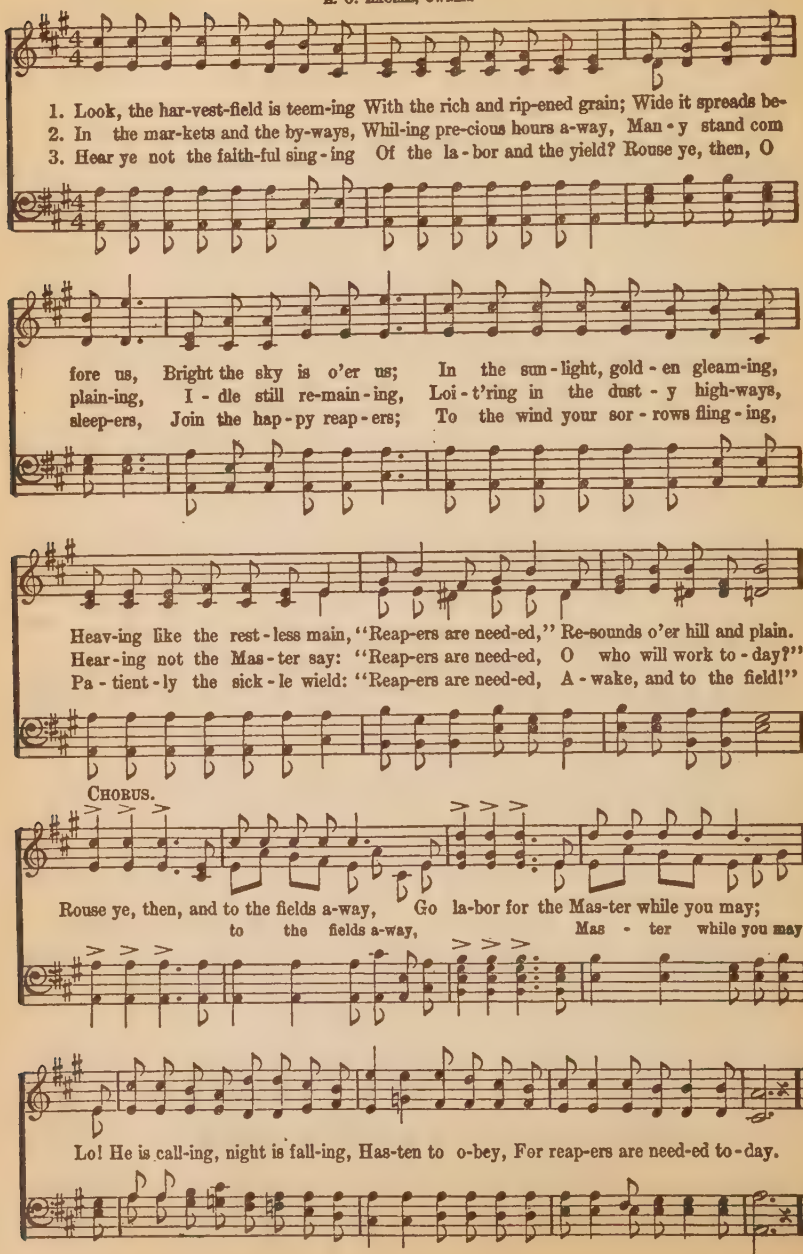
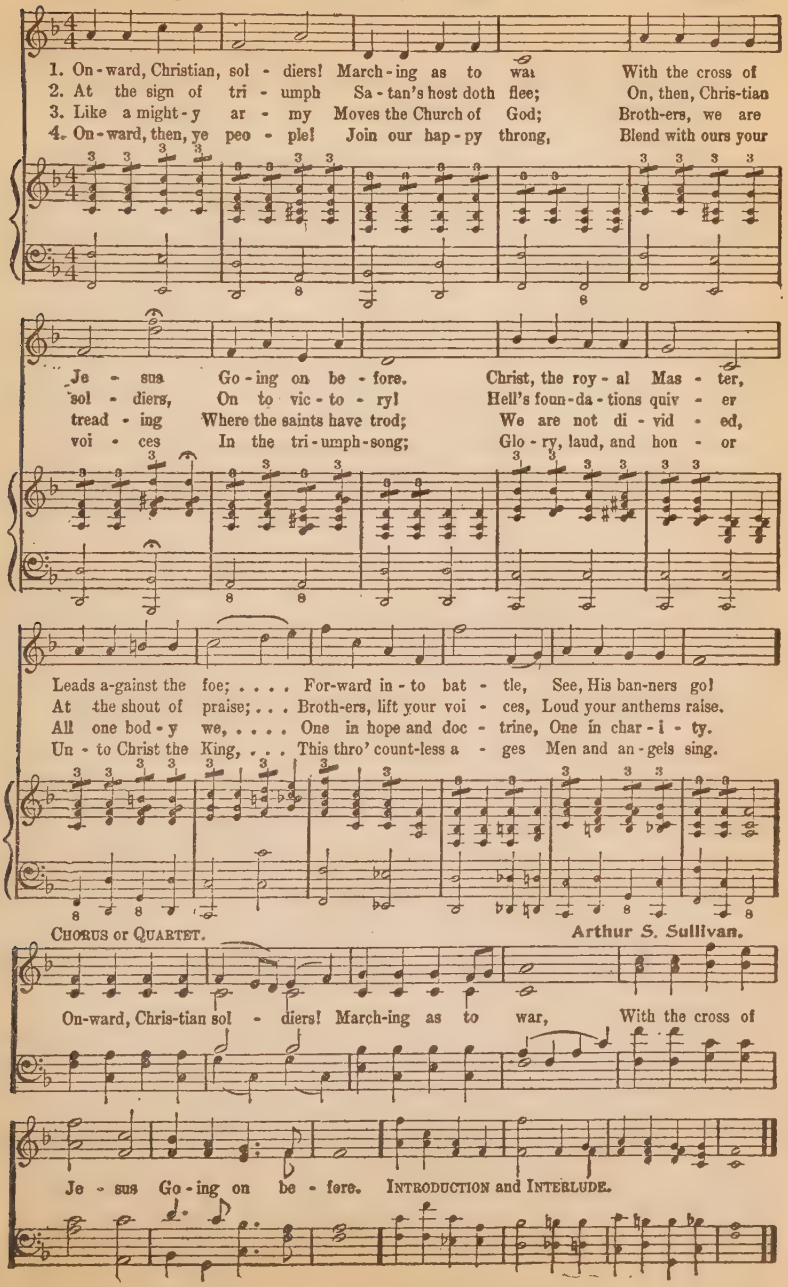
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and rip-ened grain; Wide it spreads be-
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way, Man-y stand com
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield? Rouse ye, then, O
fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light, gold-en gleam-ing,
plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loi-t'ring in the dust-y high-ways,
sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your sor-rows fling-ing,
Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reap-ers are need-ed," Re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reap-ers are need-ed, O who will work to-day?"
Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reap-ers are need-ed, A-wake, and to the field!"
CHORUS.
Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may;
to the fields a-way, Mas-ter while you may;
Lo! He is call-ing, night is fall-ing, Has-ten to o-bey, For reap-ers are need-ed to-day.

No. 191. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. On-ward, Christian, sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Chris-tian
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
sol - diers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid - ed,
voi - ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or
Leads a-gainst the foe; . . . . For-ward in-to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
At the shout of praise; . . . Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod-y we, ... One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i-ty.
Un-to Christ the King, . . . This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
CHORUS or QUARTET.
Arthur S. Sullivan.
On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.
INTRODUCTION and INTERLUDE.

No. 192. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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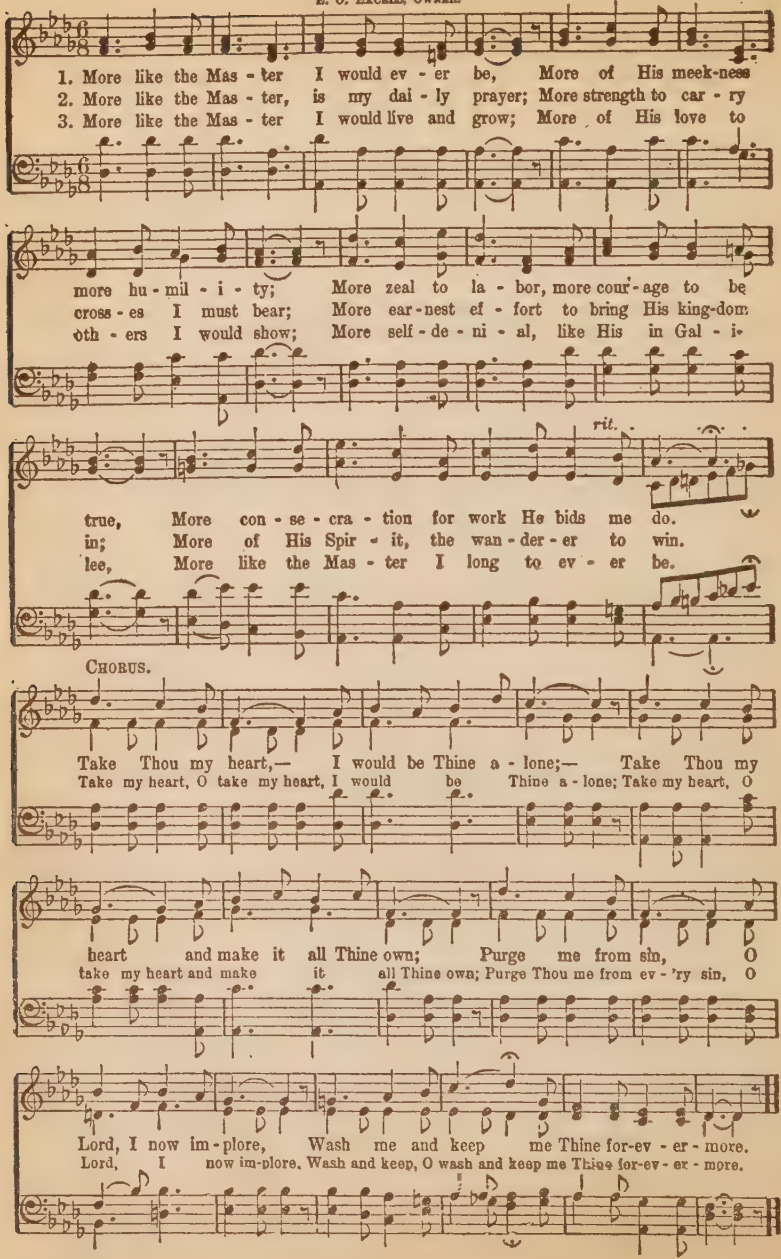
E. O. Excell, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to
more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be
cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i -
rit.
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.
Chorus.
Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone;— Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O
heart and make it all Thine own; Purge me from sin, O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O
Lord, I now im - plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.
Lord, I now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.

No. 193. A Thought of Him.

C. L.

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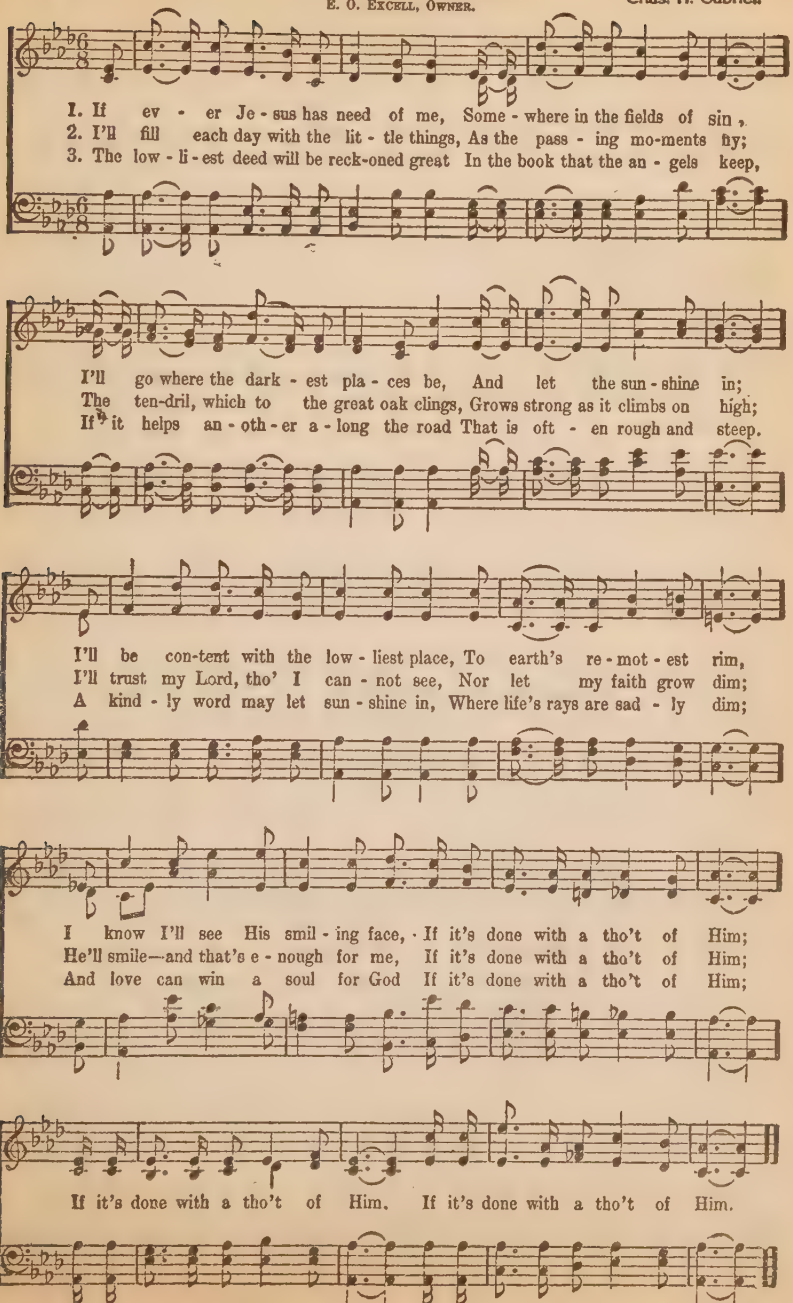
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some - where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with the lit - tle things, As the pass - ing mo-ments fly;
3. The low - li - est deed will be reck-oned great In the book that the an - gels keep,
I'll go where the dark - est pla - ces be, And let the sun - shine in;
The ten-dril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;
If it helps an - oth - er a - long the road That is oft - en rough and steep.
I'll be con-tent with the low - liest place, To earth's re - mot - est rim,
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;
A kind - ly word may let sun - shine in, Where life's rays are sad - ly dim;
I know I'll see His smil - ing face, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
He'll smile—and that's e - nough for me, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
And love can win a soul for God If it's done with a tho't of Him;
If it's done with a tho't of Him. If it's done with a tho't of Him.

No. 194. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'T is praise in the

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,

im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

rit. D. S.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

rit.

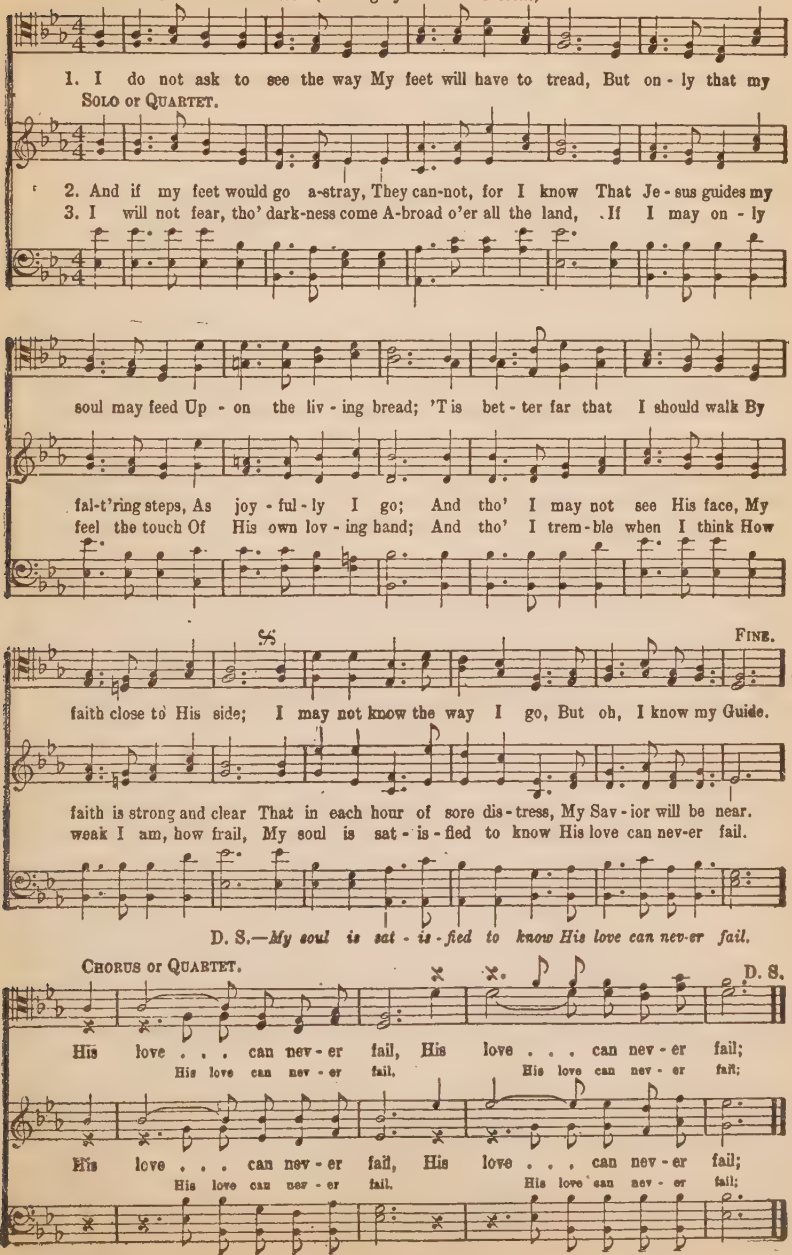
sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

No. 195. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)


1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my
SOLO or QUARTET.
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly
soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By
fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How
FINE.
faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
D. S.—My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
CHORUS or QUARTET.
D. S.
His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail;
His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail;

No. 196. O Make Me Pure.

E. O. E.

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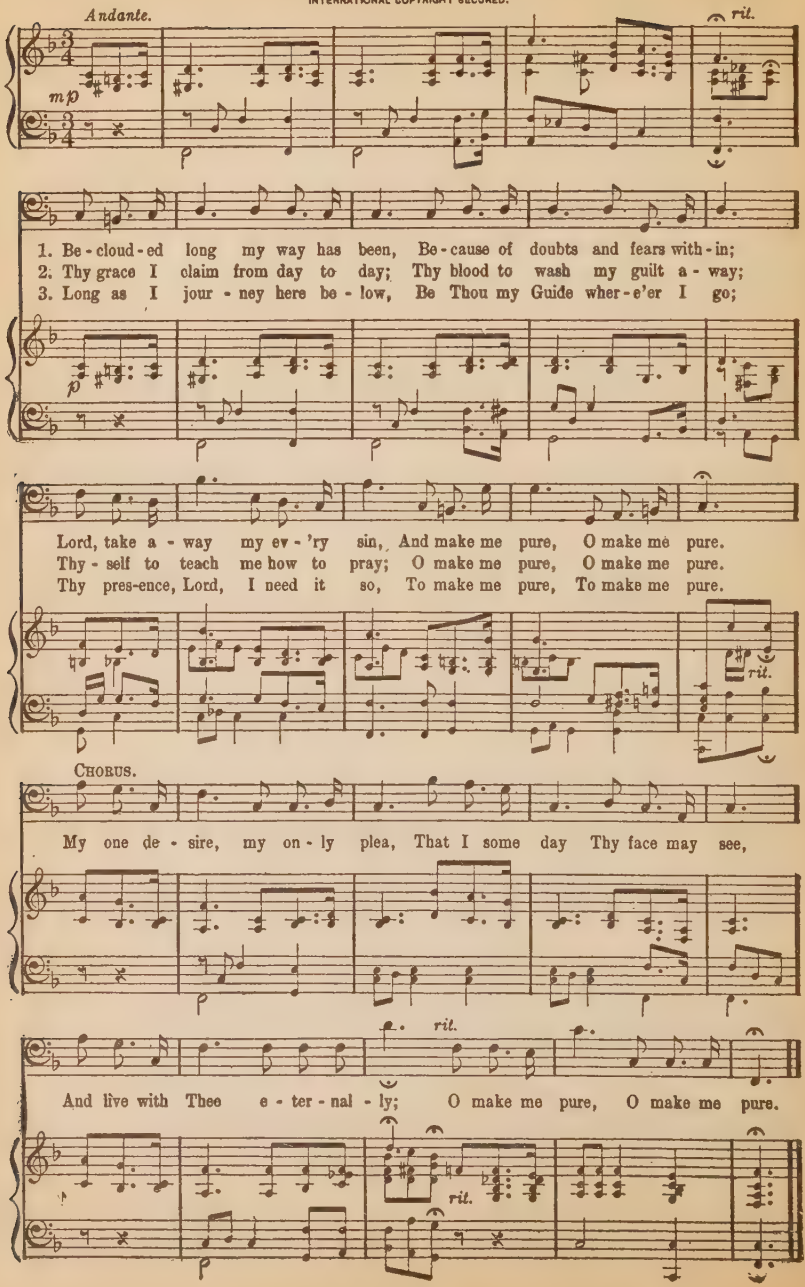
E. O. Excell.

Andante.

mp
rit.
1. Be - cloud - ed long my way has been, Be - cause of doubts and fears with - in;
2. Thy grace I claim from day to day; Thy blood to wash my guilt a - way;
3. Long as I jour - ney here be - low, Be Thou my Guide wher - e'er I go;
p
Lord, take a - way my ev - 'ry sin, And make me pure, O make me pure.
Thy - self to teach me how to pray; O make me pure, O make me pure.
Thy pres-ence, Lord, I need it so, To make me pure, To make me pure.
rit.
CHORUS.
My one de - sire, my on - ly plea, That I some day Thy face may see,
rit.
And live with Thee e - ter - nal - ly; O make me pure, O make me pure.
rit.

No. 197 Sometime and Somehow.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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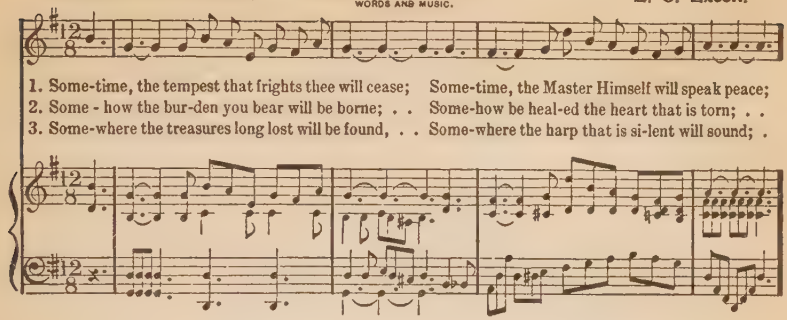
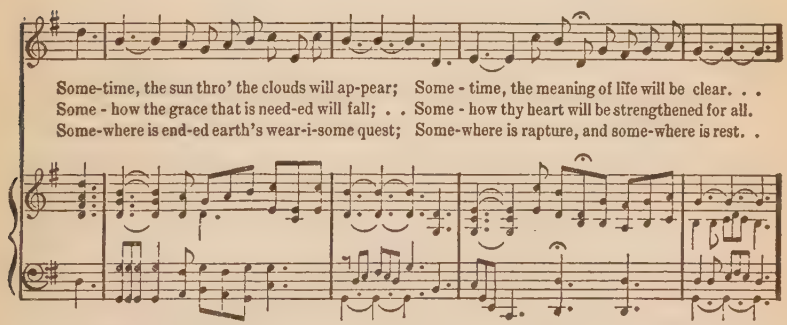
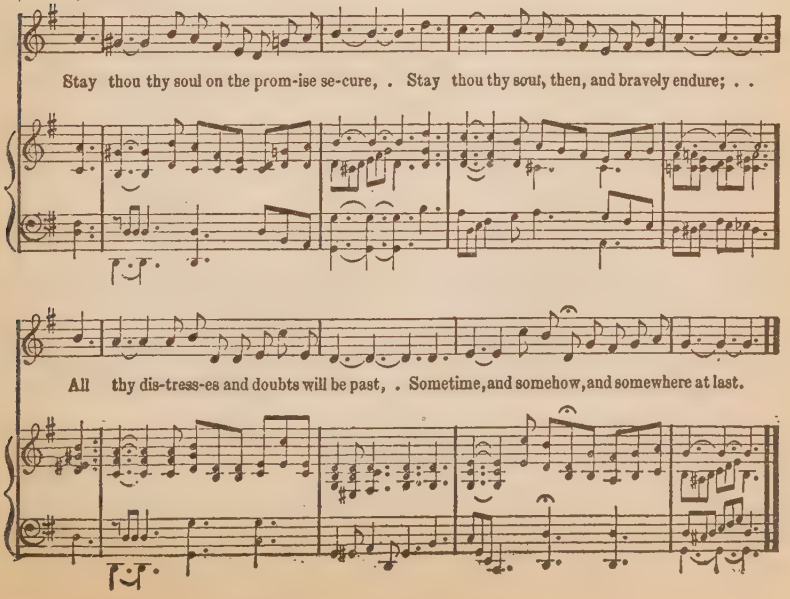
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. Some-time, the tempest that frights thee will cease; Some-time, the Master Himself will speak peace;
2. Some - how the bur-den you bear will be borne; . . Some-how be heal-ed the heart that is torn; . .
3. Some-where the treasures long lost will be found, . . Some-where the harp that is si-lent will sound; .


Some-time, the sun thro' the clouds will ap-pear; Some - time, the meaning of life will be clear. . .
Some - how the grace that is need-ed will fall; . . Some - how thy heart will be strengthened for all.
Some-where is end-ed earth's wear-i-some quest; Some-where is rapture, and some-where is rest. .

CHORUS.


Stay thou thy soul on the prom-ise se-cure, . Stay thou thy soul, then, and bravely endure; . .
All thy dis-tress-es and doubts will be past, . Sometime, and somehow, and somewhere at last.

No. 198. I'm Not Your Judge.

Sarah Spencer-Ruff.

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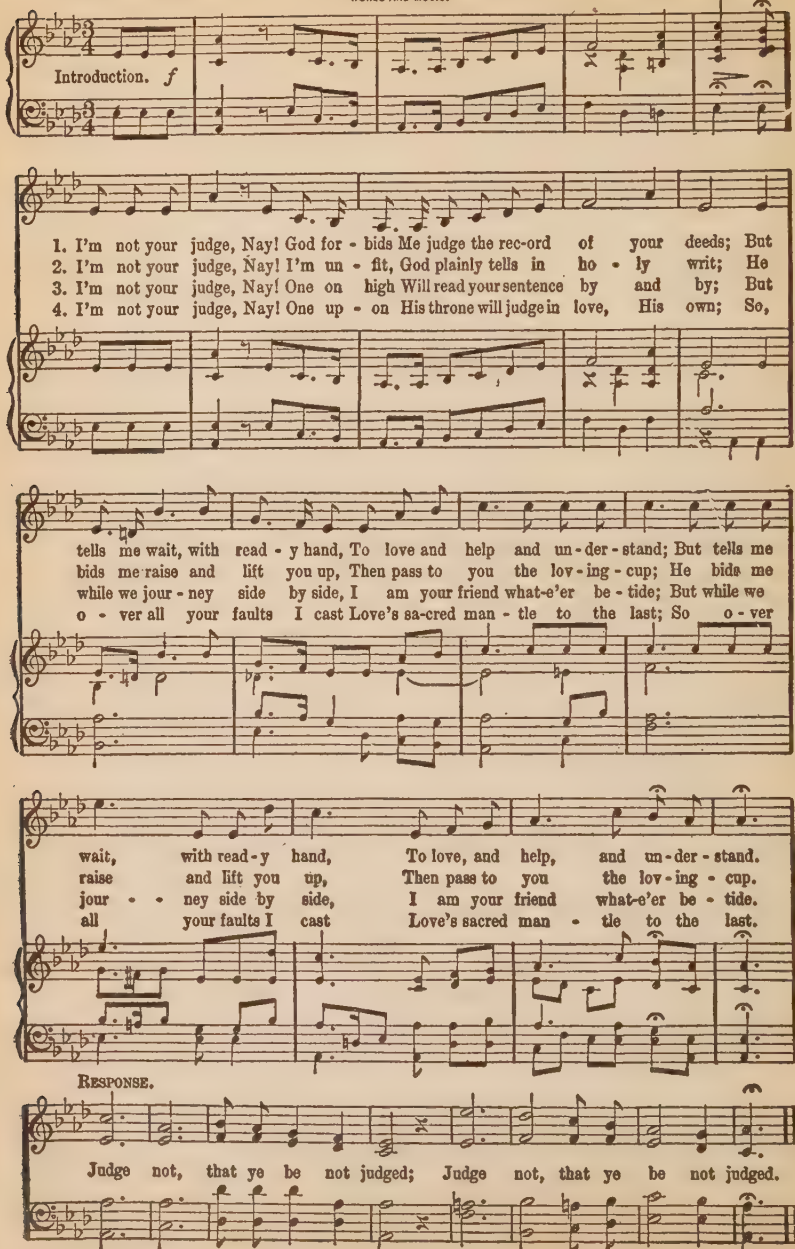
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction. f
1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God for - bids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds; But tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un - der - stand; But tells me
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un - fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ; He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup; He bids me
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by; But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be - tide; But while we
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up - on His throne will judge in love, His own; So, o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sa-cred man - tle to the last; So o - ver
wait, with read - y hand, To love, and help, and un - der - stand.
raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup.
jour - - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be - tide.
all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.
RESPONSE.
Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 199. Jesus and His Love.

John R. Clements.

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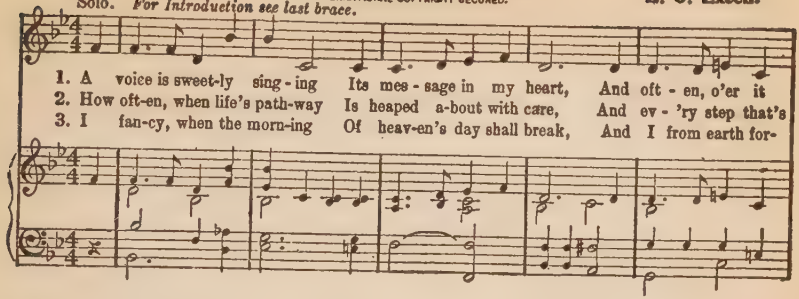
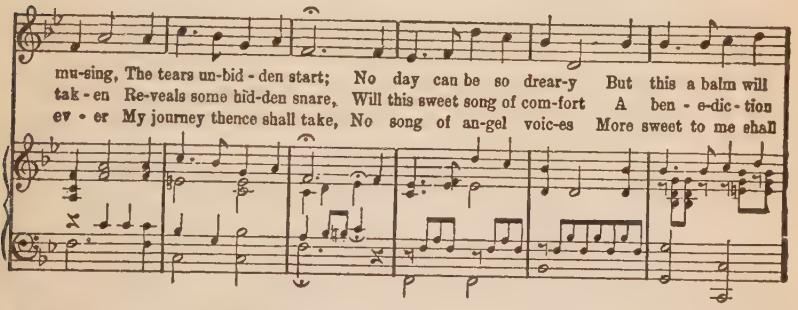
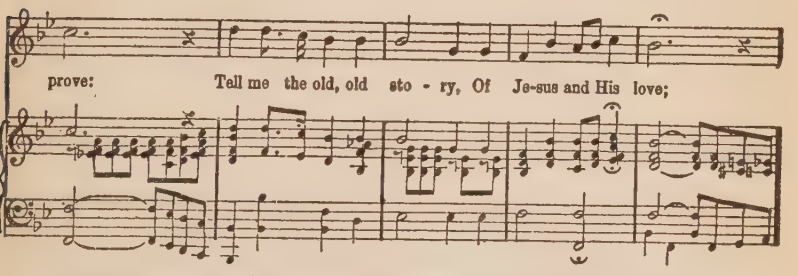
E. O. Excell.

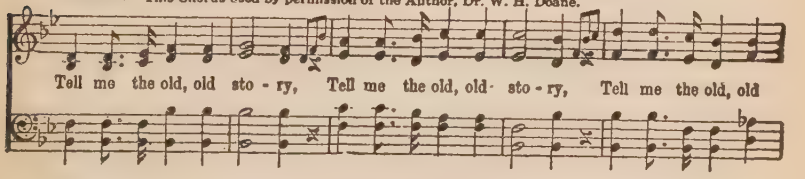
Solo. *For Introduction see last brace.*


1. A voice is sweet-ly sing - ing Its mes - sage in my heart, And oft - en, o'er it
2. How oft-en, when life's path-way Is heaped a-bout with care, And ev - 'ry step that's
3. I fan-cy, when the morn-ing Of heav-en's day shall break, And I from earth for-

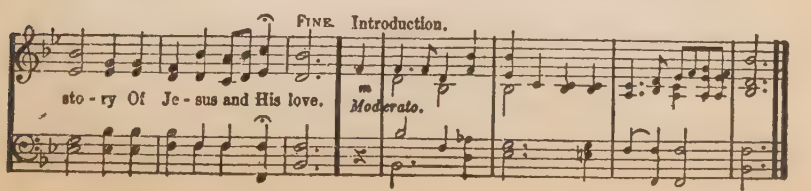

mu-sing, The tears un-bid - den start; No day can be so drear-y But this a balm will
tak - en Re-veals some hid-den snare, Will this sweet song of com-fort A ben - e-dic - tion
ev - er My journey thence shall take, No song of an-gel voic-es More sweet to me shall



CHORUS. This Chorus used by permission of the Author, Dr. W. H. Doane.



FINE. Introduction.



No. 200. When I Shall Fall Asleep.

Moses Gage Shirley.

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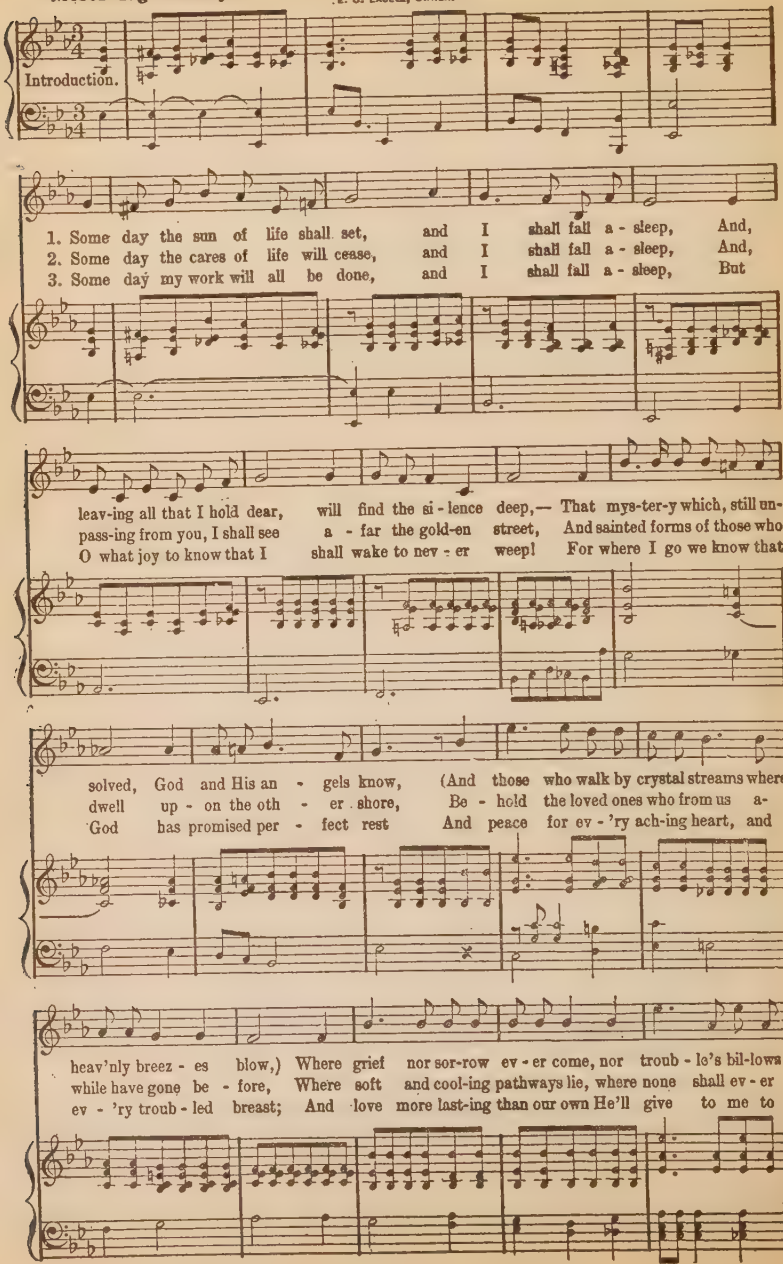
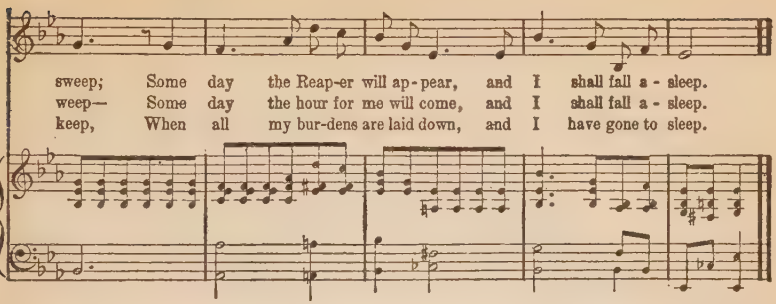

Introduction.
1. Some day the sun of life shall set, and I shall fall a - sleep, And,
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep, And,
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep, But
leav-ing all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep,— That mys-ter-y which, still un-
pass-ing from you, I shall see a - far the gold-en street, And sainted forms of those who
O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep! For where I go we know that
solved, God and His an - gels know, (And those who walk by crystal streams where
dwell up - on the oth - er shore, Be - hold the loved ones who from us a-
God has promised per - fect rest And peace for ev - 'ry ach-ing heart, and
heav'nly breez - es blow,) Where grief nor sor-row ev - er come, nor troub - le's bil-lows
while have gone be - fore, Where soft and cool-ing pathways lie, where none shall ev - er
ev - 'ry troub - led breast; And love more last-ing than our own He'll give to me to

When I Shall Fall Asleep.


sweep; Some day the Reap-er will ap-pear, and I shall fall a-sleep.
weep— Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a-sleep.
keep, When all my bur-dens are laid down, and I have gone to sleep.

No. 201. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

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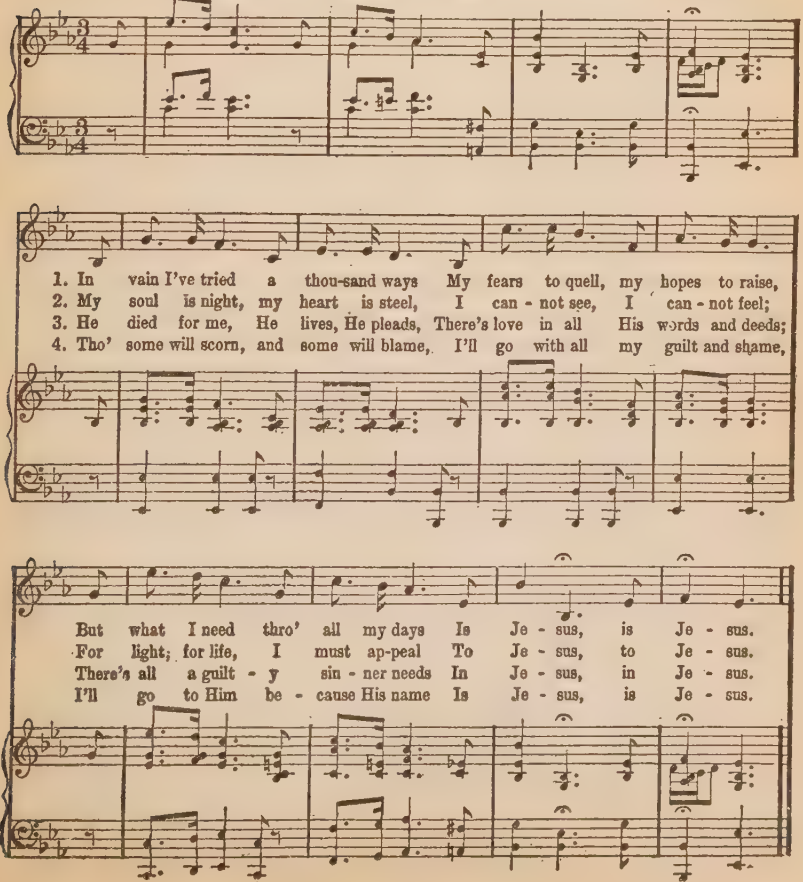
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.

1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.
For light; for life, I must ap-peal To Je-sus, to Je-sus.
There's all a guilt-y sin-ner needs In Je-sus, in Je-sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.

No. 202. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."—PSALM 31: 20.

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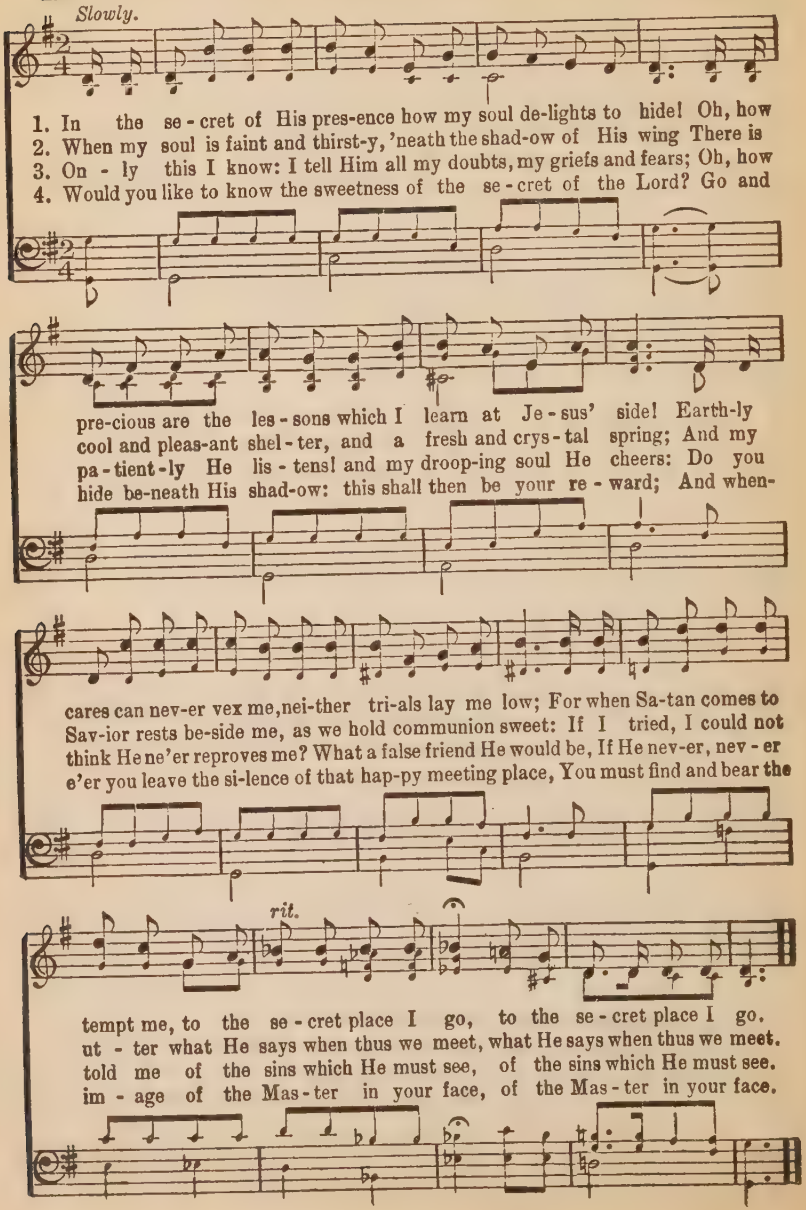
RENEWAL.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. Geo. C. Stebbins.


Slowly.
1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how pre-cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how pa - tient-ly He lis - tens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and hide be-neath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when-
cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
Sav-ior rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev - er
e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meeting place, You must find and bear the
rit.
tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

No. 203.

Roll, Billows, Roll!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HUNT & SCHOLFIELD.
R. H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, billows, roll! I fear naught on
2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, billows, roll! All God's host sur-
3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as - sail, Roll, billows, roll! In God's might I
4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say "Roll, billows, roll! Christ is keep - ing

CHORUS.

sea or land, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
round my soul, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
shall pre - vail, so Roll, bil-lows, roll! Roll, bil - lows, roll!
me each day, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!"

Roll, bil-lows, roll! Je - sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from

f

ev -'ry foe; So roll, bil - lows, roll!..... Roll, bil - lows,

rit. *ff* *rit.*

roll! Je - sus is my an - chor and He'll keep my soul.

No. 204.

He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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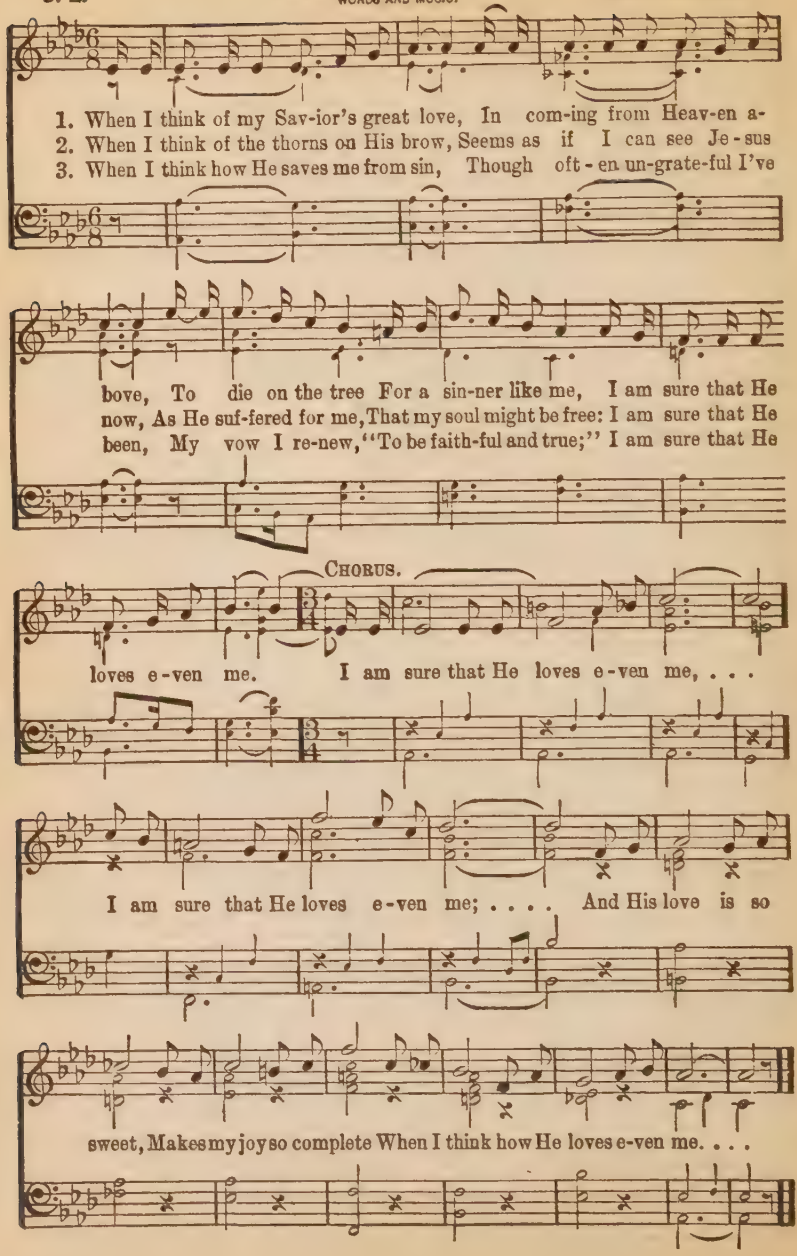
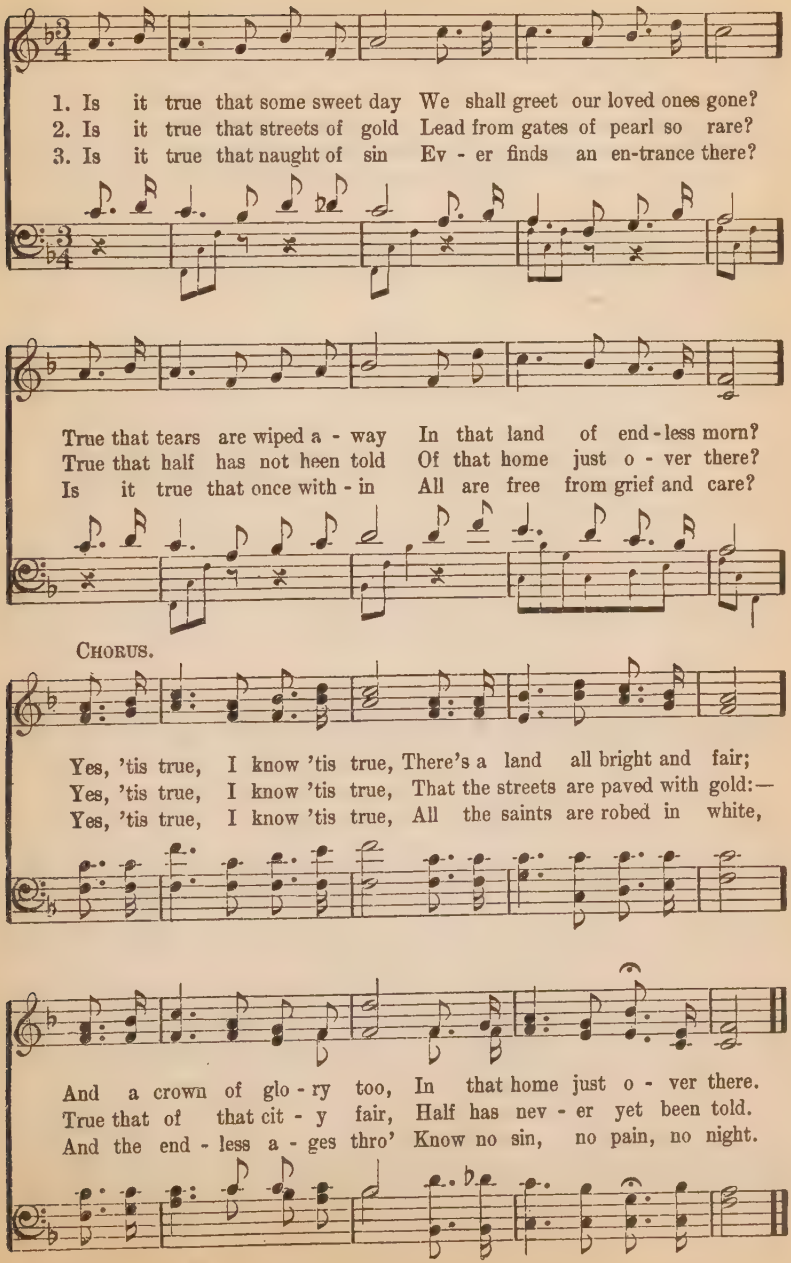
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've
bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He
CHORUS.
loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so
sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 205. Is It True?

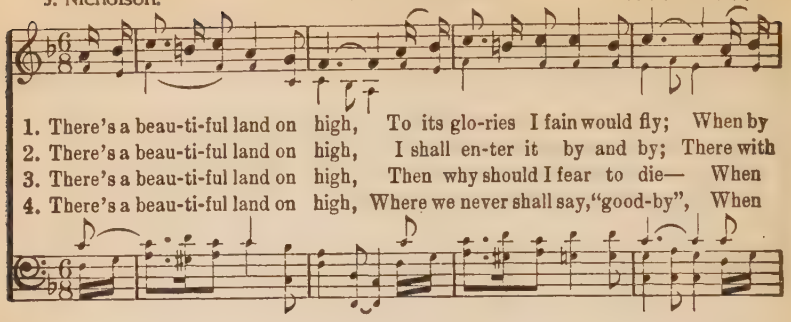
A. W. S.

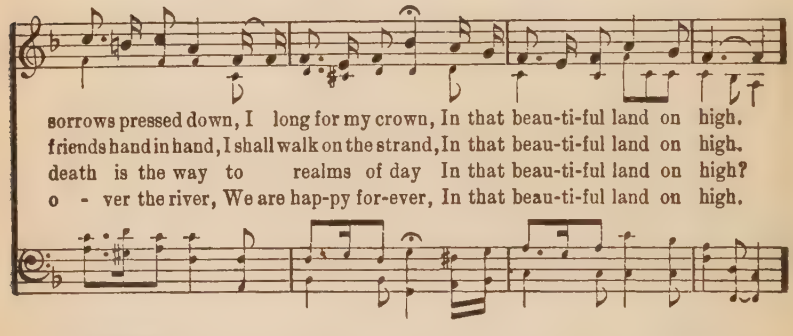
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Arthur Willis Spooner.

1. Is it true that some sweet day We shall greet our loved ones gone?
2. Is it true that streets of gold Lead from gates of pearl so rare?
3. Is it true that naught of sin Ev - er finds an en-trance there?
True that tears are wiped a - way In that land of end - less morn?
True that half has not been told Of that home just o - ver there?
Is it true that once with - in All are free from grief and care?
CHORUS.
Yes, 'tis true, I know 'tis true, There's a land all bright and fair;
Yes, 'tis true, I know 'tis true, That the streets are paved with gold:—
Yes, 'tis true, I know 'tis true, All the saints are robed in white,
And a crown of glo - ry too, In that home just o - ver there.
True that of that cit - y fair, Half has nev - er yet been told.
And the end - less a - ges thro' Know no sin, no pain, no night.

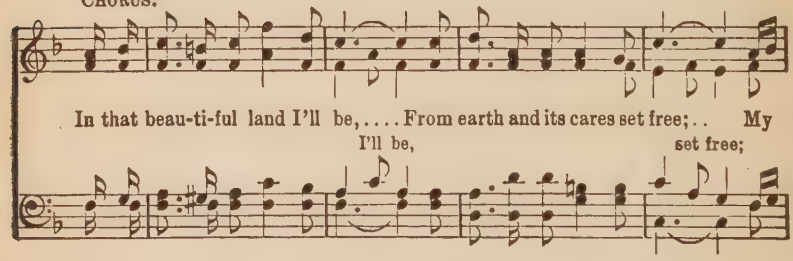
No. 206. That Beautiful Land On High.

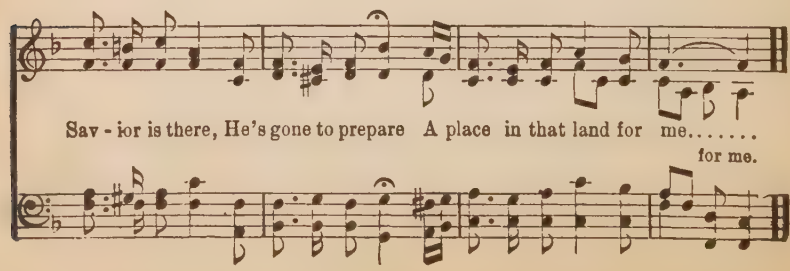
J. Nicholson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. C. H. Havens.


1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would fly; When by
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by; There with
3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Then why should I fear to die— When
4. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Where we never shall say, "good-by", When


sorrows pressed down, I long for my crown, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.
friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.
death is the way to realms of day In that beau-ti-ful land on high?
o - ver the river, We are hap-py for-ever, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.

CHORUS.





No. 207

Is It Not Wonderful?

S. L.

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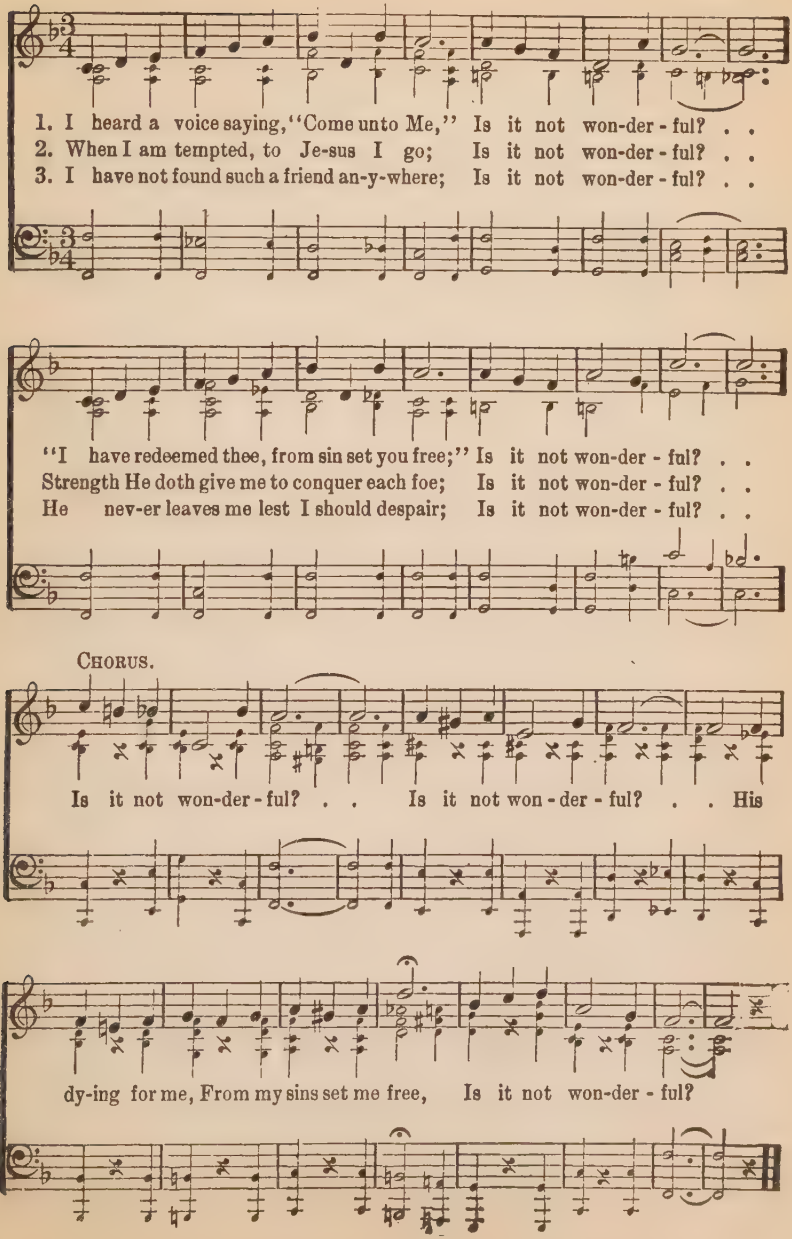
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.


1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der - ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der - ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
CHORUS.
Is it not won-der - ful? . . Is it not won - der - ful? . . His
dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der - ful?

No. 208. The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

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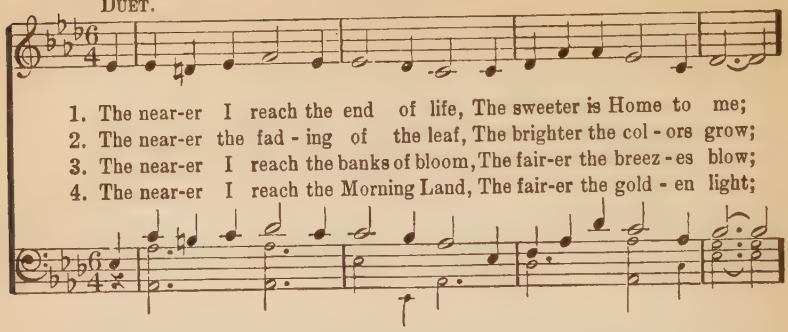
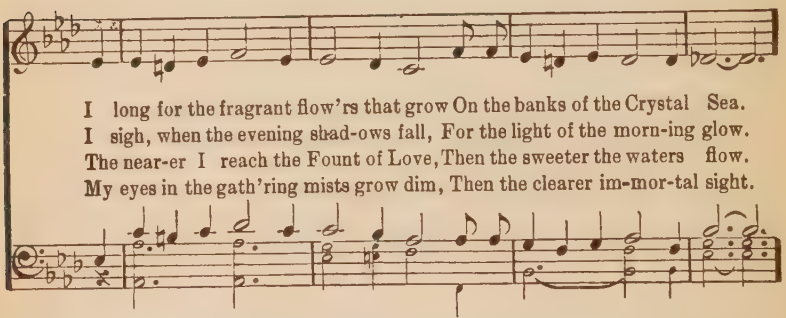
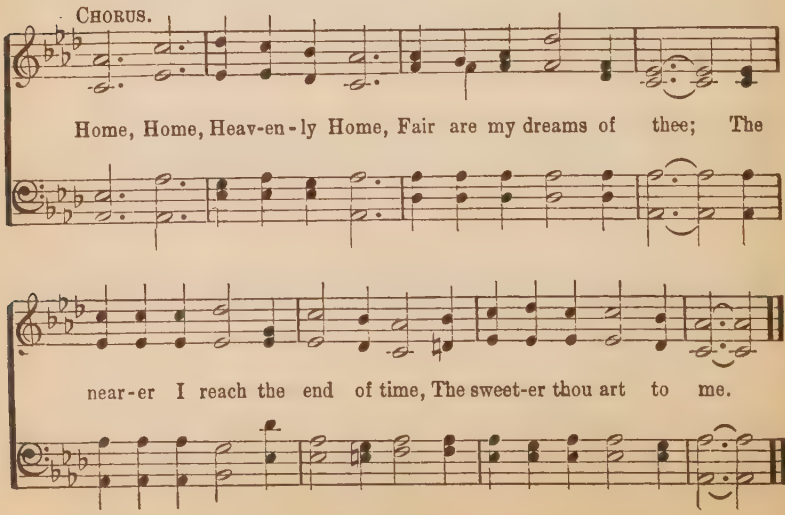
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweeter is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez - es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold - en light;


I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shad-ows fall, For the light of the morn-ing glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the waters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal sight.



No. 209. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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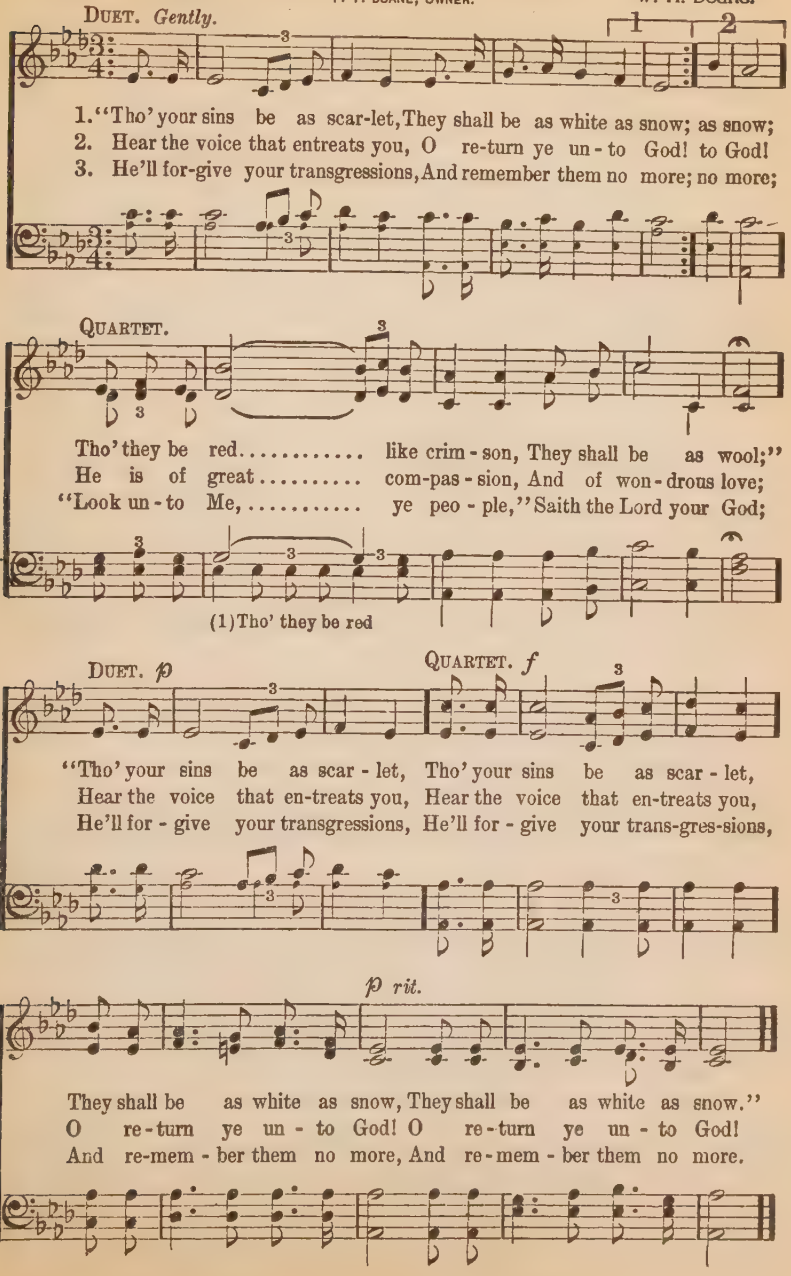
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.


DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to Me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
(1) Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,
p rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

No. 210.

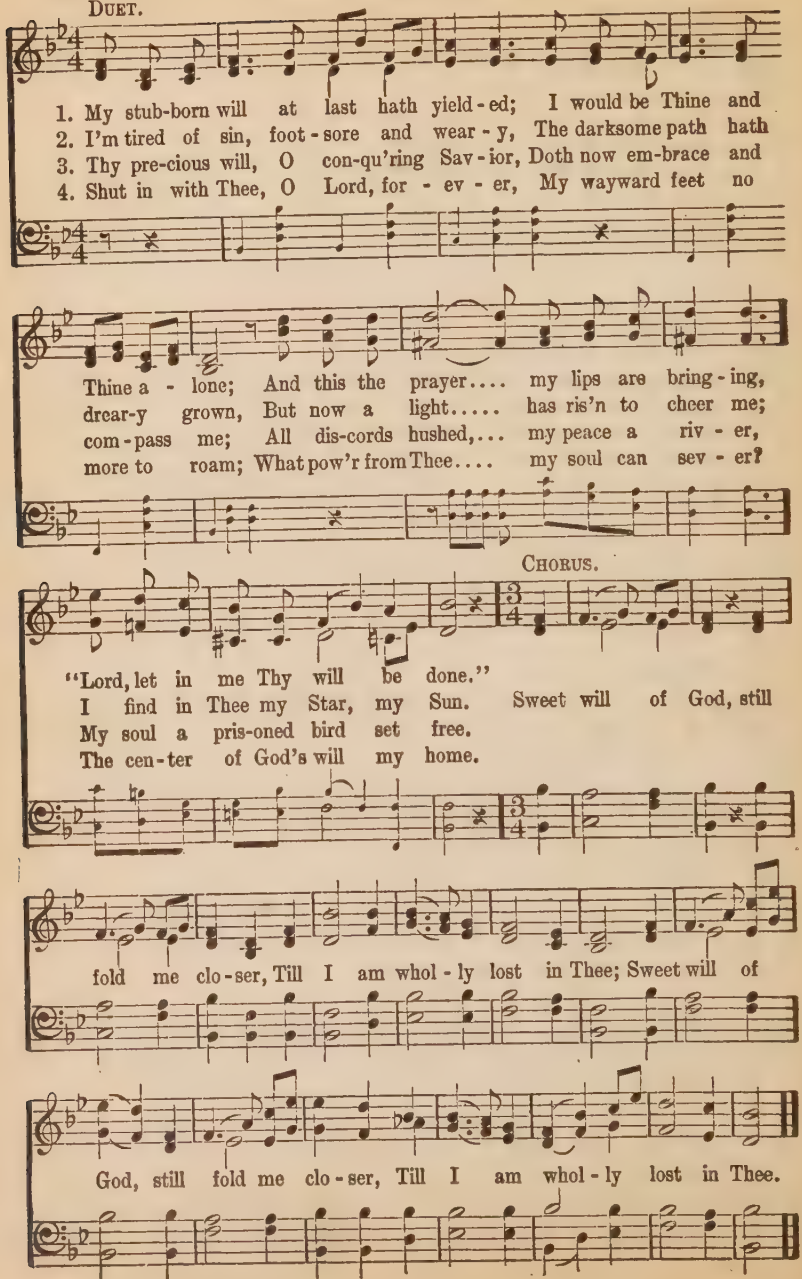
Sweet Will of God.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

Mrs. C. H. M.

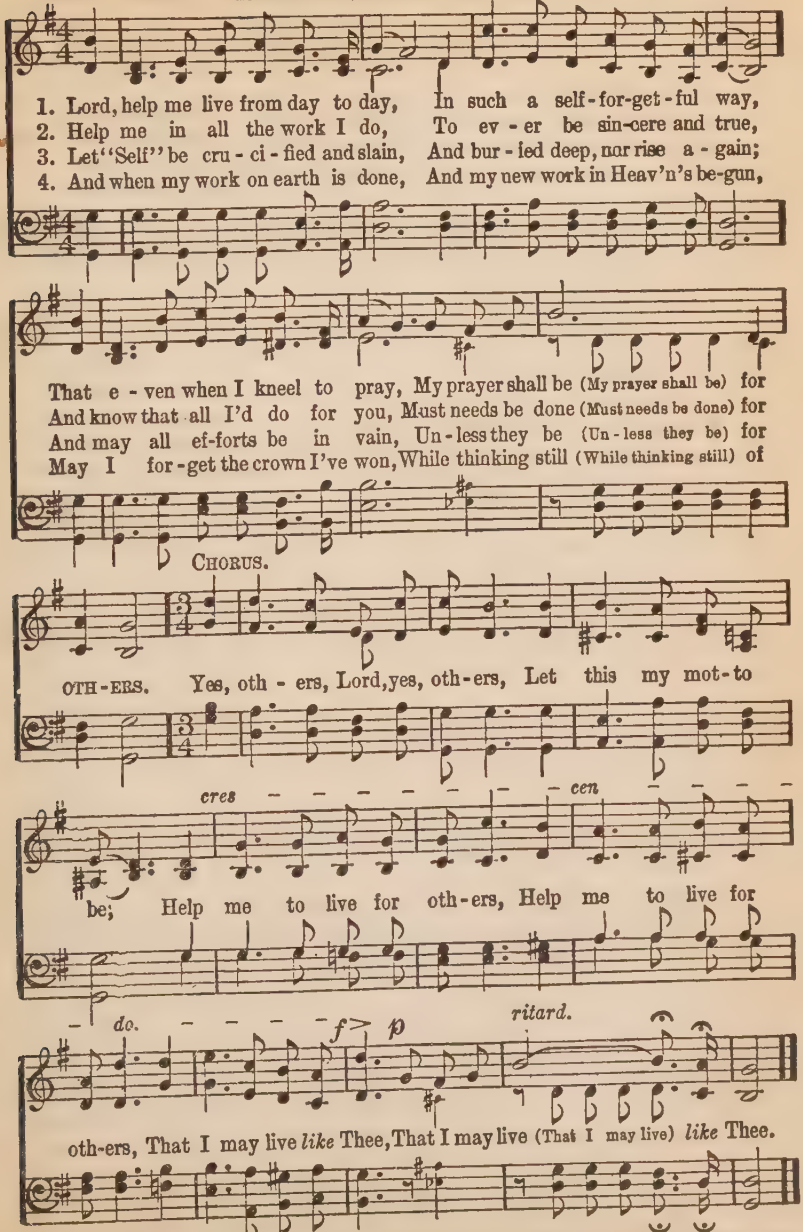
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.


1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wear-y, The darksome path hath
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-brace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My wayward feet no
Thine a-lone; And this the prayer.... my lips are bring-ing,
drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed,... my peace a riv-er,
more to roam; What pow'r from Thee.... my soul can sev-er?
CHORUS.
"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
The cen-ter of God's will my home.
fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of
God, still fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.

No. 211. "Others."

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. D. MEIGS.
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. D. Meigs. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Lord, help me live from day to day, In such a self-for-get-ful way,
2. Help me in all the work I do, To ev-er be sin-cere and true,
3. Let "Self" be cru-ci-fied and slain, And bur-ied deep, nor rise a-gain;
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in Heav'n's be-gun,
That e-ven when I kneel to pray, My prayer shall be (My prayer shall be) for
And know that all I'd do for you, Must needs be done (Must needs be done) for
And may all ef-forts be in vain, Un-less they be (Un-less they be) for
May I for-get the crown I've won, While thinking still (While thinking still) of
CHORUS.
OTH-ERS. Yes, oth-ers, Lord, yes, oth-ers, Let this my mot-to
cres cen
be; Help me to live for oth-ers, Help me to live for
do. f p ritard.
oth-ers, That I may live *like* Thee, That I may live (That I may live) *like* Thee.

Jan. 1, 1908, Gen. Ballington Booth dispatched this one word "Others" to all the Salvation Army Posts of the world. Mr. Meigs, catching the spirit of the message, couched it in this well-known poem.

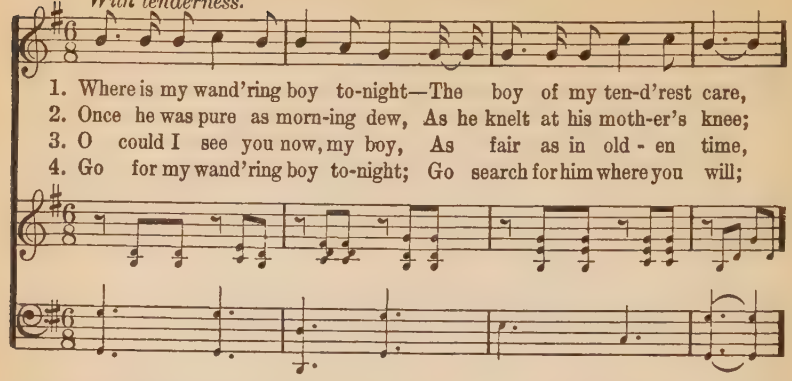
No. 212. Where is My Boy To-Night?

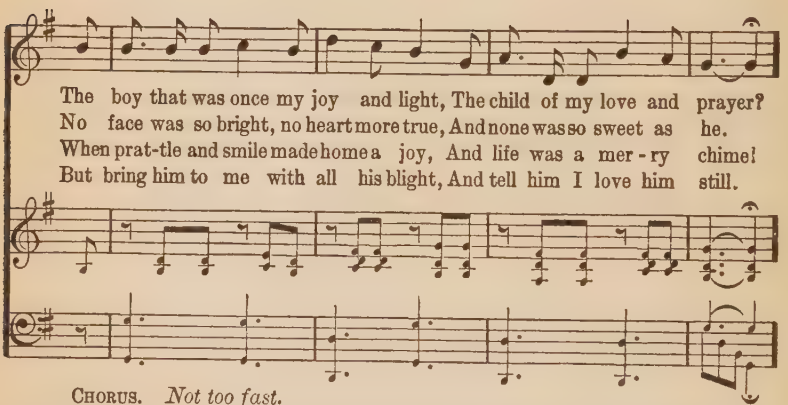
R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

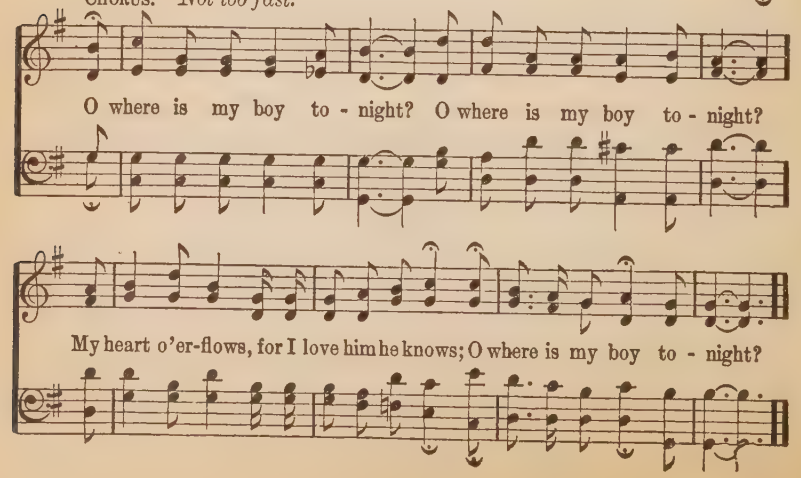
Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;

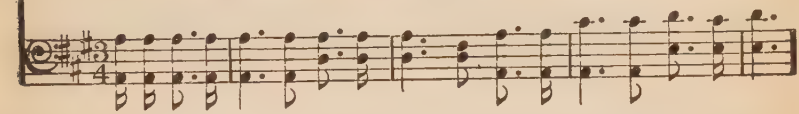
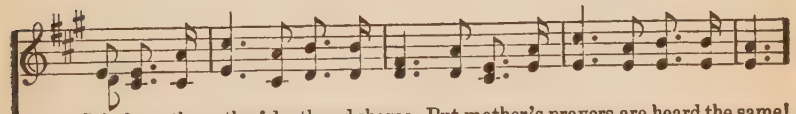

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

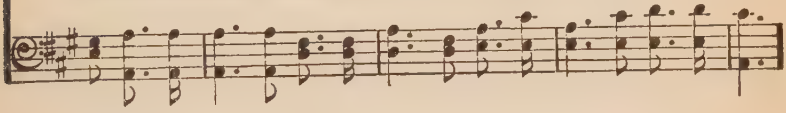
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

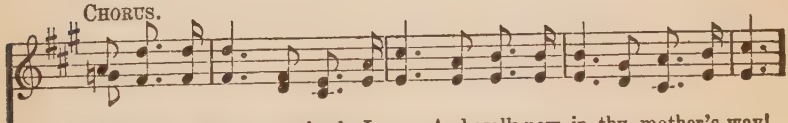


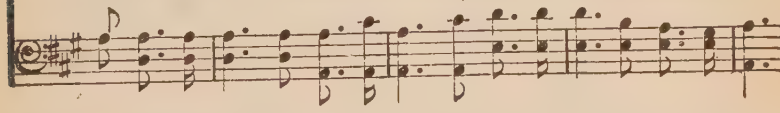
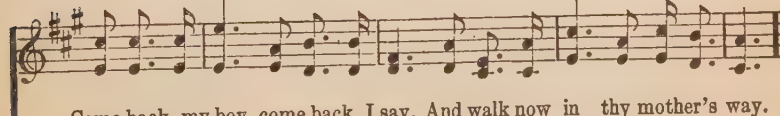
No. 213. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

J. H. W. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY PROF. J. H. WEBER. Prof. J. H. Weber.

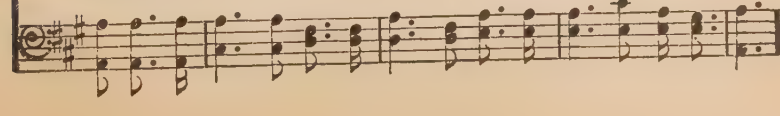
1. Can a boy forget his mother's prayer, When he has wandered, God knows where?
2. Can a boy for-get his moth-er's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with grace?
3. Can a boy for-get his moth-er's door, From which he wandered years be-fore?
4. Can a boy for-get that she is dead, Tho' many years have passed and fled?



It's down the path of death and shame, But mother's prayers are heard the same!
Her lov-ing voice it ech-oes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, be-yond the sky!"
Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-bye;" She waits to welcome thee on high!

CHORUS.



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way!



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.



No. 214. There's Someone In Heaven Thinking of Me.

W. L. T.

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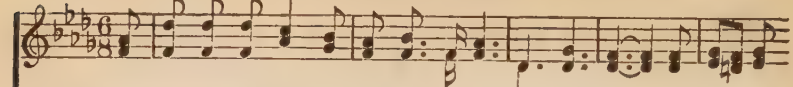
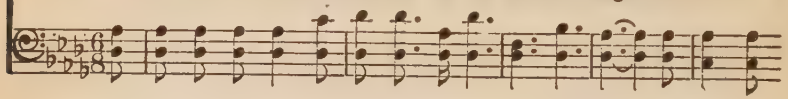
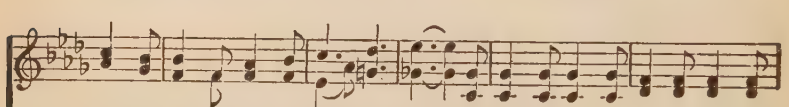
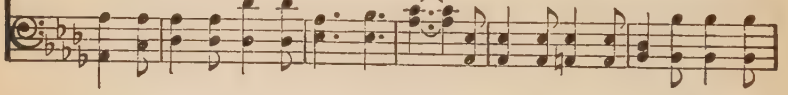
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

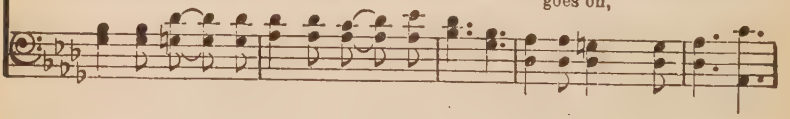
Will L. Thompson.



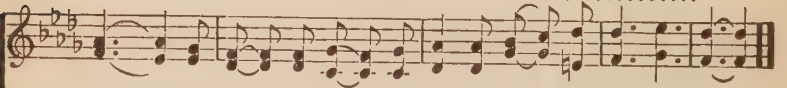
1. There's someone in Heav-en thinking of me, Oh, how sweet To have a
2. There's someone in Heav-en thinking of me, Now I know I've more dear
3. The Sav-ior in Heav'n is thinking of me, Blessed thought! He knows I

friend in Heav'n whom I shall some day greet. I know a dear one waiting there To
friends in Heav'n above than earth be-low. But here is where the race is run, And
need Him dai-ly, He for-gets me not. The many earthly friends now gone, They



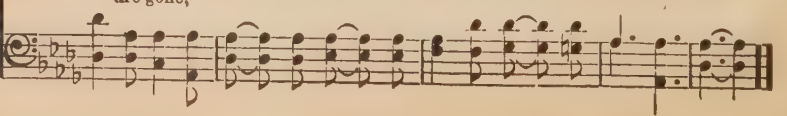
give a hand of welcome, where The an-gels sing.. and the ech-oes
an-gels sing,
here I'll finish the work be-gun, Till my race is run... and my work is
is run,
may for-get me as time goes on, As time goes on..... and friends are
goes on,



cres......

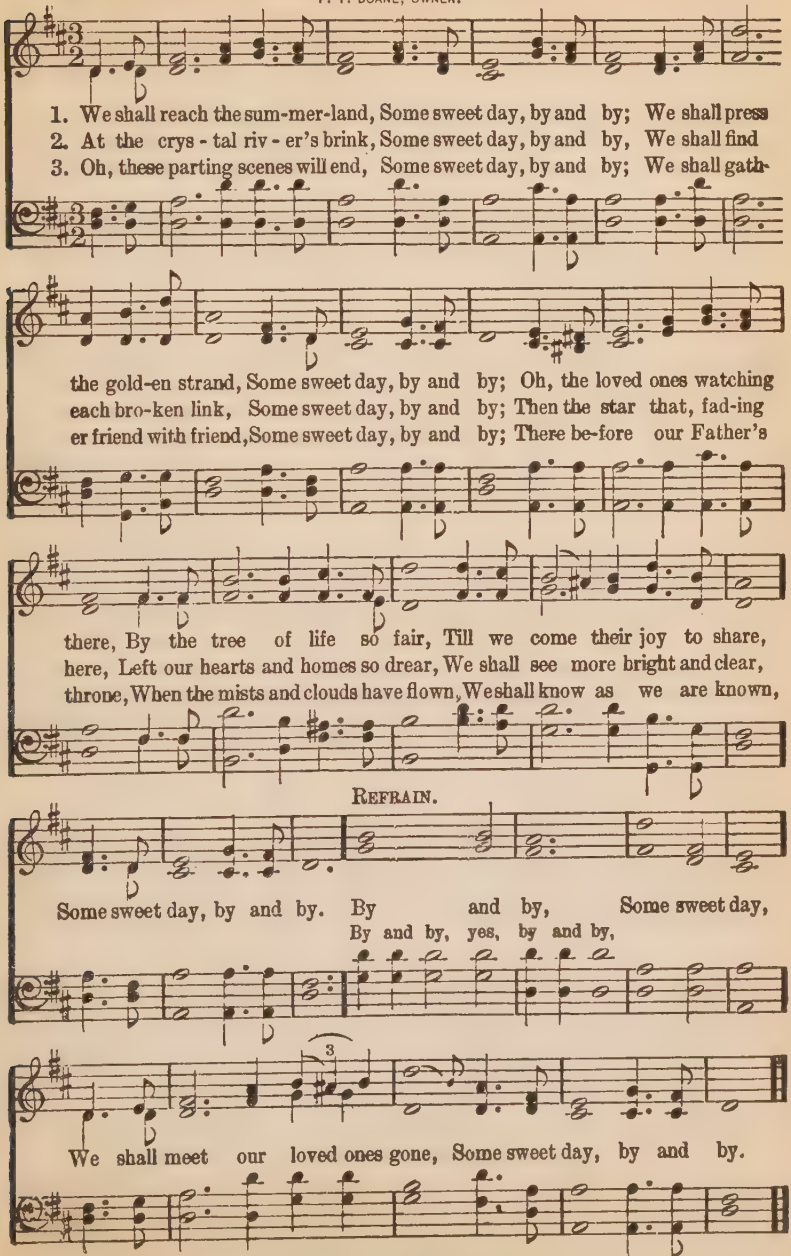


ring With bless-ed-ness and hap-pi-ness, Our souls to greet.
ech-oes ring,
done, And be con-tent till life is spent, And my work is done.
is done,
gone, But Je-sus remembers me ev-'ry moment As time goes on.
are gone,



No. 215. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

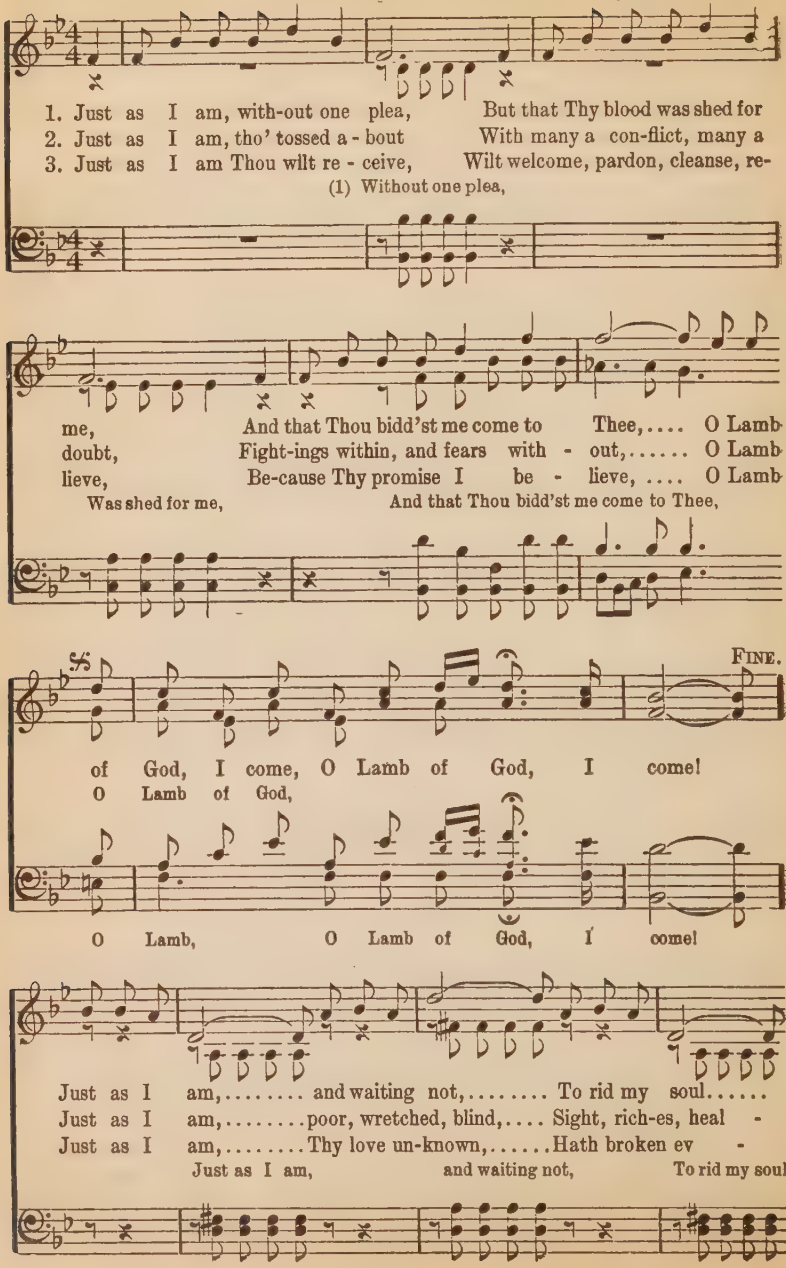
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by, We shall find
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath-
the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the loved ones watching
each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing
er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our Father's
there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share,
here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,
REFRAIN.
Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day,
By and by, yes, by and by,
3
We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

No. 216. Just As I Am.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Arr. from Verdi
by J. B. Herbert.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con-flict, many a
3. Just as I am Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
(1) Without one plea,
me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,.... O Lamb
doubt, Fight-ings within, and fears with - out,..... O Lamb
lieve, Be-cause Thy promise I be - lieve, ... O Lamb
Was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
FINE.
of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God,
O Lamb, O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am,..... and waiting not,..... To rid my soul.....
Just as I am,.....poor, wretched, blind,.... Sight, rich-es, heal -
Just as I am,.....Thy love un-known,.....Hath broken ev -
Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul

Just as I Am.

D. S.

rit. *a tempo.*

of one dark blot,... To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,.... O Lamb
ing of the mind,.. Yea, all I need in Thee to find,..... O Lamb
'ry bar-rier down,.. Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone,..... O Lamb

To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,

No. 217. Thy Love to Me.

Mrs. Mary E. Gates. Samuel S. Wesley.

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me; Not mine to
2. Thy rec - ord I be - lieve, Thy word to me; Thy love I
3. Im - mor - tal love of Thine! Thy sac - ri - fice, In - fi - nite
4. Let me more clear - ly trace Thy love to me; See in the

Thee, I plead, Not mine to Thee: This is my com-fort strong,
now re - ceive, Full, change-less, free,— Love from the sin - less Son,
need of mine On - ly sup - plies. Streams of di - vin - est pow'r,
Fa - ther's face, His love to Thee; Know as He loves the Son,

This is my on - ly song, This is my on - ly song, Thy love to me.
Love to the sin - ful one, Love to the sin - ful one, Thy love to me.
Flow to me, hour by hour, Flow to me hour by hour, Thy love to me.
So dost Thou love Thine own, So dost Thou love Thine own, Thy love to me.

No. 218. Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall-en to rise;
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci-ful, lov-ing and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
Giv-ing a hand, Bid-ding to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came lov-ing and cheer - ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food, . .
Cheering the bro - ken-heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears, . .
Je - sus came sav-ing the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er-come, . .

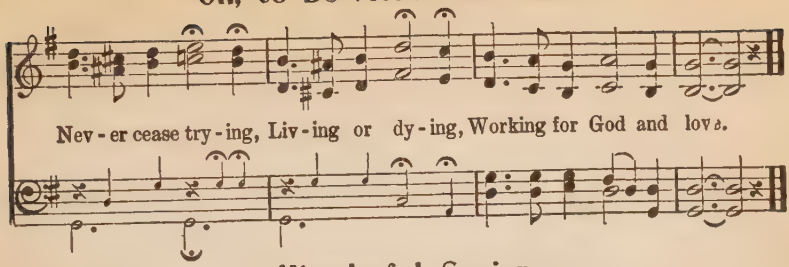
pp

Help-ing the poor and the need - y,— Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing man - y in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu - ing per - ish-ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

CHORUS.

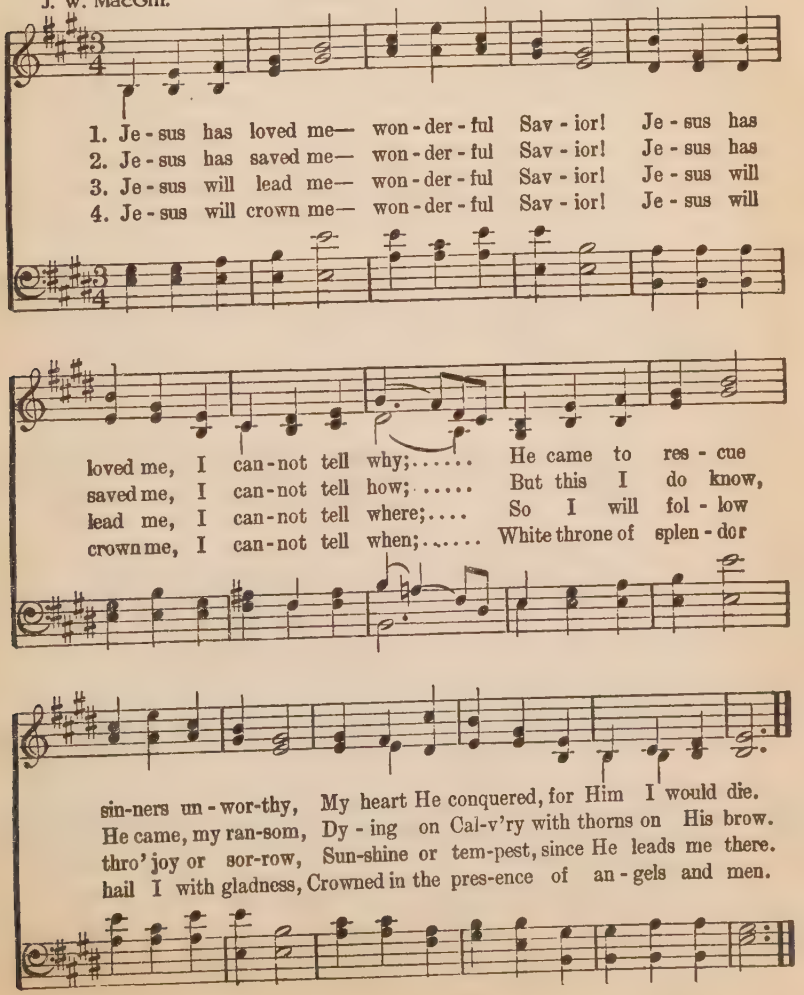
More, more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.



No. 219. Wonderful Savior.

J. W. MacGill. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
loved me, I can - not tell why;..... He came to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how;..... But this I do know,
lead me, I can - not tell where;.... So I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen - dor
sin - ners un - wor - thy, My heart He conquered, for Him I would die.
He came, my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - v'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun - shine or tem - pest, since He leads me there.
hail I with gladness, Crowned in the pres - ence of an - gels and men.

No. 220. Homeward, Heavenward Bound.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. This earth is not my a - bi-ding-place, this world is not my home,
2. A won-der-ful cit - y of pal - a - ces He doth for us pre - pare,
3. My Sav-ior's hand all the voy-age thro' holds stead-y at the helm,

I'm go - ing home to be with Je - sus, A lit - tle while to be
I'm go - ing home to be with Je - sus, Where all the faithful shall
I'm go - ing home to be with Je - sus; The har - bor bless-ed by

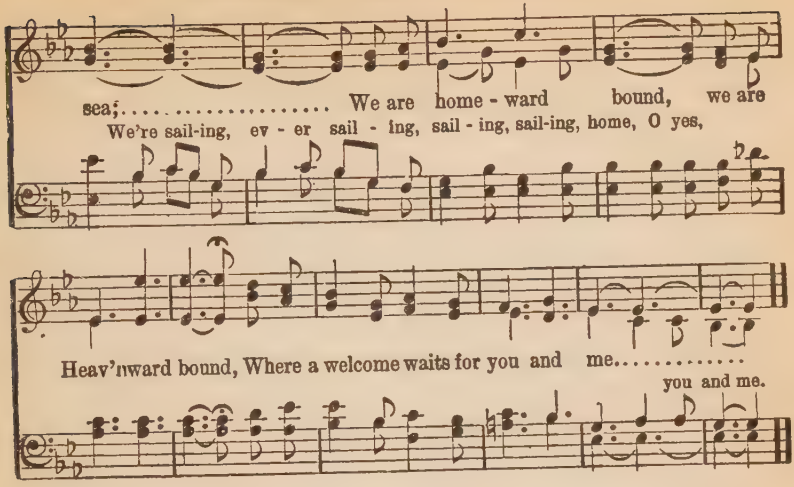
tem - pest-tossed up - on the bil - low's foam, I'm go - ing home to
rest at last and in His glo - ry share, I'm go - ing home to
faith I view, the new Je - ru - sa - lem, I'm go - ing home to

CHORUS.

be with Je - sus. We are home - ward bound, we are
We are sail-ing, sail-ing home, O yes, we are

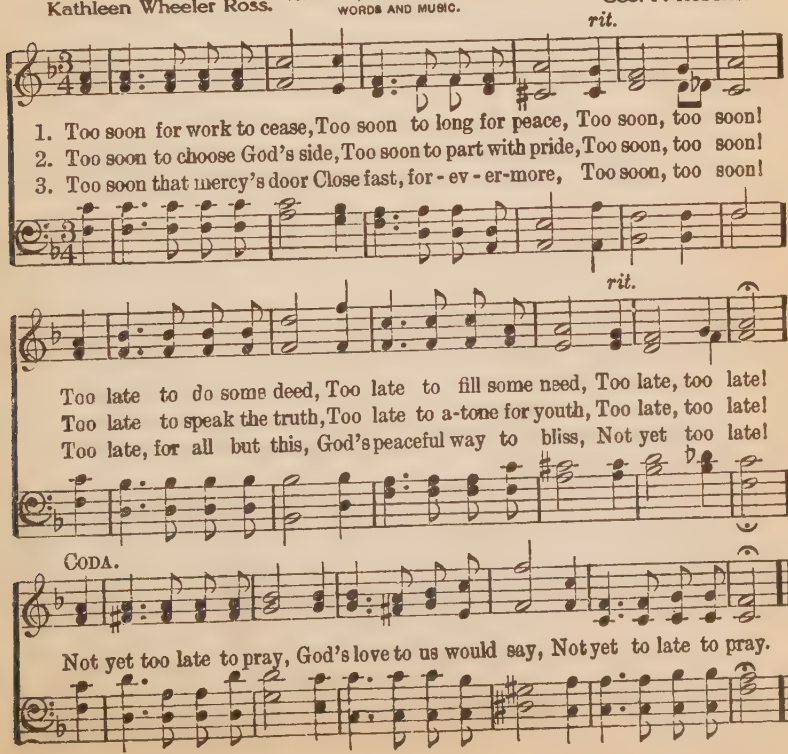
home - ward bound, We are sail - ing o'er a wild, tem-pes-tuous
sailing, sailing, home-ward bound.

Homeward, Heavenward Bound.


sea;..... We are home - ward bound, we are
We're sail-ing, ev - er sail - ing, sail - ing, sail-ing, home, O yes,
Heav'nward bound, Where a welcome waits for you and me.....
you and me.

No. 221. Too Soon, Too Late.

Kathleen Wheeler Ross. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Geo. F. Rosche.


rit.
1. Too soon for work to cease, Too soon to long for peace, Too soon, too soon!
2. Too soon to choose God's side, Too soon to part with pride, Too soon, too soon!
3. Too soon that mercy's door Close fast, for - ev - er-more, Too soon, too soon!
rit.
Too late to do some deed, Too late to fill some need, Too late, too late!
Too late to speak the truth, Too late to a-tone for youth, Too late, too late!
Too late, for all but this, God's peaceful way to bliss, Not yet too late!
CODA.
Not yet too late to pray, God's love to us would say, Not yet to late to pray.

No. 222.

My Mother's Songs.

To my Mother.

J. J. B.

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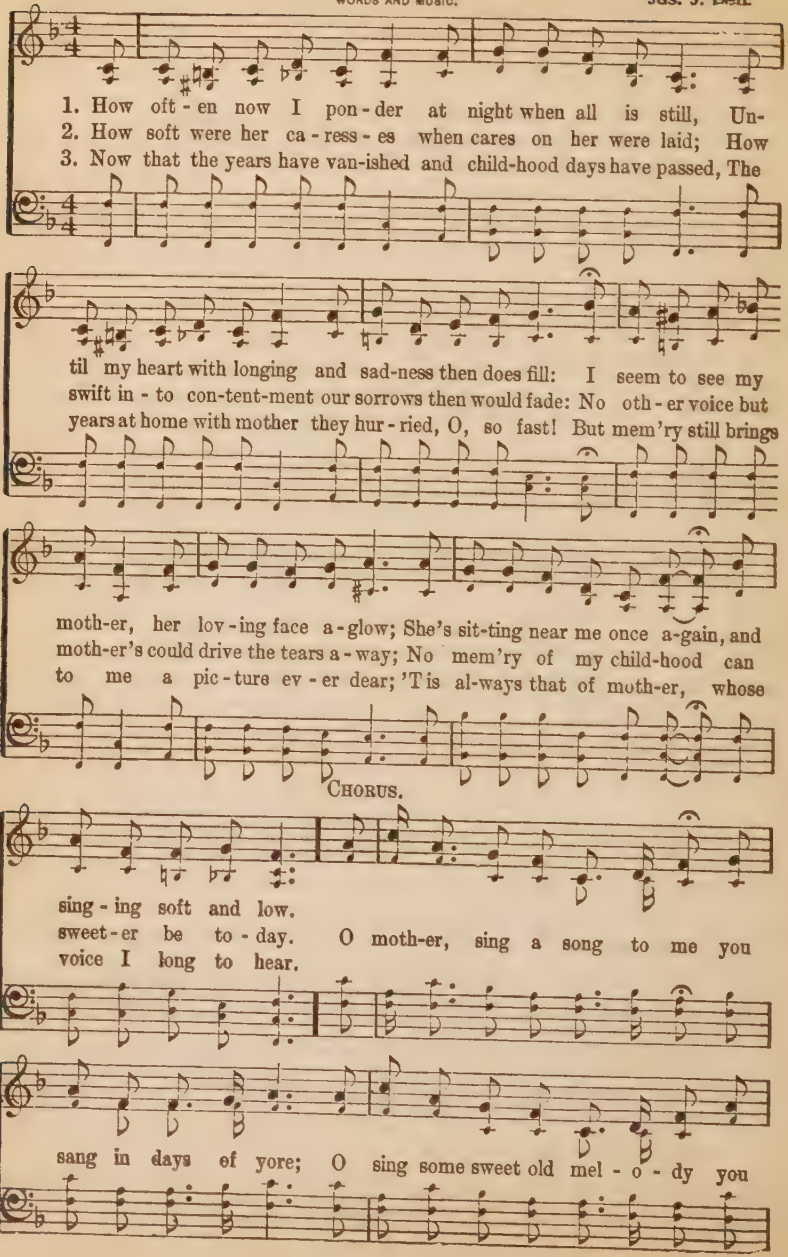
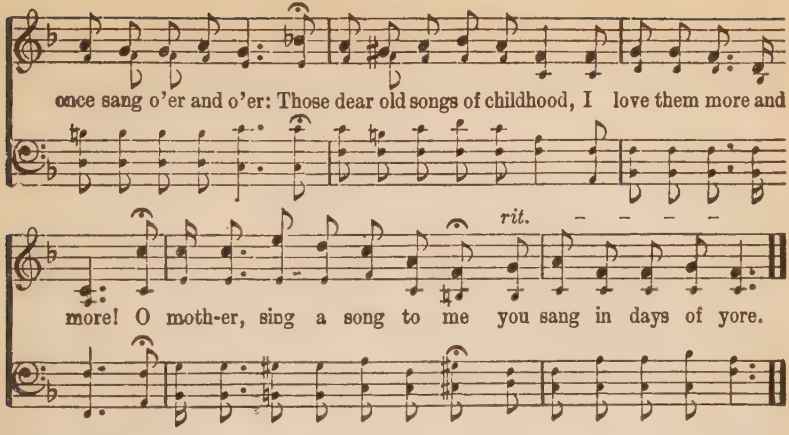
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jas. J. Bell.


1. How oft - en now I pon - der at night when all is still, Un-
2. How soft were her ca - ress - es when cares on her were laid; How
3. Now that the years have van-ished and child-hood days have passed, The
til my heart with longing and sad-ness then does fill: I seem to see my
swift in - to con-tent-ment our sorrows then would fade: No oth - er voice but
years at home with mother they hur - ried, O, so fast! But mem'ry still brings
moth-er, her lov - ing face a - glow; She's sit-ting near me once a-gain, and
moth-er's could drive the tears a - way; No mem'ry of my child-hood can
to me a pic - ture ev - er dear; 'T is al-ways that of moth-er, whose
CHORUS.
sing - ing soft and low.
sweet - er be to - day. O moth-er, sing a song to me you
voice I long to hear.
sang in days of yore; O sing some sweet old mel - o - dy you

My Mother's Songs.


once sang o'er and o'er: Those dear old songs of childhood, I love them more and
rit.
more! O moth-er, sing a song to me you sang in days of yore.

No. 223. What Then?

E. J.

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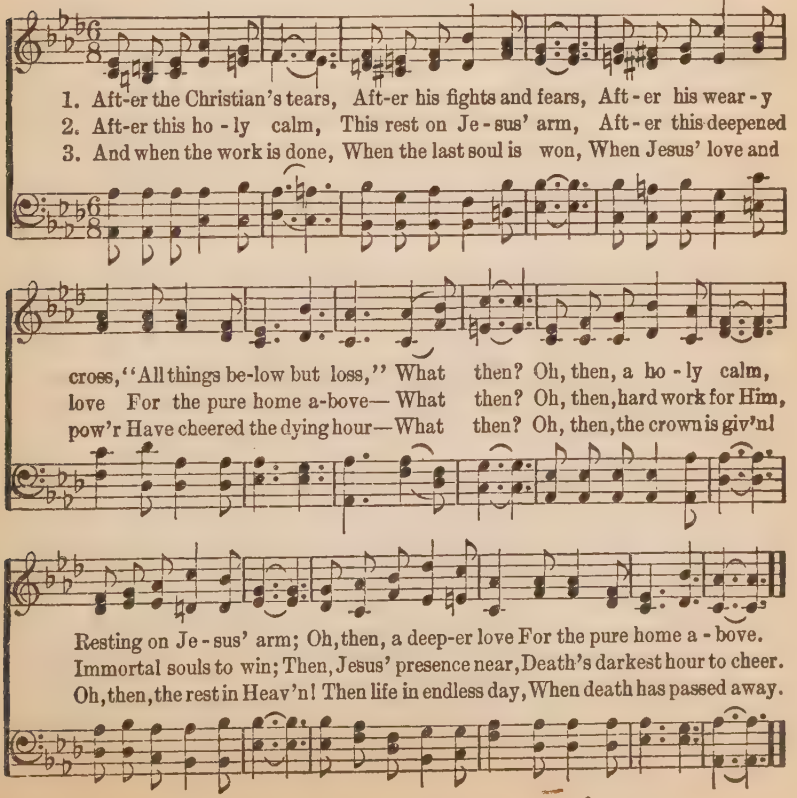
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Theo. E. Perkins.


1. Aft-er the Christian's tears, Aft-er his fights and fears, Aft-er his wear-y
2. Aft-er this ho-ly calm, This rest on Je-sus' arm, Aft-er this deepened
3. And when the work is done, When the last soul is won, When Jesus' love and
cross, "All things be-low but loss," What then? Oh, then, a ho-ly calm,
love For the pure home a-bove— What then? Oh, then, hard work for Him,
pow'r Have cheered the dying hour—What then? Oh, then, the crown is giv'n!
Resting on Je-sus' arm; Oh, then, a deep-er love For the pure home a-bove.
Immortal souls to win; Then, Jesus' presence near, Death's darkest hour to cheer.
Oh, then, the rest in Heav'n! Then life in endless day, When death has passed away.

No. 224.

The King of Kings.

C. H. G.

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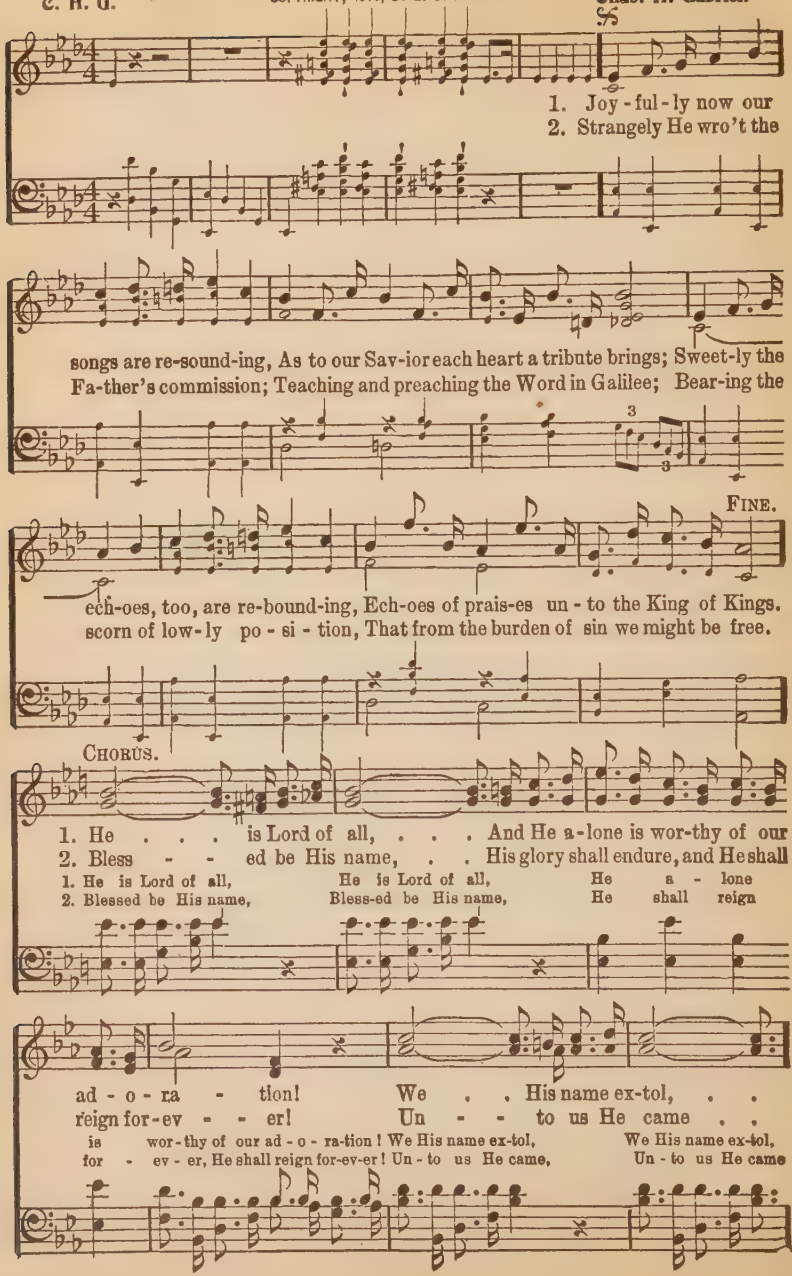
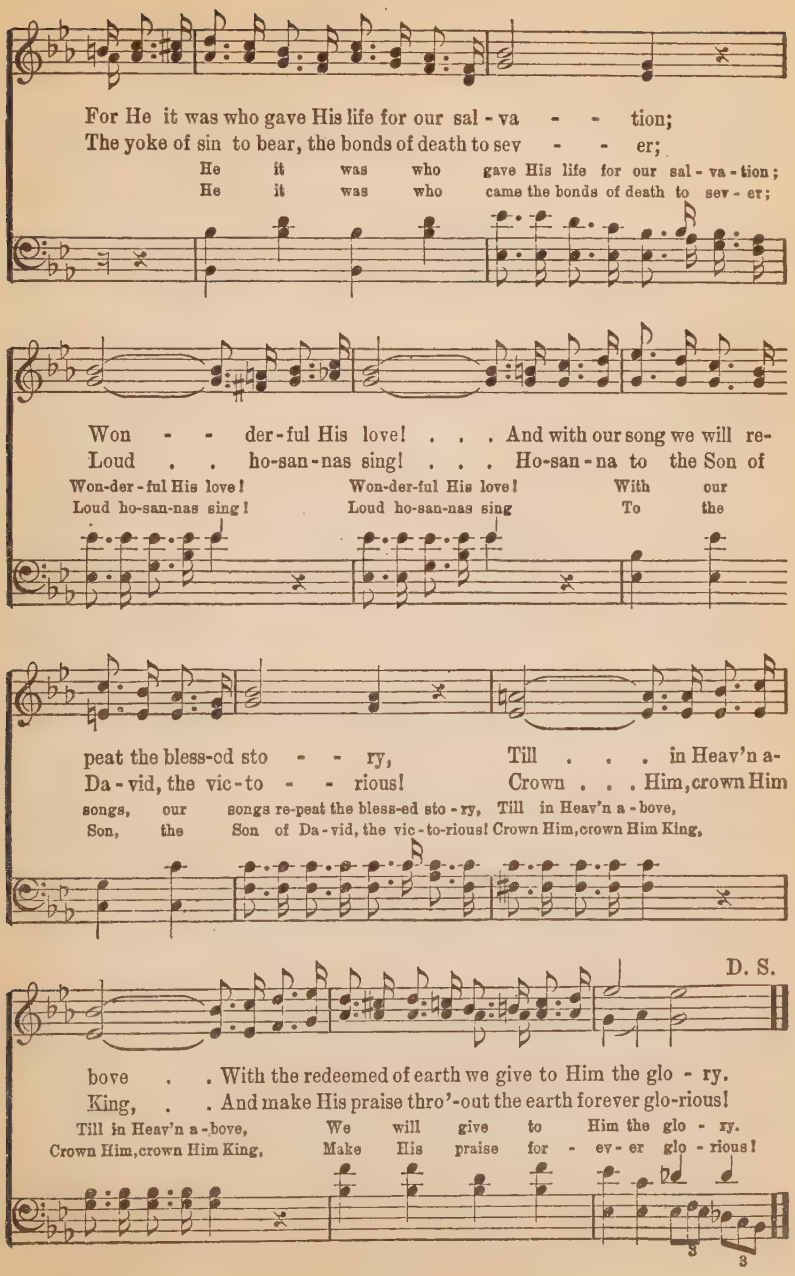
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Joy - ful - ly now our
2. Strangely He wro't the
songs are re-sound-ing, As to our Sav-ior each heart a tribute brings; Sweet-ly the
Fa-ther's commission; Teaching and preaching the Word in Galilee; Bear-ing the
FINE.
ech-oes, too, are re-bound-ing, Ech-oes of prais-es un - to the King of Kings.
scorn of low-ly po - si - tion, That from the burden of sin we might be free.
CHORUS.
1. He . . . is Lord of all, . . . And He a-lone is wor-thy of our
2. Bless - - - ed be His name, . . His glory shall endure, and He shall
1. He is Lord of all, He is Lord of all, He a - lone
2. Blessed be His name, Bless-ed be His name, He shall reign
ad - o - ra - tion! We . . His name ex-tol, . .
reign for-ev - - er! Un - - to us He came . .
is wor-thy of our ad - o - ra-tion! We His name ex-tol, We His name ex-tol,
for - ev - er, He shall reign for-ev-er! Un - to us He came, Un - to us He came

The King of Kings.

For He it was who gave His life for our sal - va - - tion;
The yoke of sin to bear, the bonds of death to sev - - er;
He it was who gave His life for our sal - va - tion;
He it was who came the bonds of death to sev - er;
Won - - der - ful His love! . . . And with our song we will re-
Loud . . ho-san-nas sing! . . . Ho-san-na to the Son of
Won-der-ful His love!
Loud ho-san-nas sing!
Won-der-ful His love!
Loud ho-san-nas sing
With our
To the
peat the bless-ed sto - - ry, Till . . . in Heav'n a-
Da - vid, the vic - to - - rious! Crown . . . Him, crown Him
songs, our songs re-peat the bless-ed sto - ry, Till in Heav'n a - bove,
Son, the Son of Da - vid, the vic - to-rious! Crown Him, crown Him King,
D. S.
bove . . With the redeemed of earth we give to Him the glo - ry.
King, . . And make His praise thro'-out the earth forever glo-rious!
Till in Heav'n a - bove,
Crown Him, crown Him King,
We will give to Him the glo - ry.
Make His praise for - ev - er glo - rious!

No. 225. Lo! Jesus Comes.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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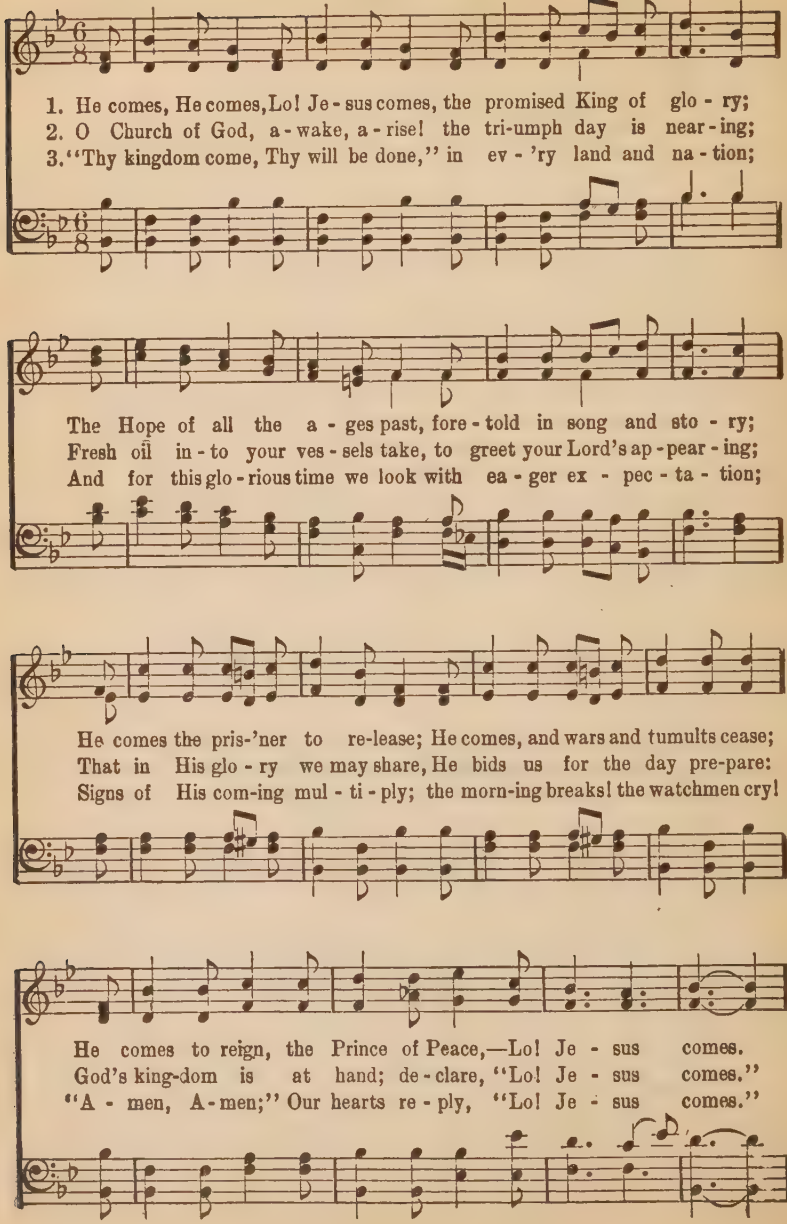
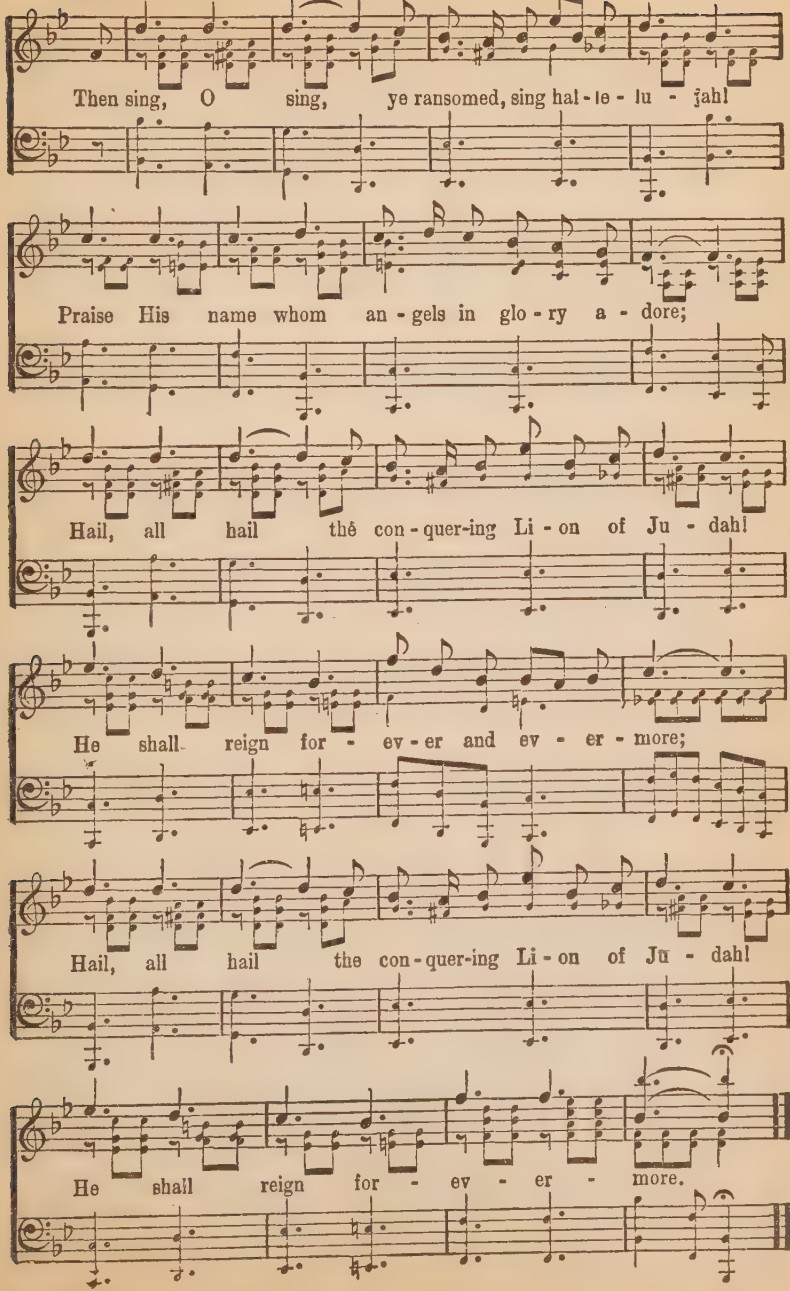
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;
He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre-pare:
Signs of His com-ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!
He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
God's king-dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."

Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal-le-lu-jah!
Praise His name whom an-gels in glo-ry a-dore;
Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!
He shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er-more;
Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!
He shall reign for-ev-er-more.

No. 226. To the Harvest-Field.

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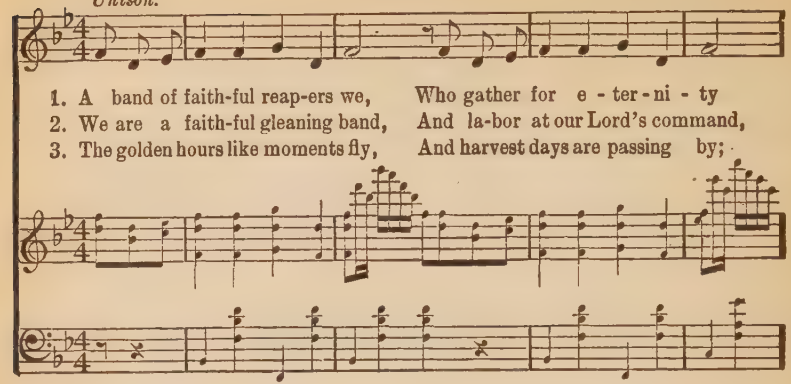
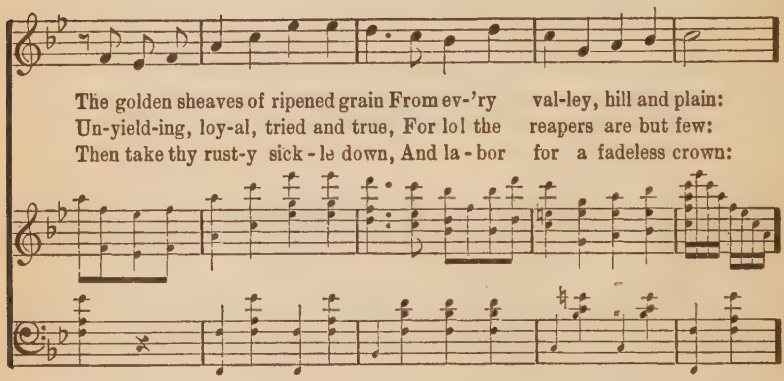
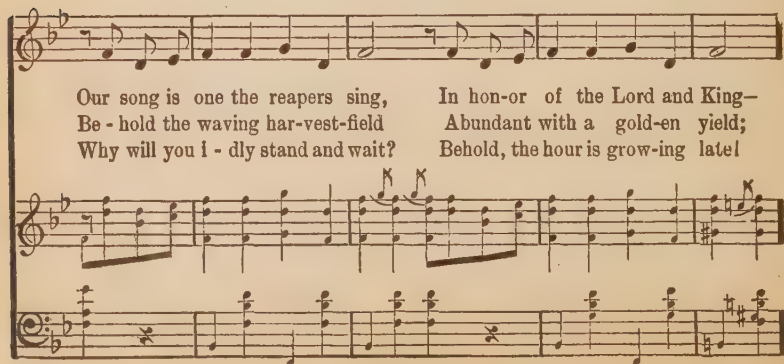
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

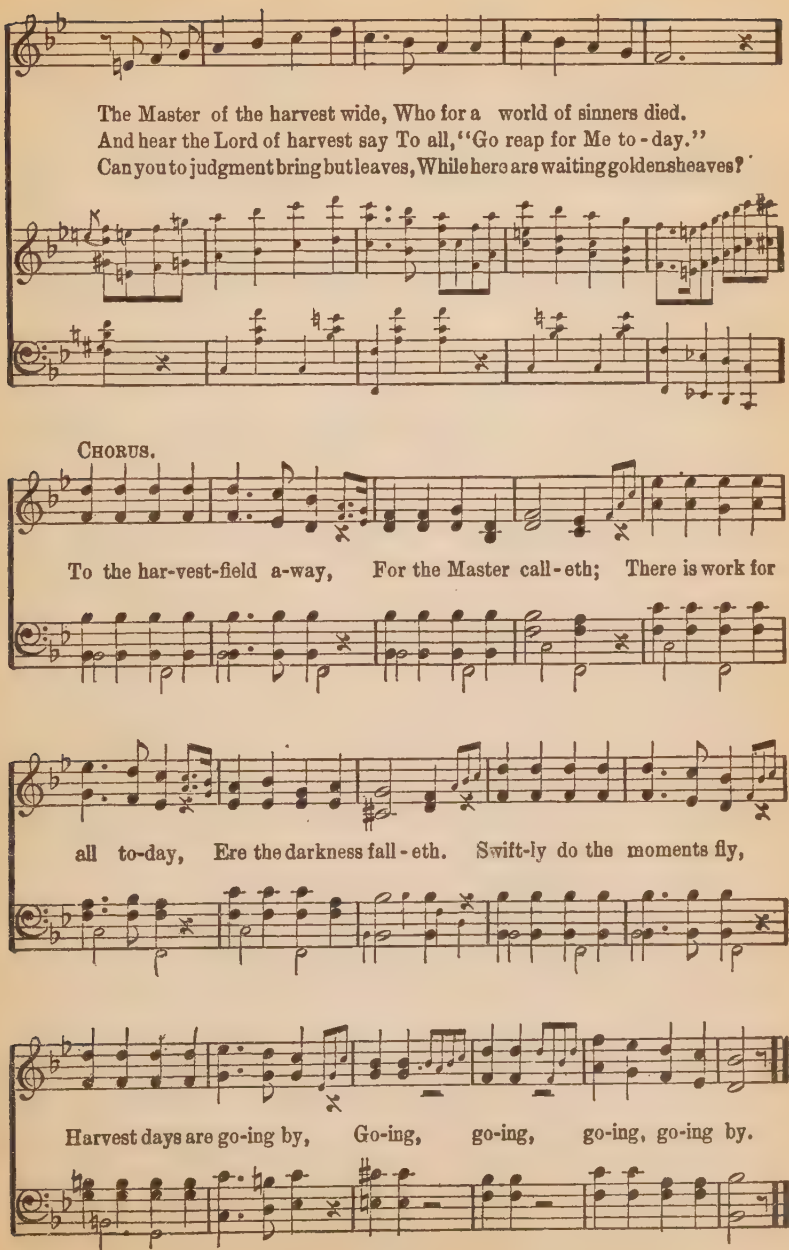
Unison.


1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by;


The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fadeless crown:


Our song is one the reapers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King—
Be - hold the waving har-vest-field Abundant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i - dly stand and wait? Behold, the hour is grow-ing late!

To the Harvest-Field.


The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?
CHORUS.
To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Master call-eth; There is work for
all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly,
Harvest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 227. The Voice of Many Angels.

Ida M. Budd.

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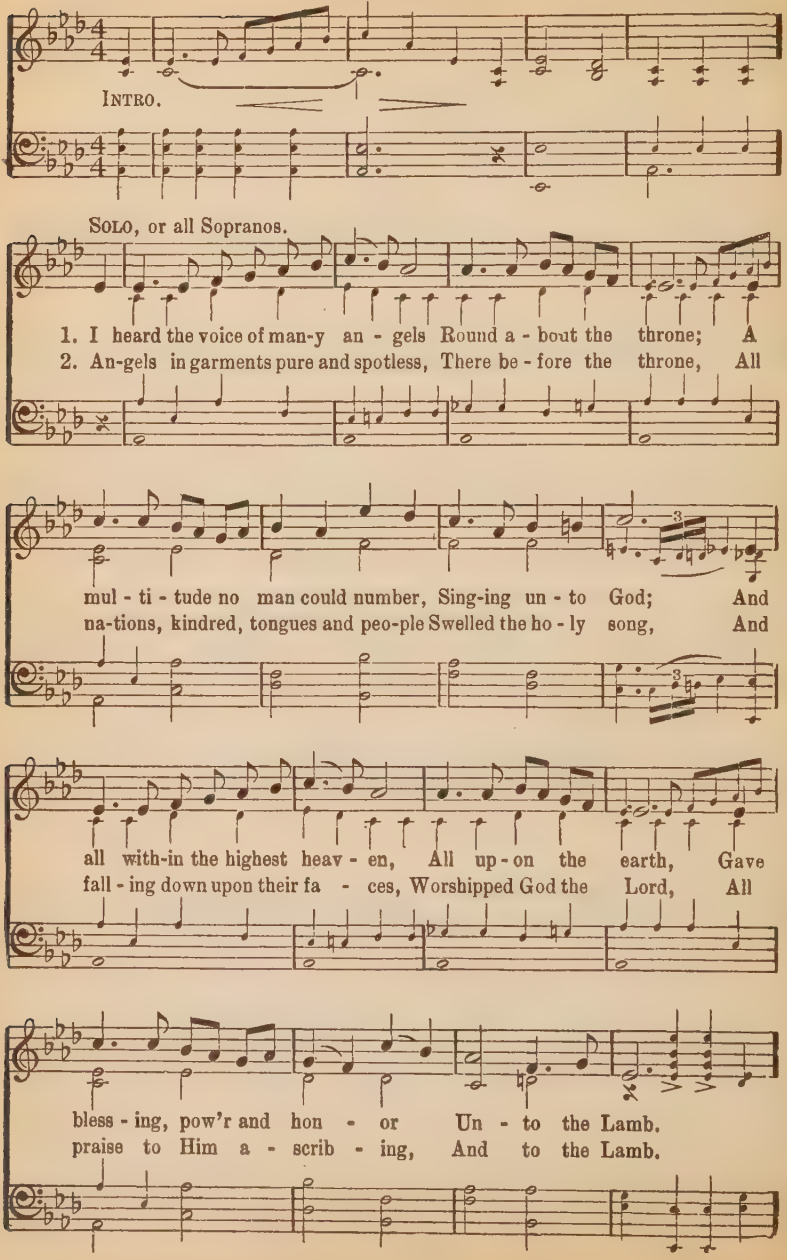
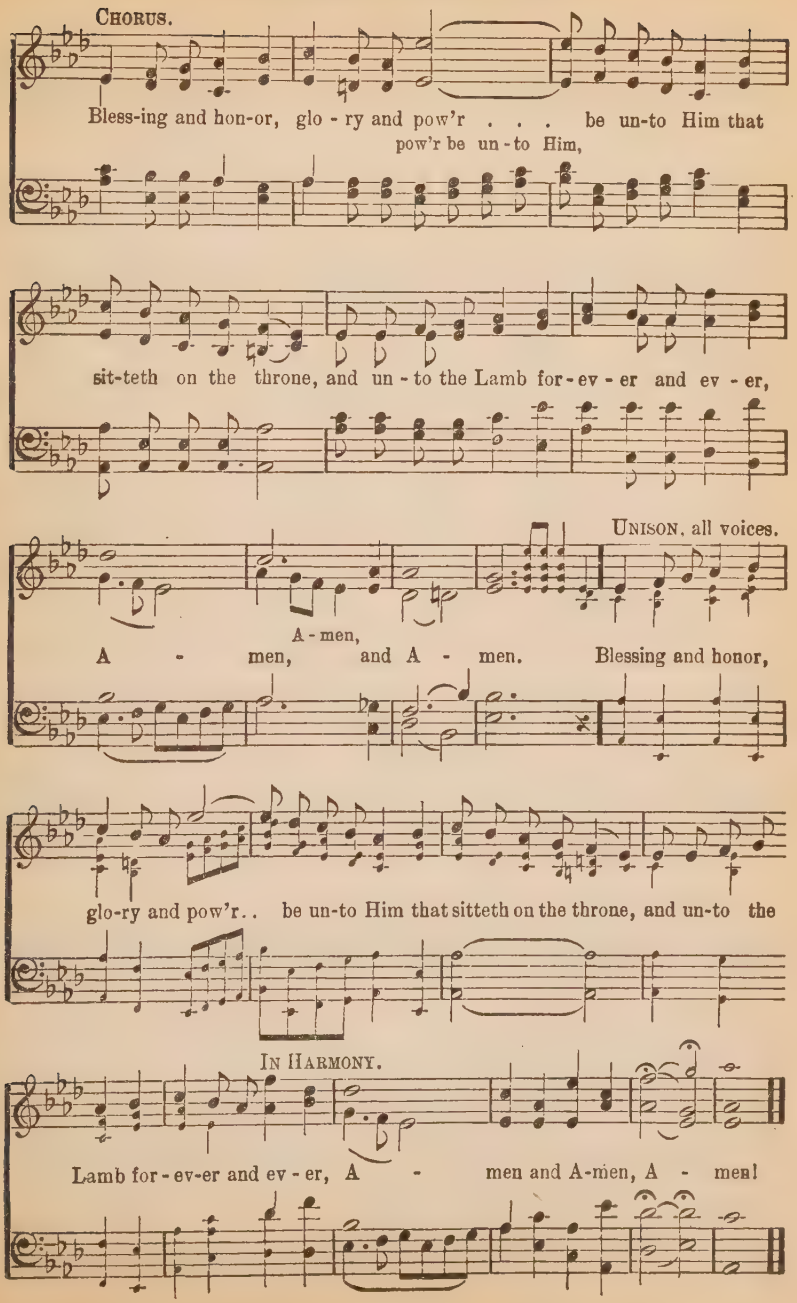
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

INTRO.
SOLO, or all Sopranos.
1. I heard the voice of man-y an - gels Round a - bout the throne; A
2. An-gels in garments pure and spotless, There be - fore the throne, All
mul - ti - tude no man could number, Sing-ing un - to God; And
na-tions, kindred, tongues and peo-ple Swelled the ho - ly song, And
all with-in the highest heav - en, All up - on the earth, Gave
fall - ing down upon their fa - ces, Worshipped God the Lord, All
bless - ing, pow'r and hon - or Un - to the Lamb.
praise to Him a - scrib - ing, And to the Lamb.

The Voice of Many Angels.

Chorus.
Bless-ing and hon-or, glo - ry and pow'r . . . be un-to Him that
pow'r be un - to Him,
sit-teth on the throne, and un - to the Lamb for - ev - er and ev - er,
Unison, all voices.
A - men,
A - men, and A - men. Blessing and honor,
glo-ry and pow'r.. be un-to Him that sitteth on the throne, and un-to the
In Harmony.
Lamb for - ev-er and ev - er, A - men and A-men, A - men!

No. 228. I Am Redeemed.

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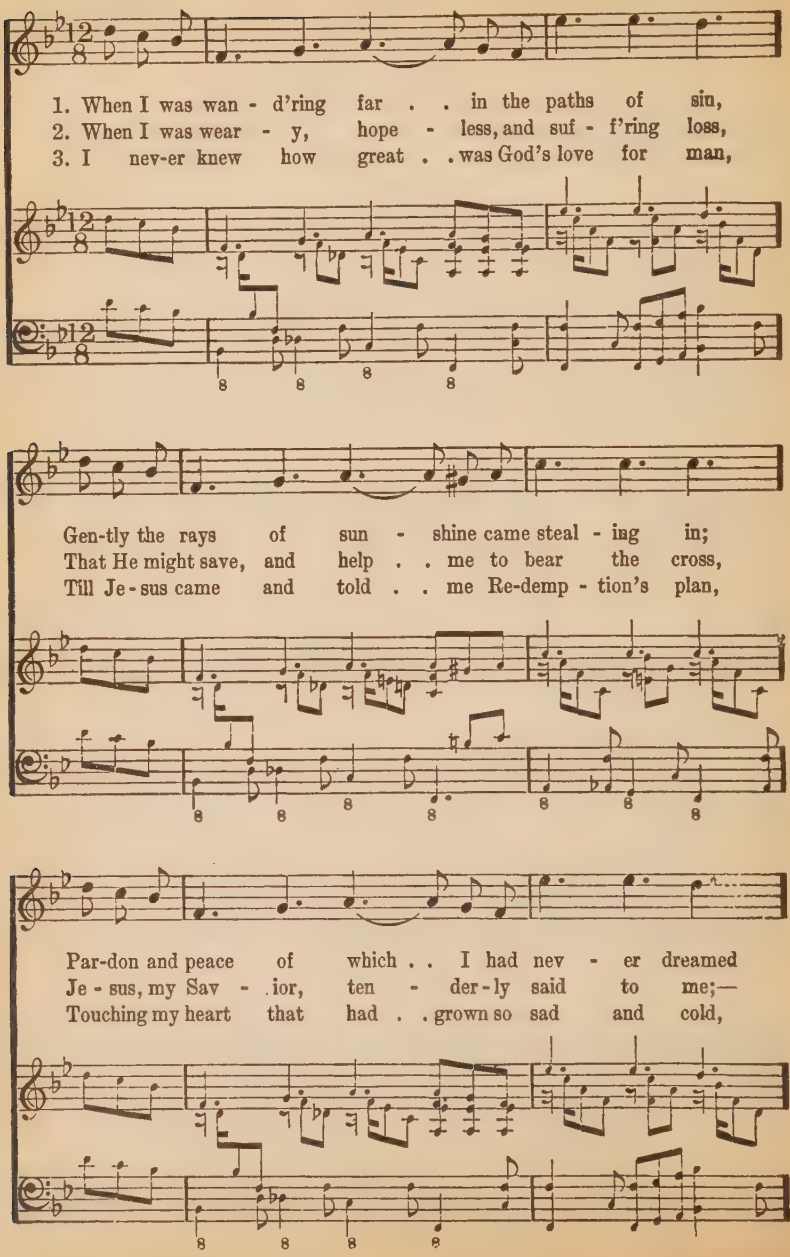
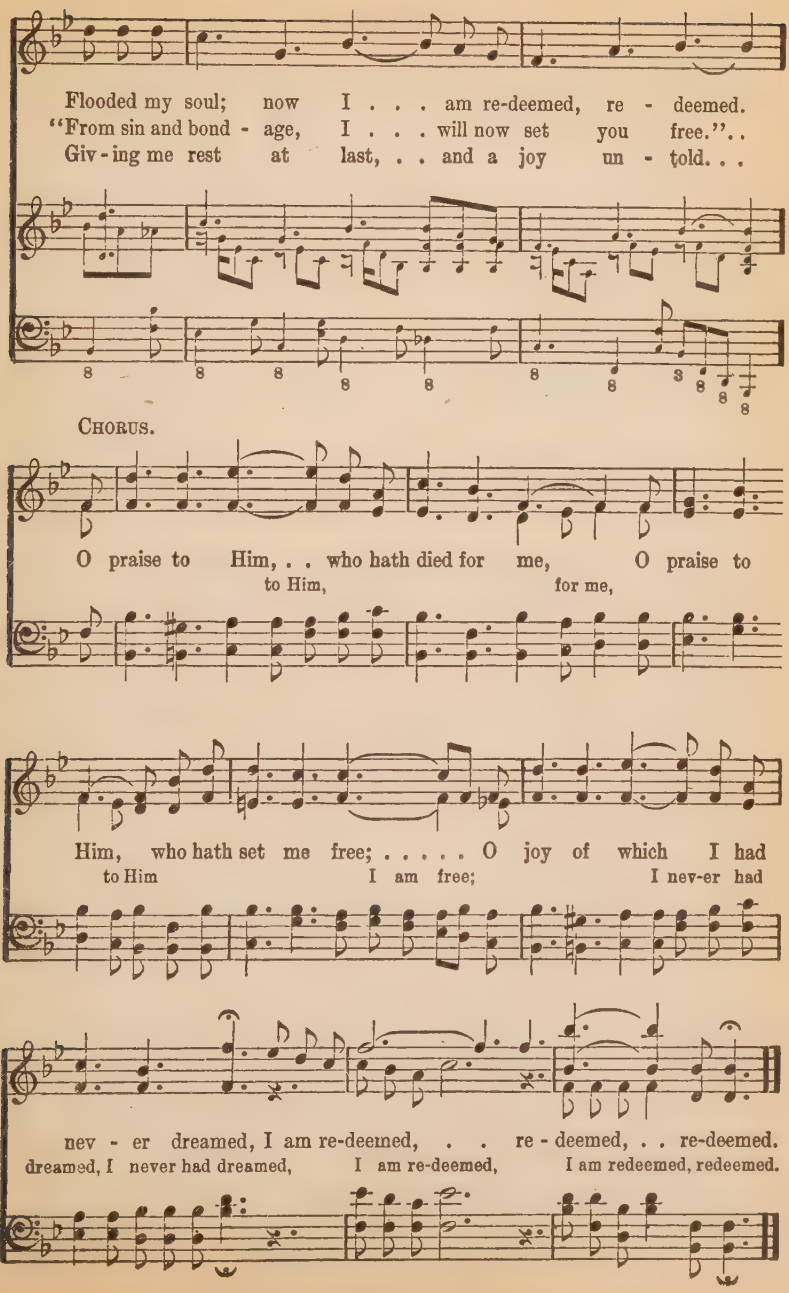
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford. Harry Dixon Loes.


1. When I was wan - d'ring far . . in the paths of sin,
2. When I was wear - y, hope - less, and suf - f'ring loss,
3. I nev-er knew how great . . was God's love for man,
Gen-tly the rays of sun - shine came steal - ing in;
That He might save, and help . . me to bear the cross,
Till Je - sus came and told . . me Re-demp - tion's plan,
Par-don and peace of which . . I had nev - er dreamed
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, ten - der - ly said to me;—
Touching my heart that had . . grown so sad and cold,

I Am Redeemed.

Flooded my soul; now I . . . am re-deemed, re - deemed.
"From sin and bond - age, I . . . will now set you free."..
Giv - ing me rest at last, . . and a joy un - told. . .
CHORUS.
O praise to Him, . . who hath died for me, O praise to
to Him, for me,
Him, who hath set me free; . . . . . O joy of which I had
to Him I am free; I nev-er had
nev - er dreamed, I am re-deemed, . . re - deemed, . . re-deemed.
dreamed, I never had dreamed, I am re-deemed, I am redeemed, redeemed.

No. 229. Ready for Service.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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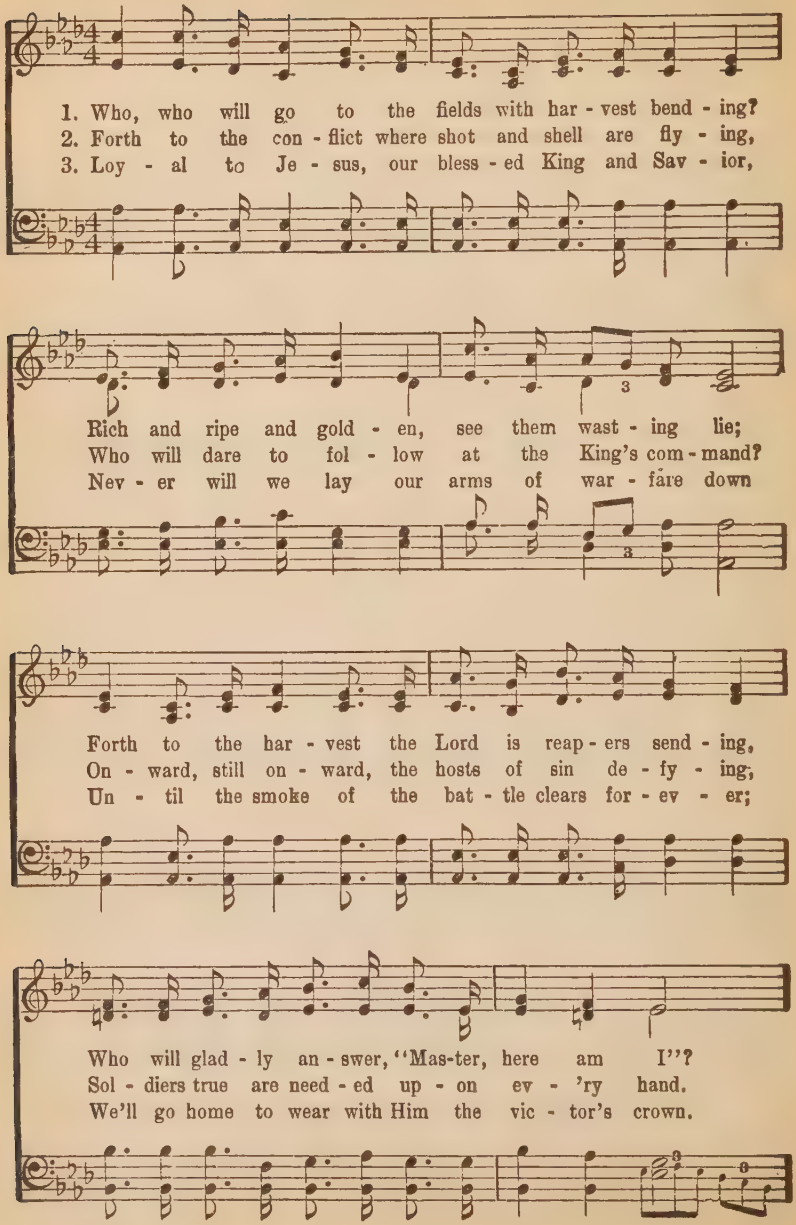
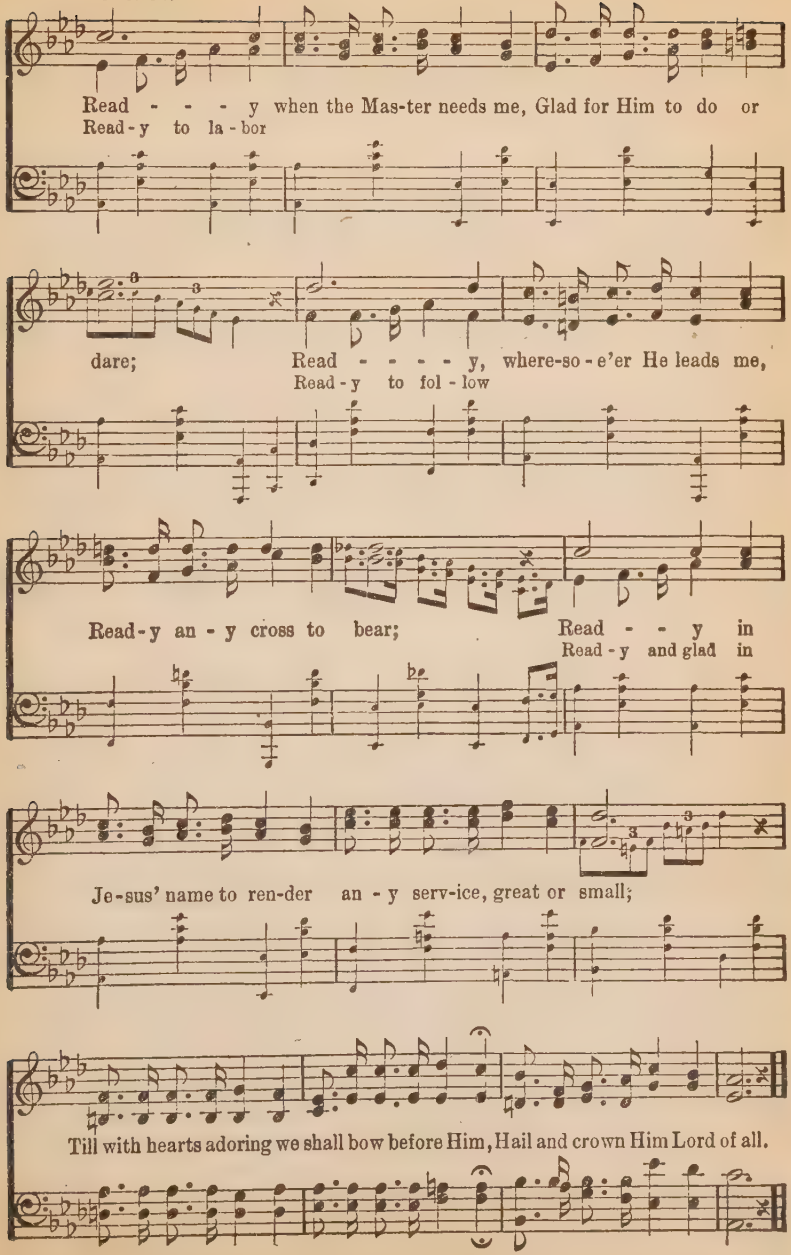
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Who, who will go to the fields with har - vest bend - ing?
2. Forth to the con - flict where shot and shell are fly - ing,
3. Loy - al to Je - sus, our bless - ed King and Sav - ior,
Rich and ripe and gold - en, see them wast - ing lie;
Who will dare to fol - low at the King's com - mand?
Nev - er will we lay our arms of war - fare down
Forth to the har - vest the Lord is reap - ers send - ing,
On - ward, still on - ward, the hosts of sin de - fy - ing;
Un - til the smoke of the bat - tle clears for - ev - er;
Who will glad - ly an - swer, "Mas-ter, here am I"?
Sol - diers true are need - ed up - on ev - 'ry hand.
We'll go home to wear with Him the vic - tor's crown.

Ready for Service.

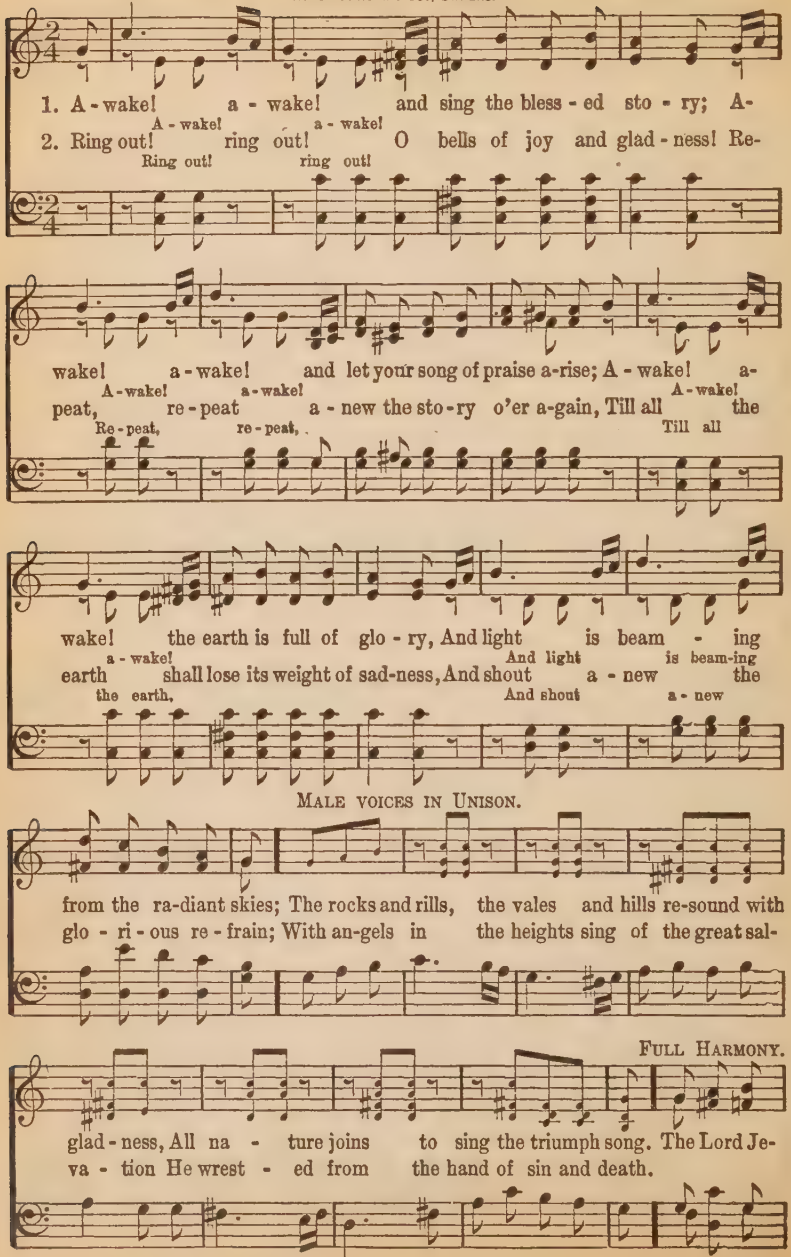
CHORUS.

Read - - - y when the Mas-ter needs me, Glad for Him to do or
Read-y to la-bor
dare; Read - - - - y, where-so-e'er He leads me,
Read-y to fol-low
Read-y an-y cross to bear; Read - - y in
Read-y and glad in
Je-sus' name to ren-der an-y serv-ice, great or small;
Till with hearts adoring we shall bow before Him, Hail and crown Him Lord of all.

No. 230. Awakening Chorus.

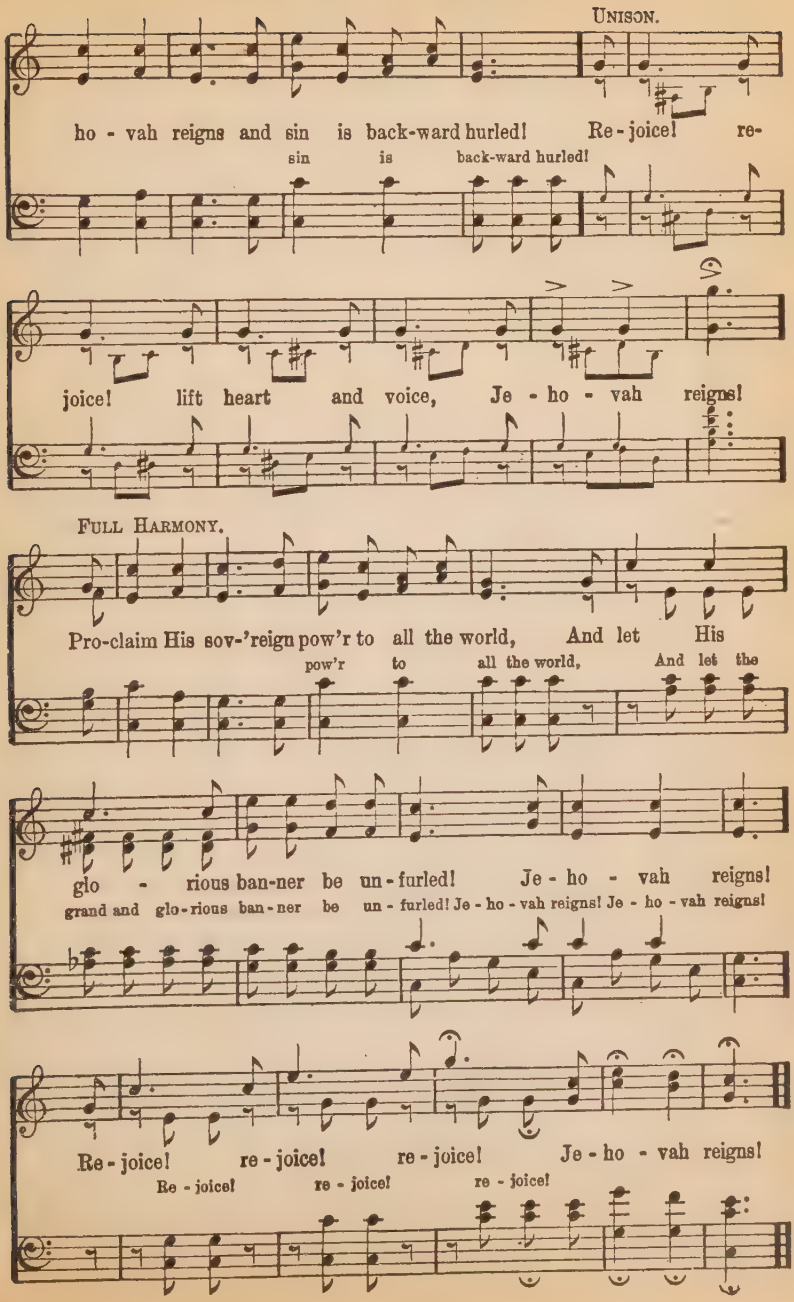
Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A-wake! a-wake! and sing the bless-ed sto-ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
A-wake! a-wake!
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
peat, re-peat a-new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo-ry, And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a-new the
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth. And shout a-new
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo-ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
FULL HARMONY.
glad-ness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va-tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.


UNISON.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY.
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the
glo - rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

No. 231. Reapers for the Harvest.

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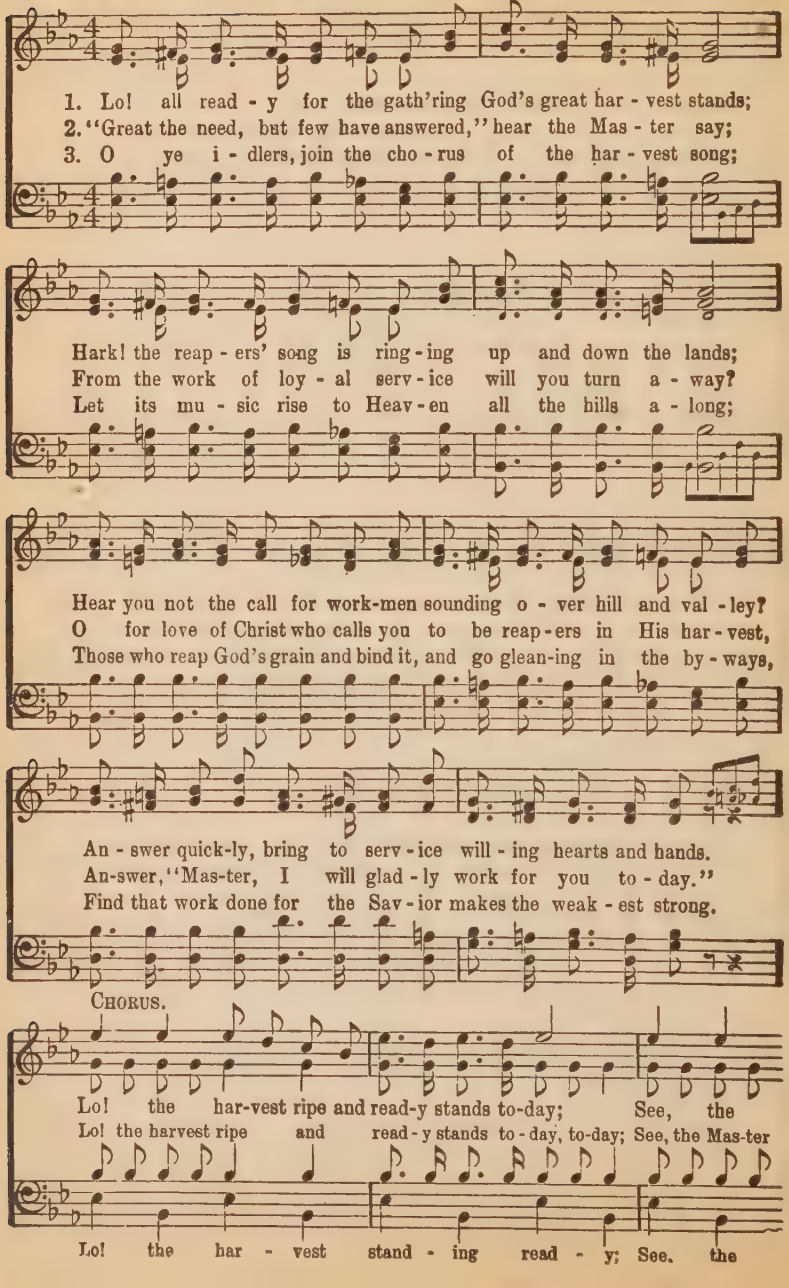
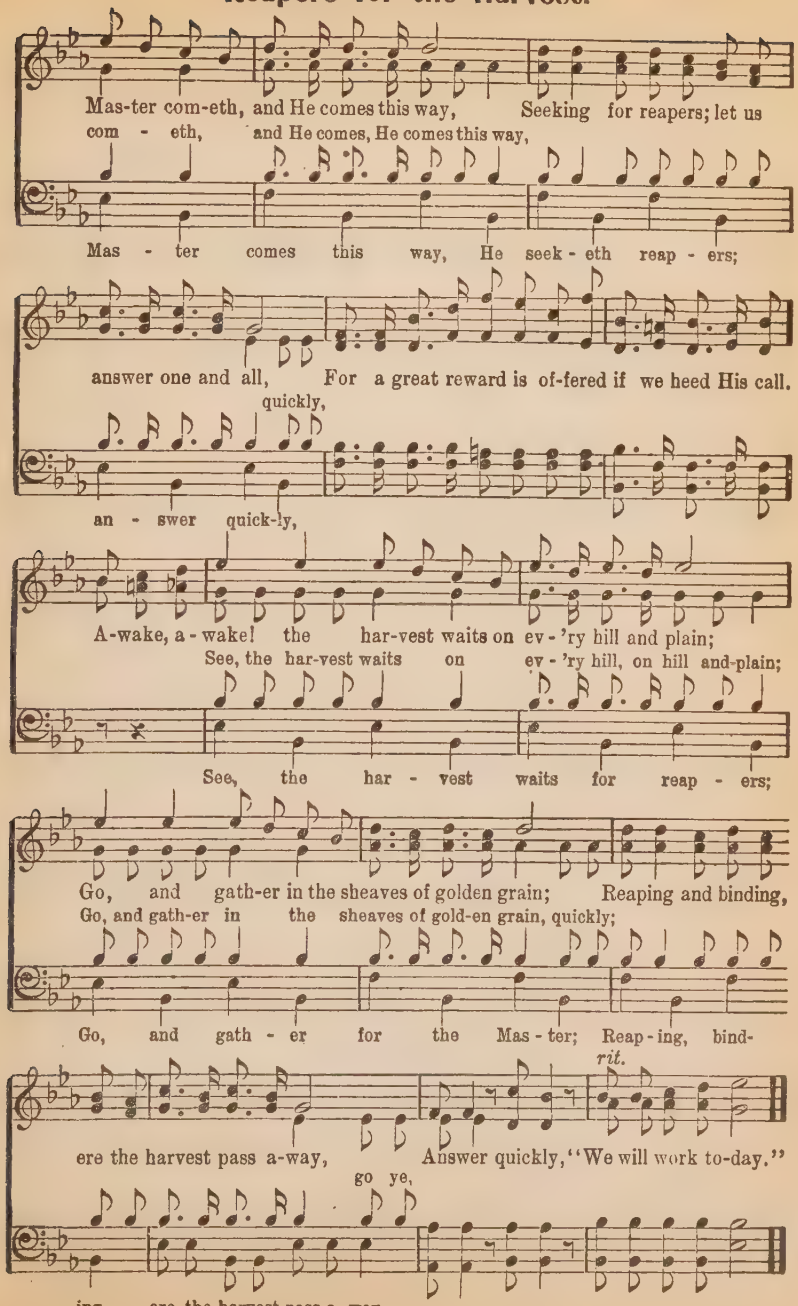
Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Lo! all read - y for the gath'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need, but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers, join the cho - rus of the har - vest song;
Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to Heav - en all the hills a - long;
Hear you not the call for work-men sounding o - ver hill and val - ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean-ing in the by - ways,
An - swer quick-ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An-swer, "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.
CHORUS.
Lo! the har-vest ripe and read-y stands to-day; See, the
Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to-day; See, the Mas-ter
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y; See, the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Mas-ter com-eth, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,
Mas - ter comes this way, He seek - eth reap - ers;
answer one and all, For a great reward is of-fered if we heed His call.
quickly,
an - swer quick-ly,
A-wake, a-wake! the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill, on hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding,
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;
Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap-ing, bind-
rit.
ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,
ing, ere the harvest pass a-way

No. 232.

All Hail, Immanuel!

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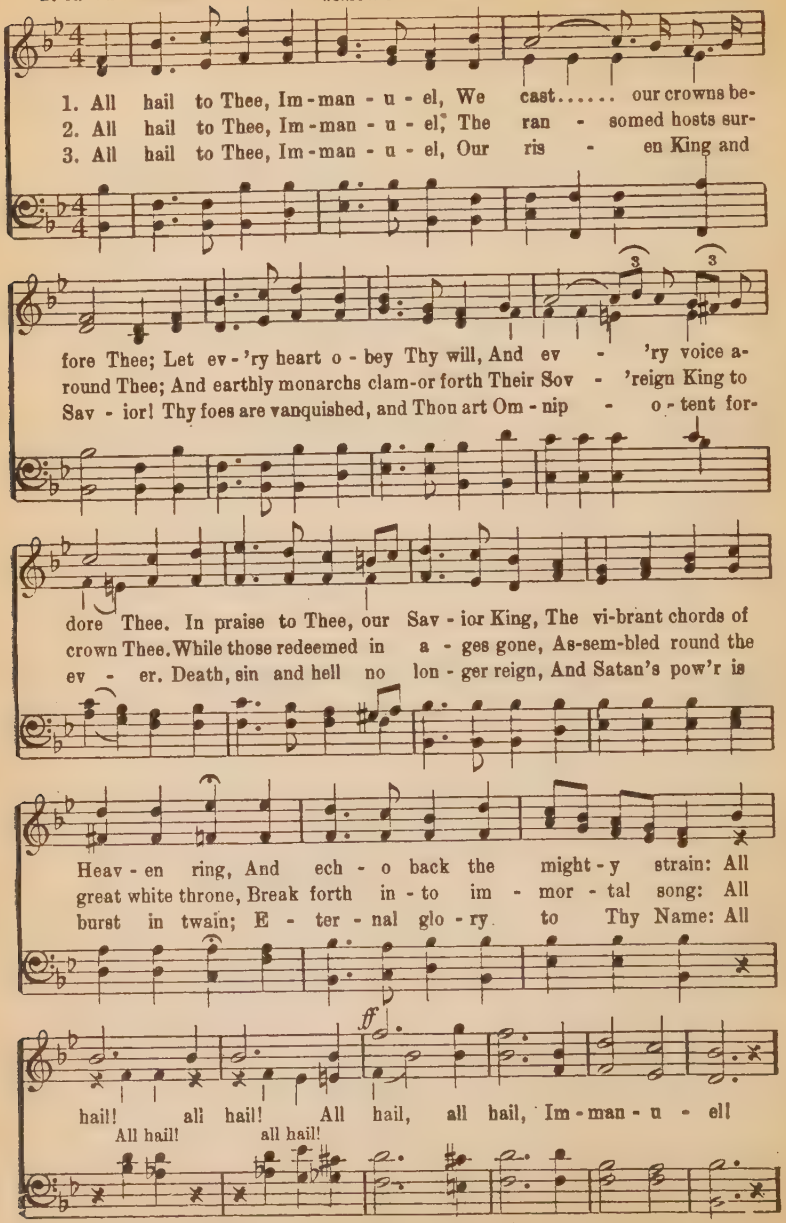
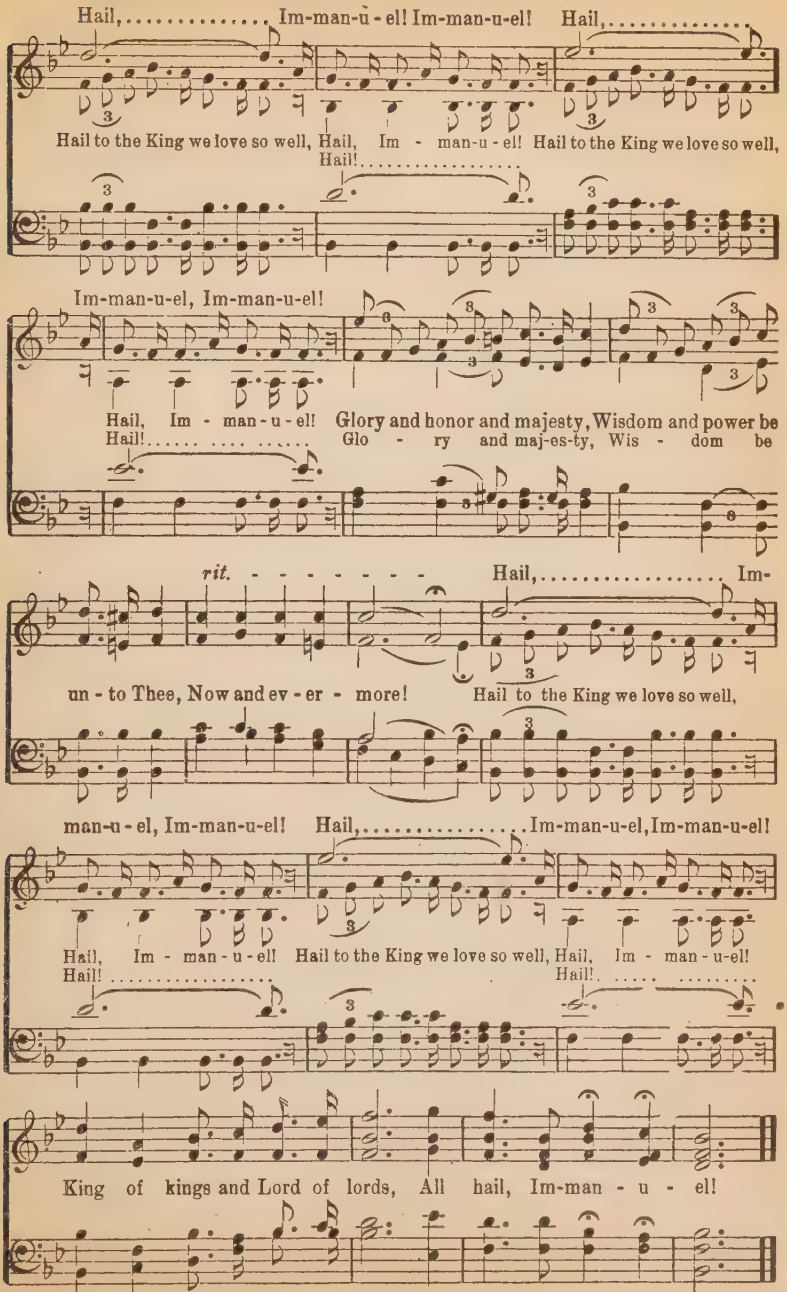
WORDS AND MUSIC.

D. R. Van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast..... our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran-somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris-en King and
fore Thee; Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev-'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clam-or forth Their Sov-'reign King to
Sav-ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om-nip-o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a-ges gone, As-sem-bled round the
ev-er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Satan's pow'r is
Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song: All
burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name: All
ff
hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

CHORUS.

All Hail, Immanuel!

Hail,..... Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail!.....
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man-u-el! Glory and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail!..... Glo - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit. - - - - - - - Hail,..... Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! Hail to the King we love so well,
man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el!
Hail!..... Hail!.....
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man - u - el!

No. 233. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

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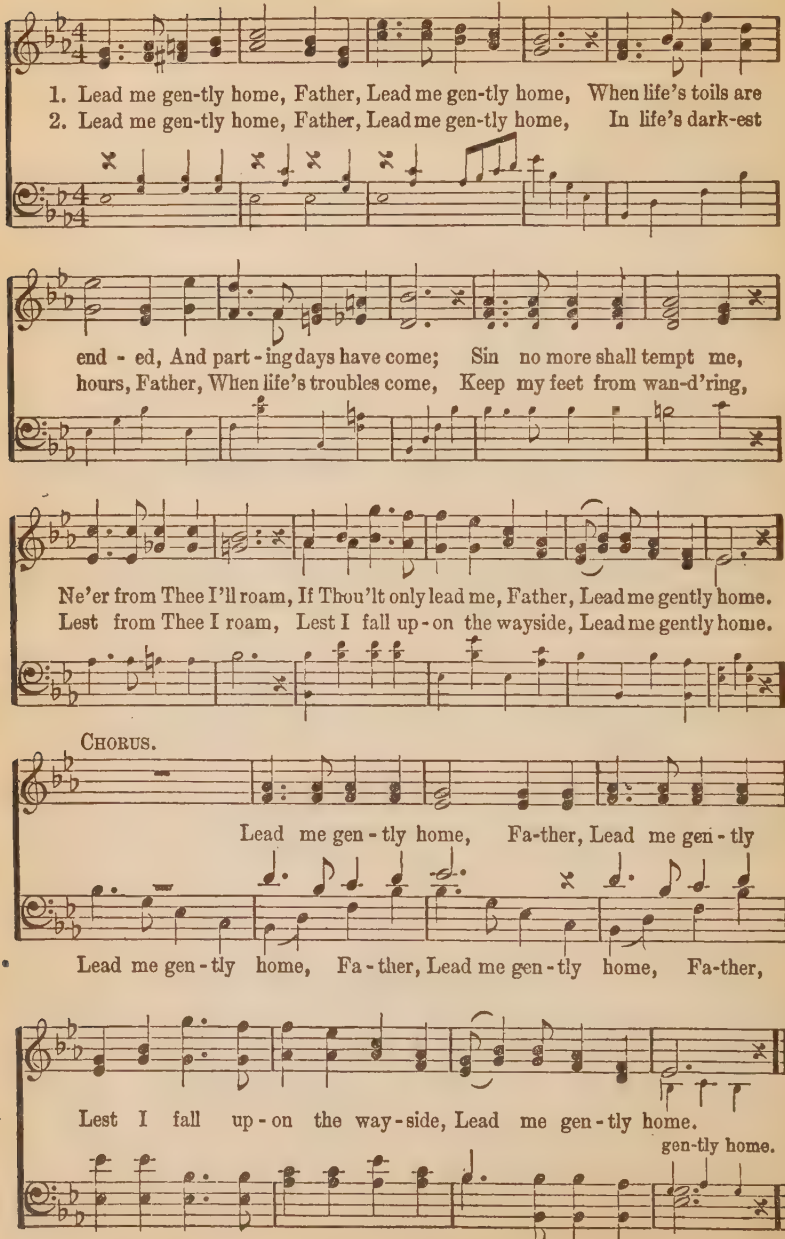
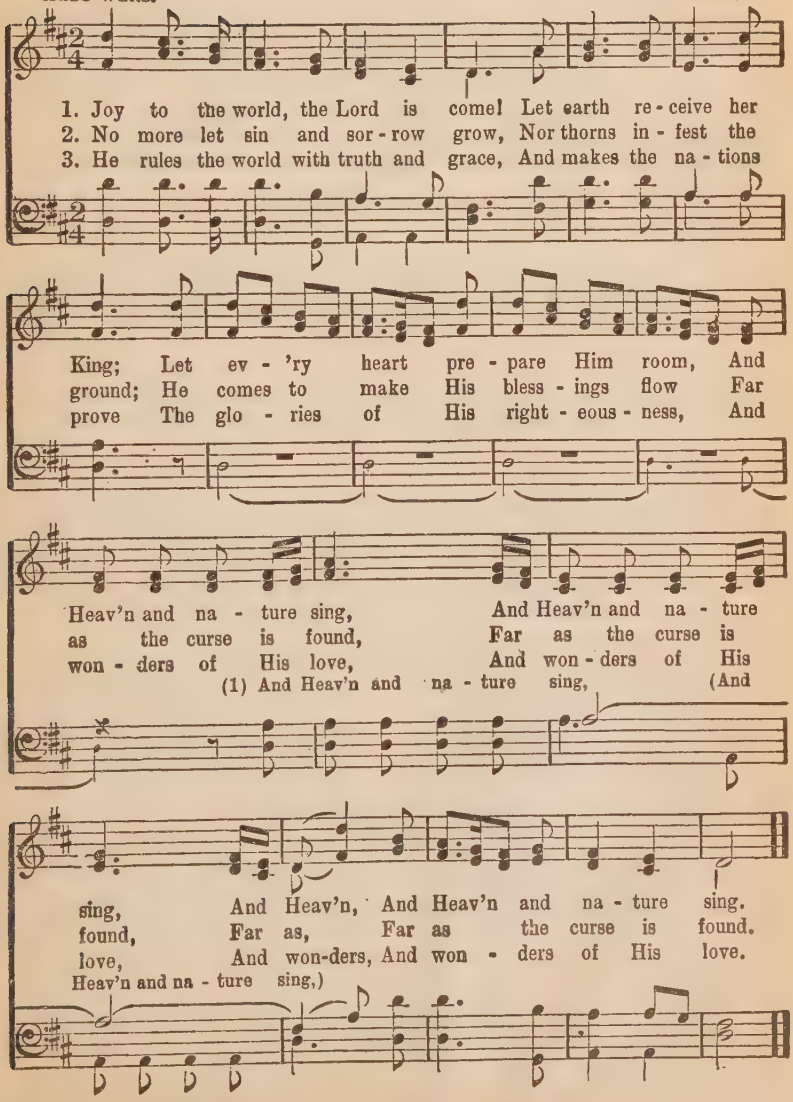
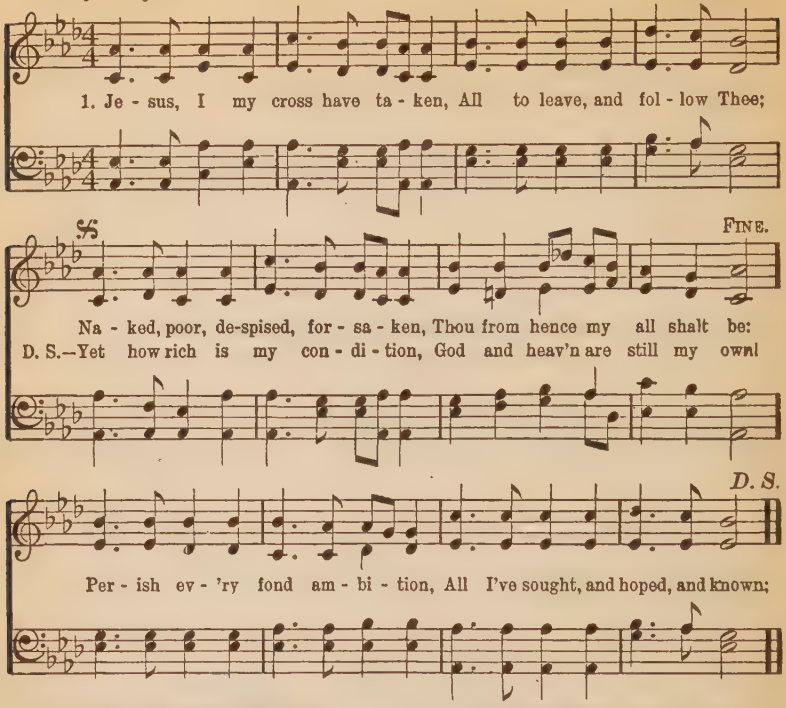
Will L. Thompson.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And part - ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wan-d'ring,
Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.
CHORUS.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen-tly home.

No. 234. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions
King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And
ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far
prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And
Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His
(1) And Heav'n and na-ture sing, (And
sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na-ture sing.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, And won-ders of His love.
Heav'n and na-ture sing,)

No. 235. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

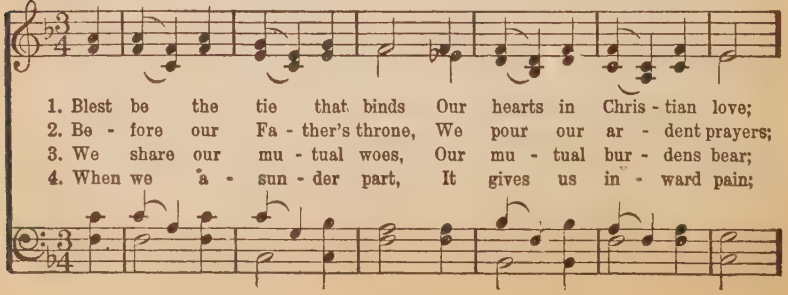
Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
FINE.
D. S.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

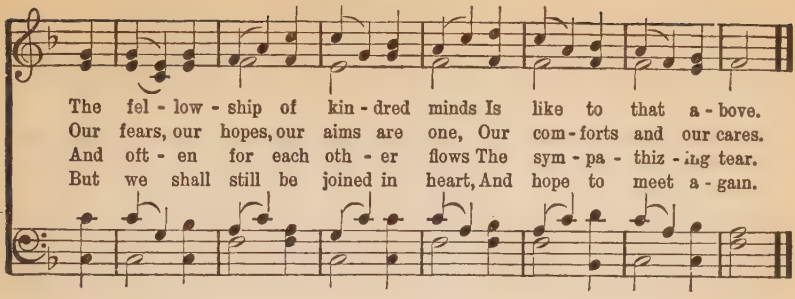
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 236. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

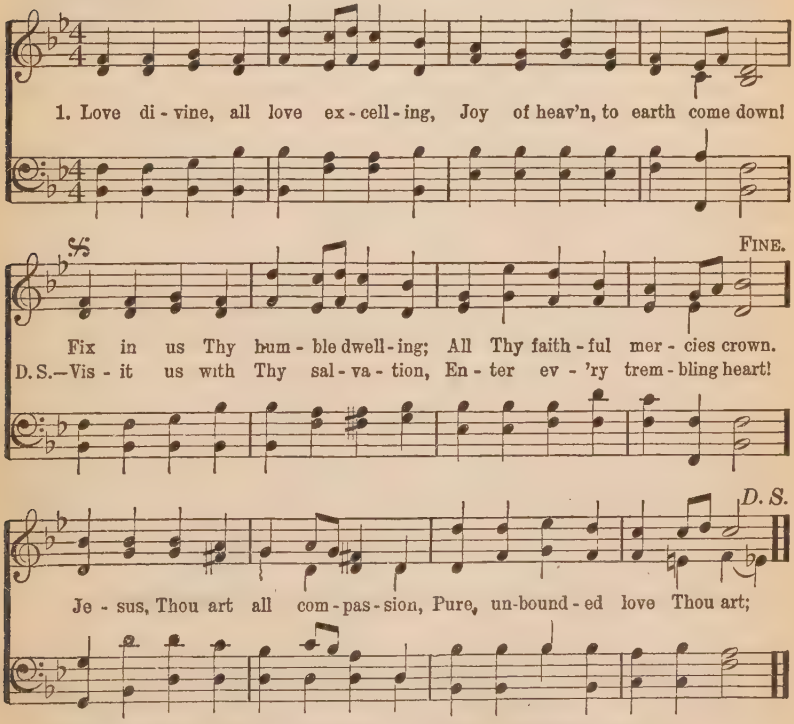

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 237. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. **John Zundel.**

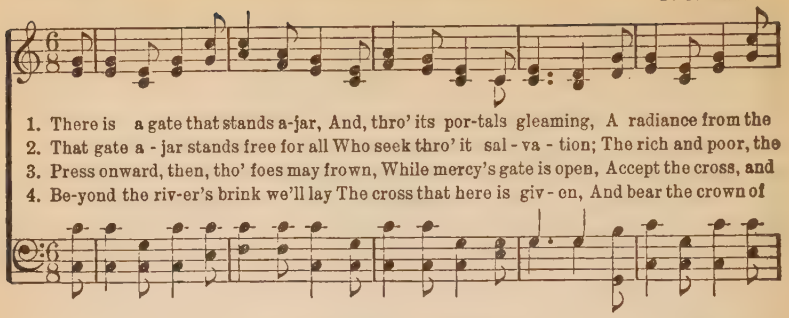

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
FINE.
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!
D. S.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

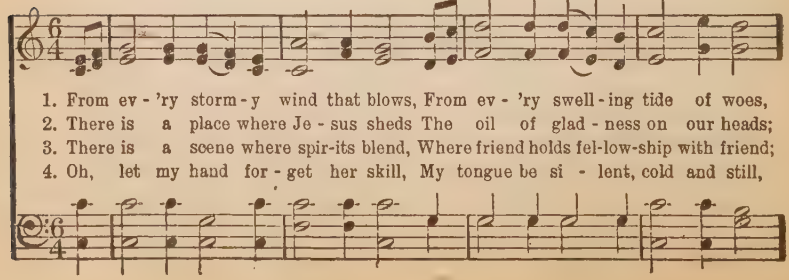
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 238. The Gate Ajar.

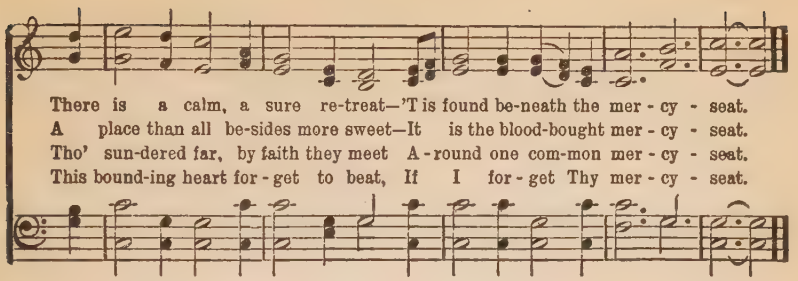
S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its por-tals gleaming, A radiance from the
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal-va-tion; The rich and poor, the
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is open, Accept the cross, and
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv-en, And bear the crown of
REFRAIN.
Cross a-far The Sav-ior's love re-veal-ing.
great and small, Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That
win the crown, Love's ev-er-last-ing to-ken.
life a-way, And love Him more in Heav-en.
gate was left a-jar for me? For me, . . . for me? . . Was left a-jar for me?
For me, for me?

No. 239. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

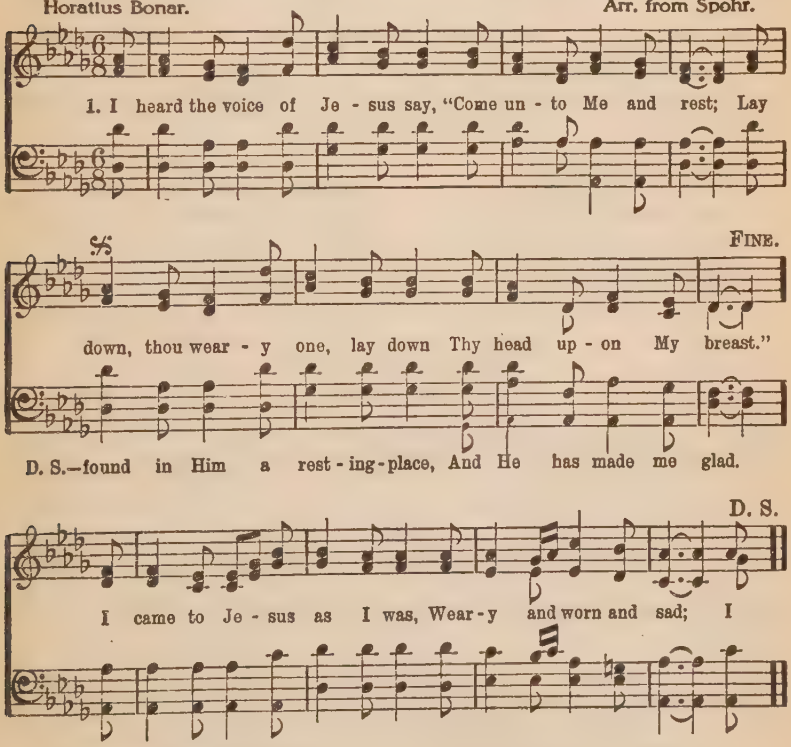

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still,

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.


There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'T is found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
This bound-ing heart for-get to beat, If I for-get Thy mer - cy - seat.

No. 240. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. Arr. from Spohr.

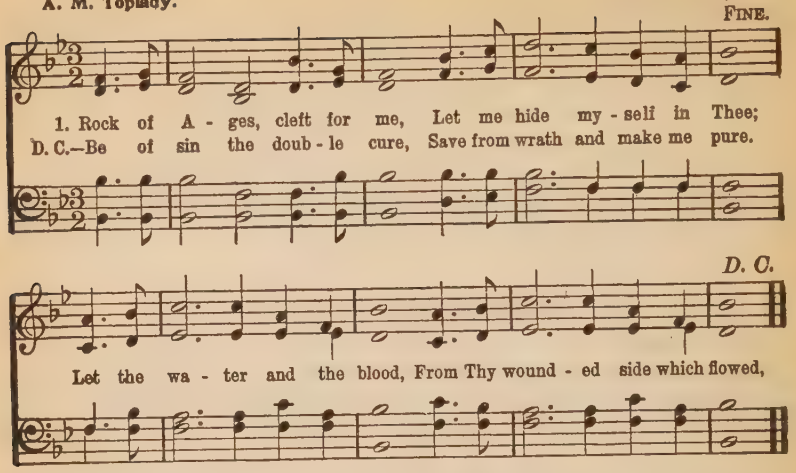

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest; Lay
down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
FINE.
D. S.—found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
D. S.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear-y and worn and sad; I

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto Me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

No. 241. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

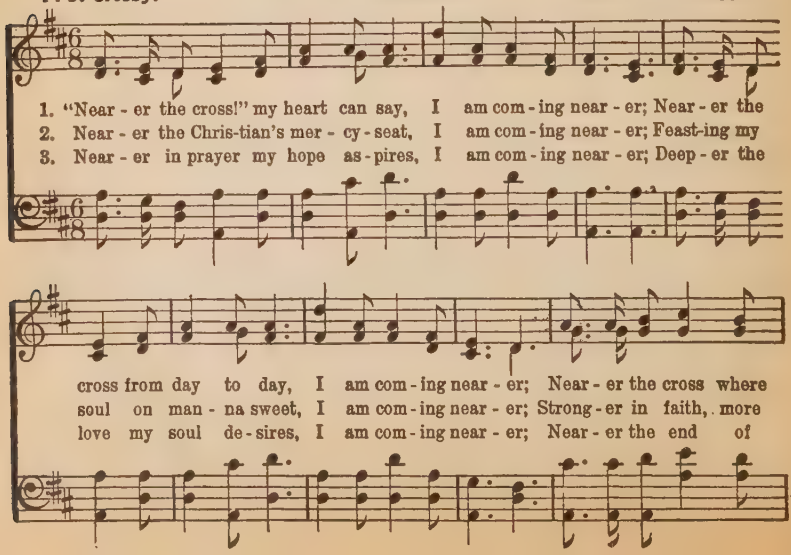

FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

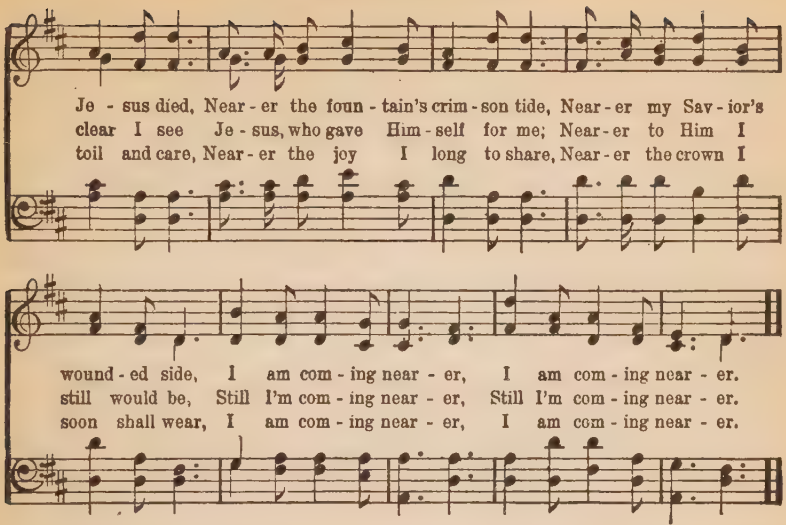
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 242. Nearer the Cross.

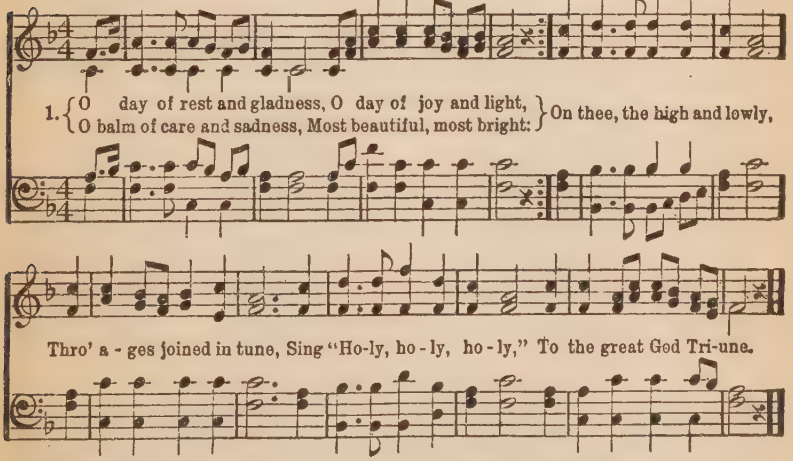
F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in prayer my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er; Deep - er the
cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Nearer the Cross.

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I
wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 243. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

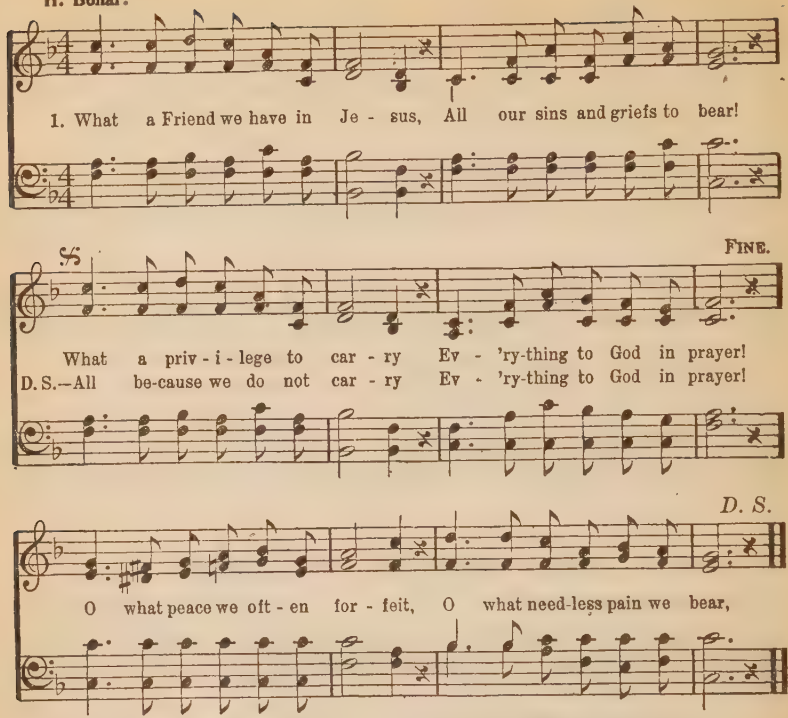

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 244. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

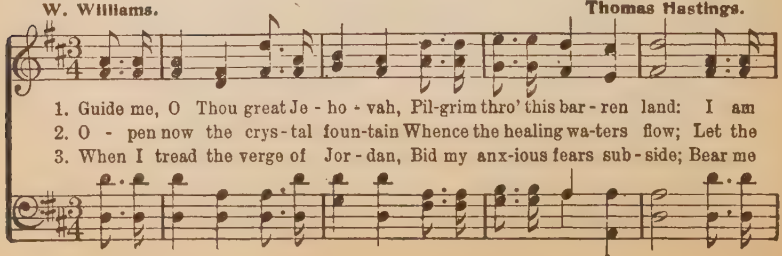

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

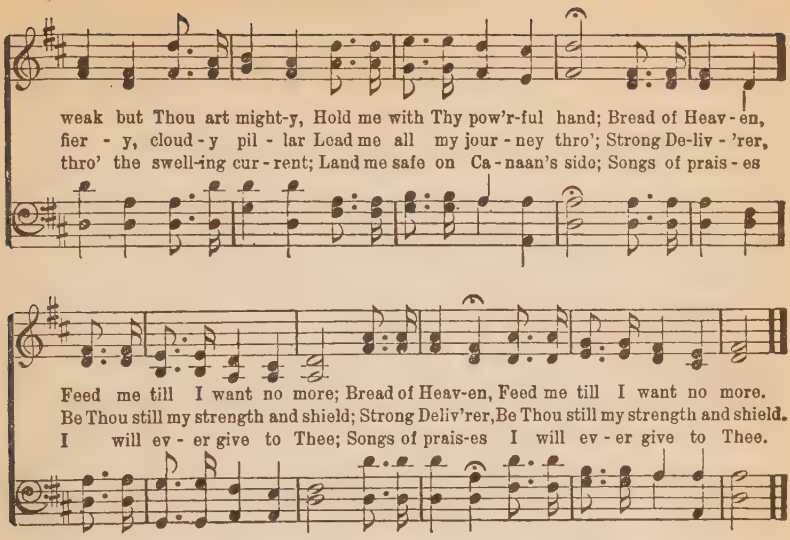
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 245. Guide Me.

W. Williams. Thomas Hastings.

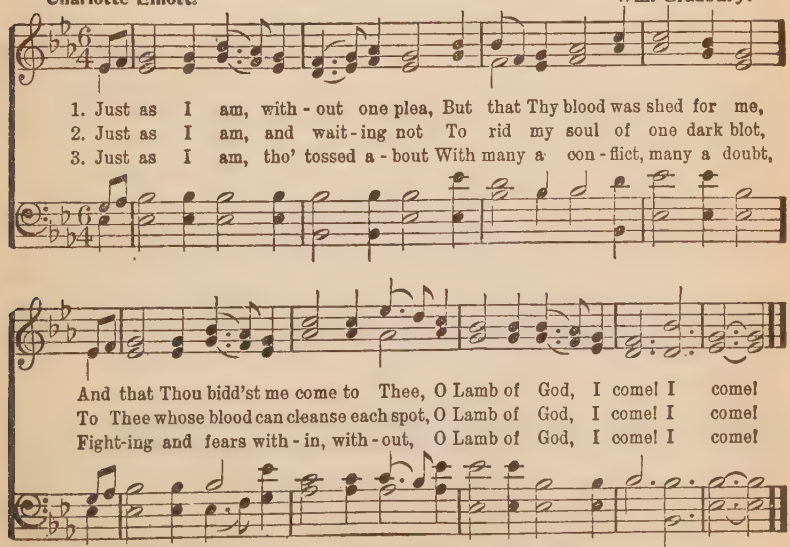

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land: I am
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side; Bear me

Guide Me.


weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of Heav-en,
fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro'; Strong De-liv - 'rer,
thro' the swell-ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es
Feed me till I want no more; Bread of Heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 246. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

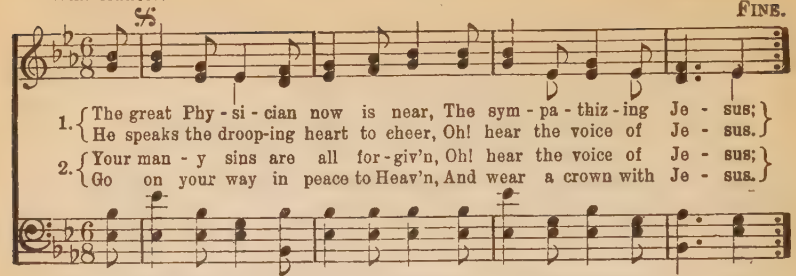

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

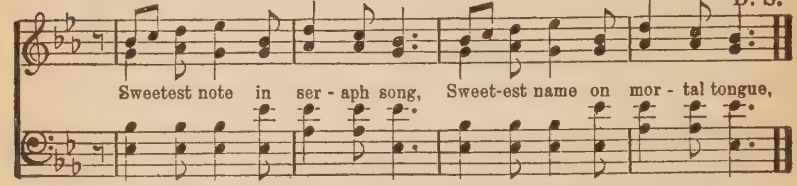
5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 247. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


FINE.
1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN. D. S.

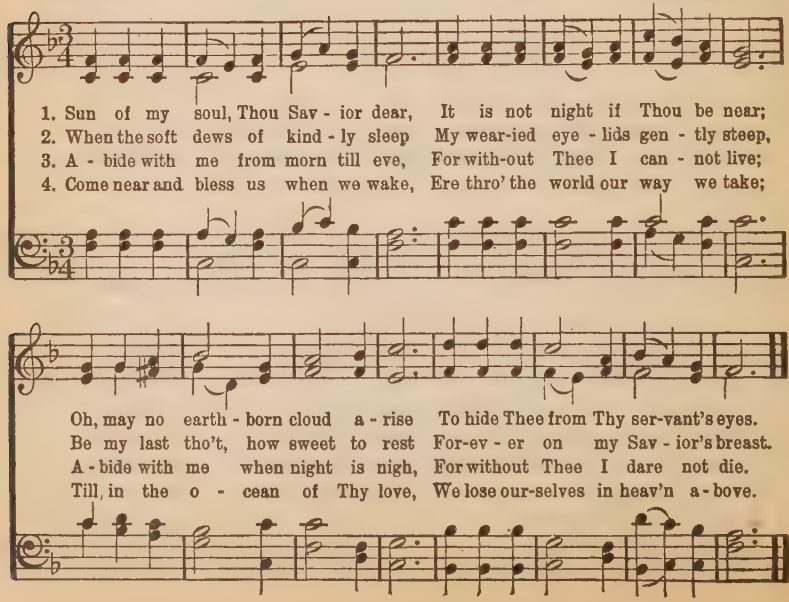


3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

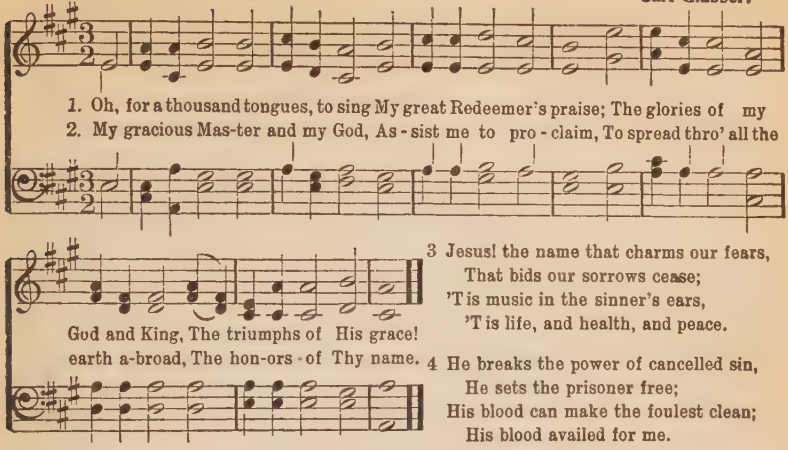
No. 248. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Peter Ritter.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear-ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 249. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.

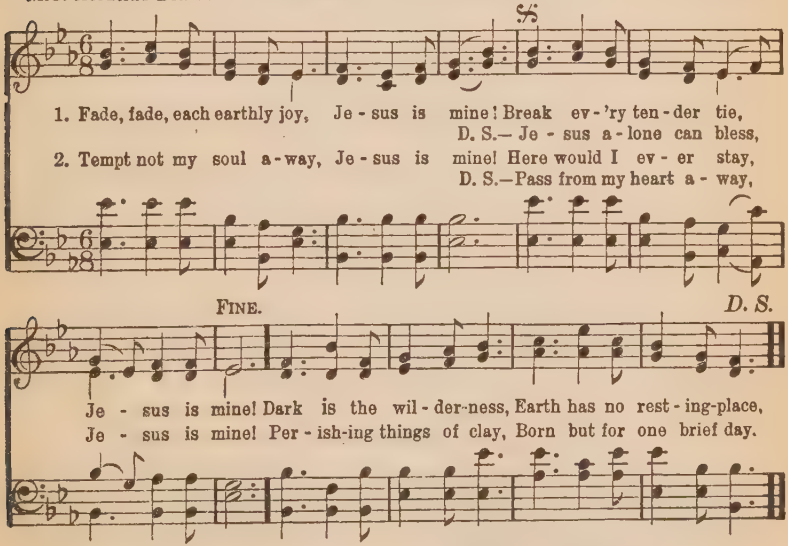

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the
God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The hon-ors-of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

No. 250. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. JOHN R. CLEMENTS, OWNER. T. E. Perkins.

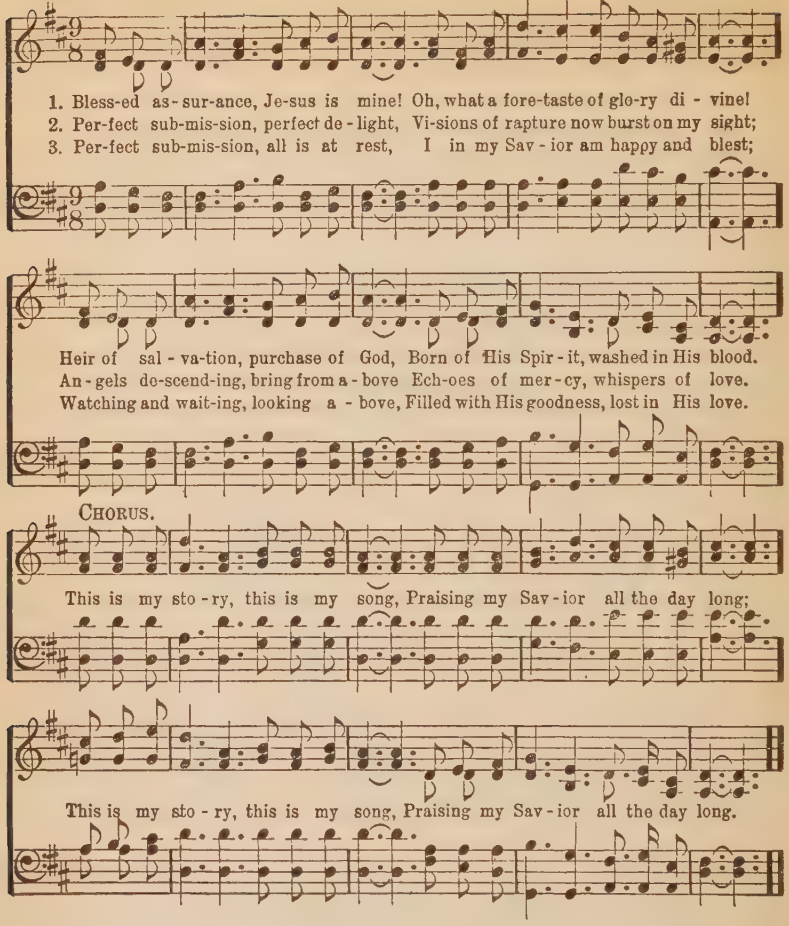

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev-'ry ten-der tie,
D. S.— Je-sus a-lone can bless,
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I ev-er stay,
D. S.—Pass from my heart a-way,
FINE.
D. S.
Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing-place,
Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

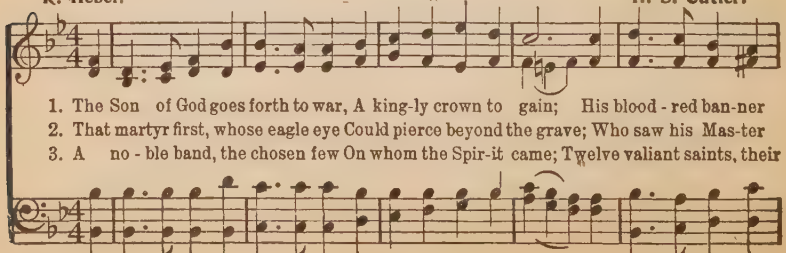
No. 251. Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

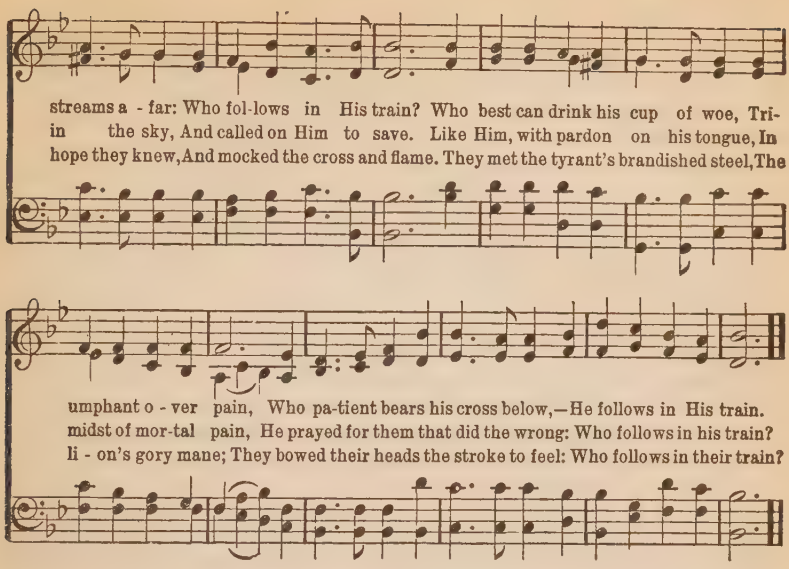

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de-light, Vi-sions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am happy and blest;
Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watching and wait-ing, looking a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long;
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 252 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

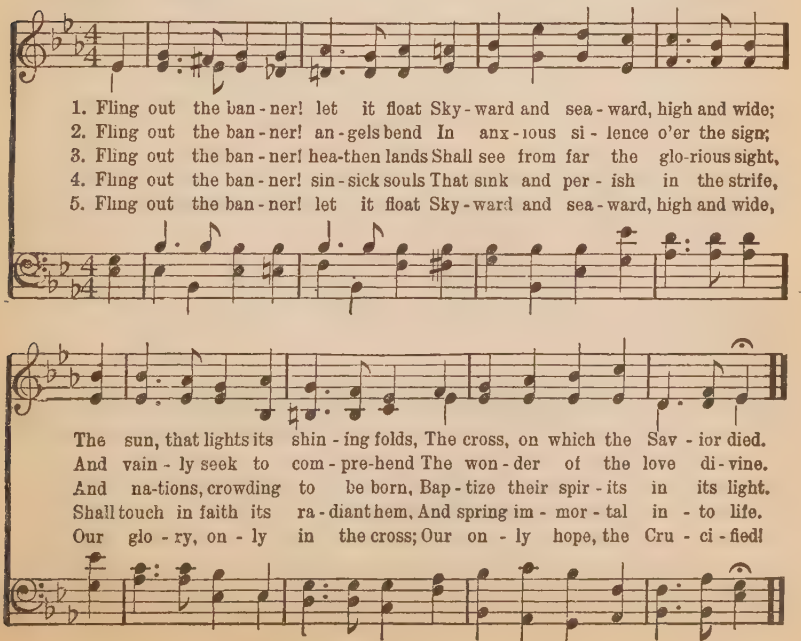

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A no-ble band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came; Twelve valiant saints, their

The Son of God Goes Forth to War.


streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The
umphant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross below,—He follows in His train.
midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
li - on's gory mane; They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?

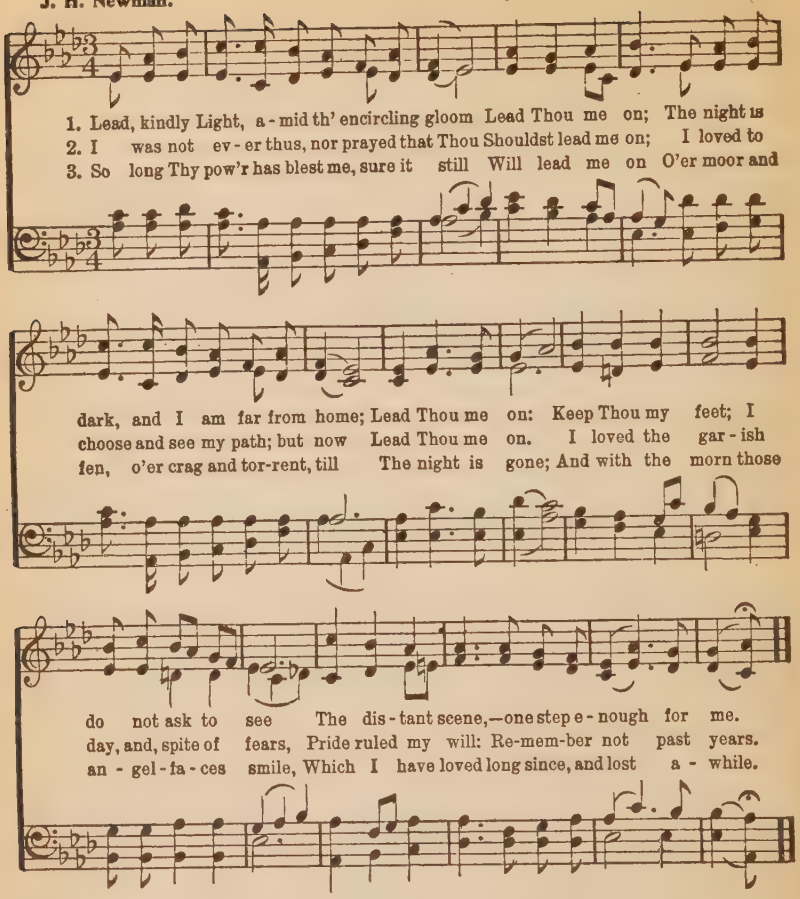
No. 253. Fling Out the Banner.

George W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.


1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the ban - ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
5. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide,
The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - ior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

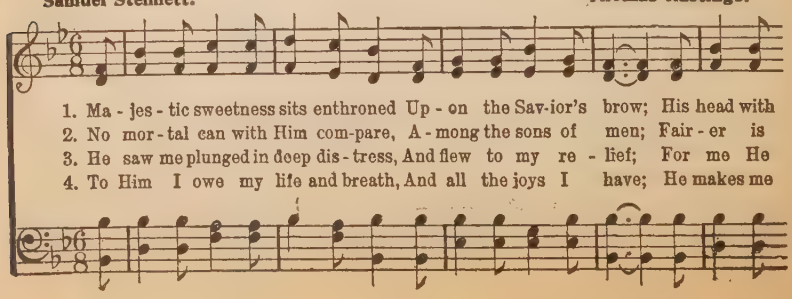
No. 254. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

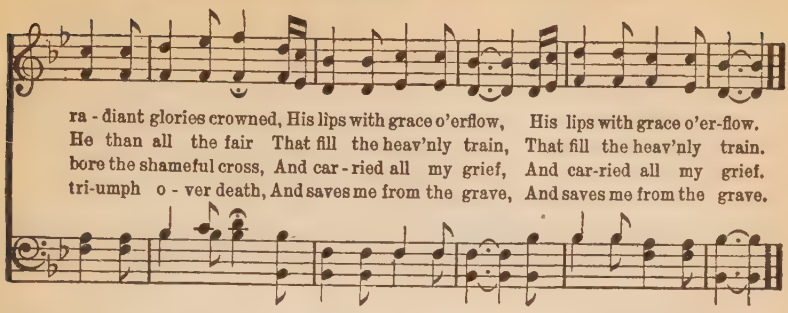

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 255. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

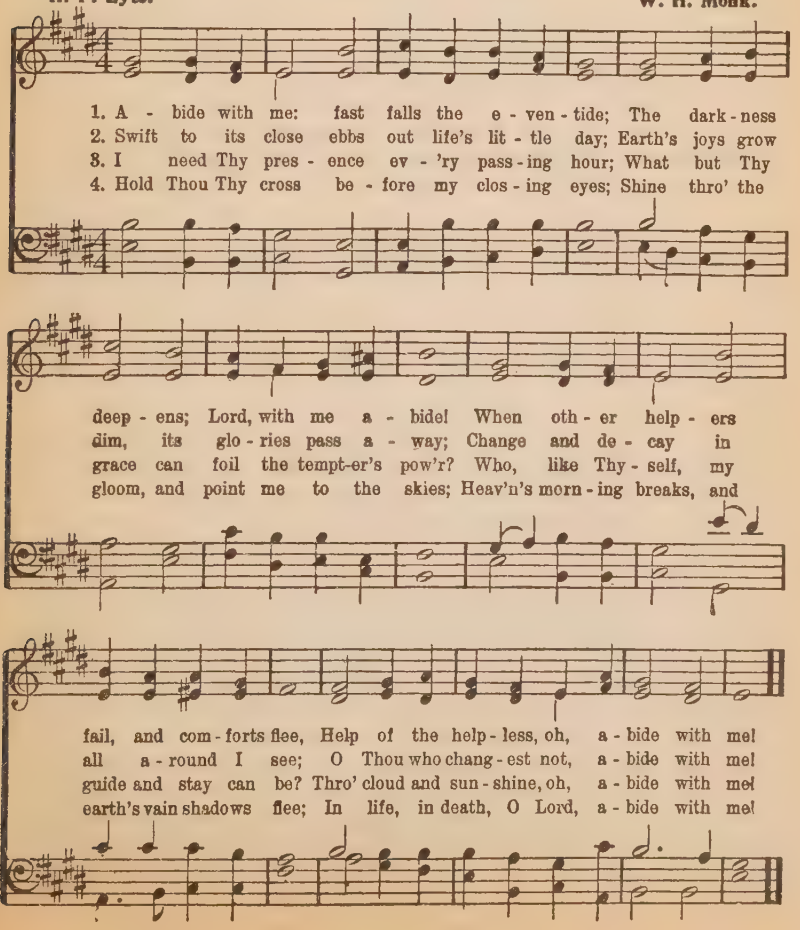
Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

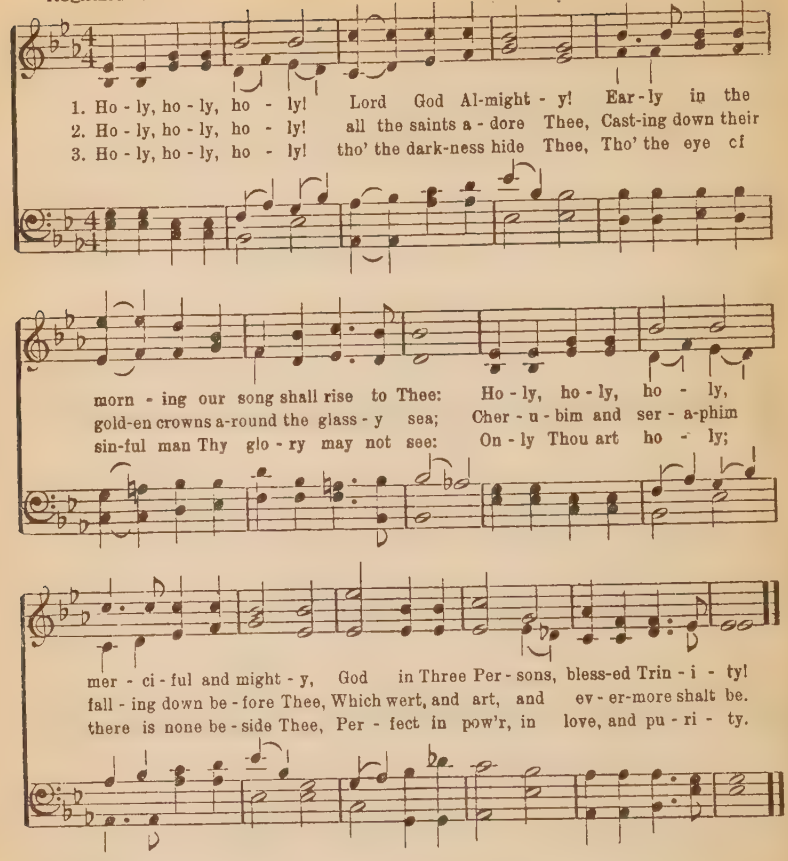

ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

No. 256. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

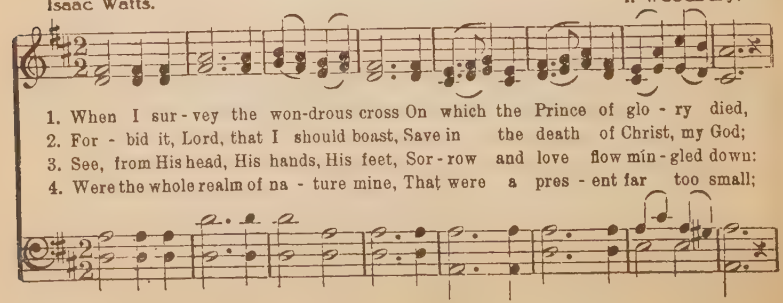
No. 257. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

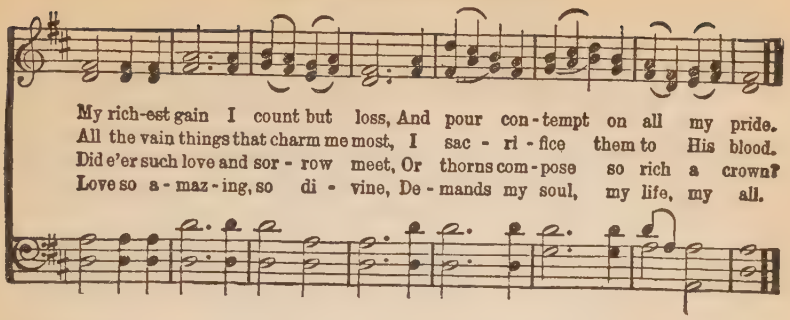

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 258. The Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. I. Woodbury.

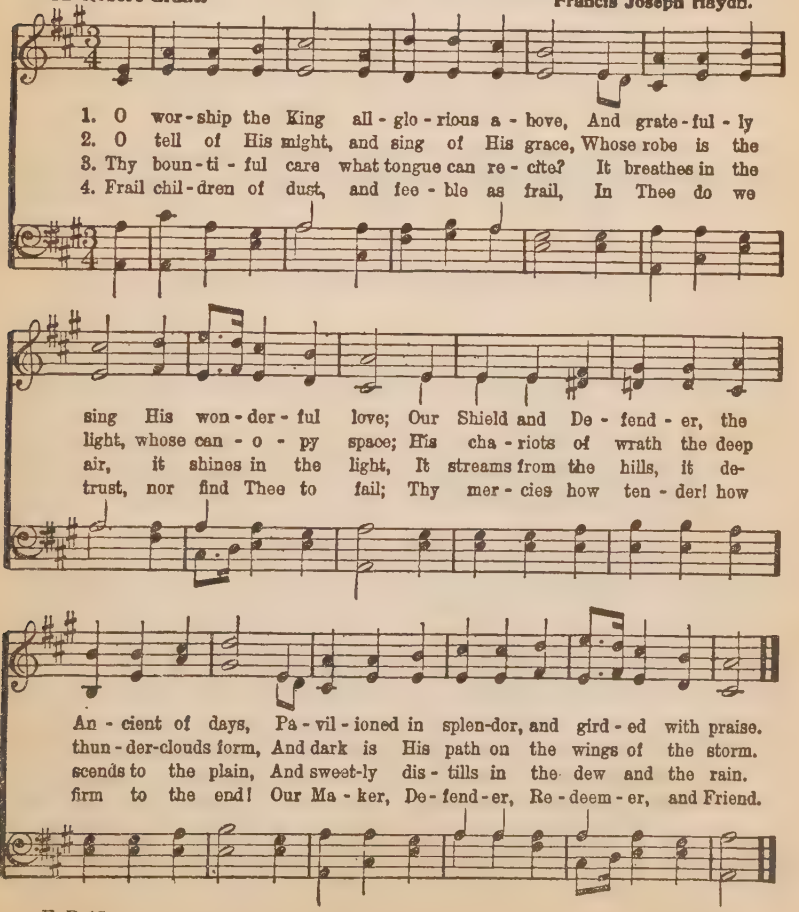

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

The Wondrous Cross.


My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

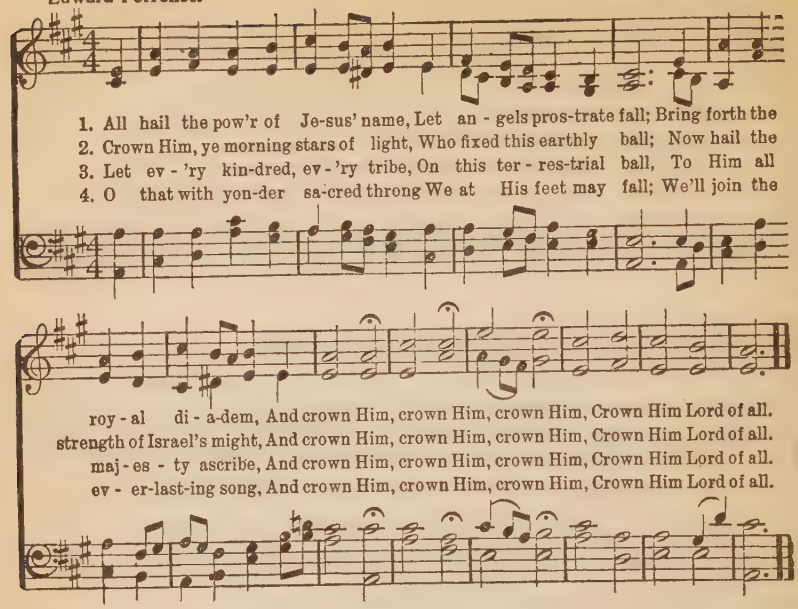
No. 259. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His cha - riots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how
An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun - der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

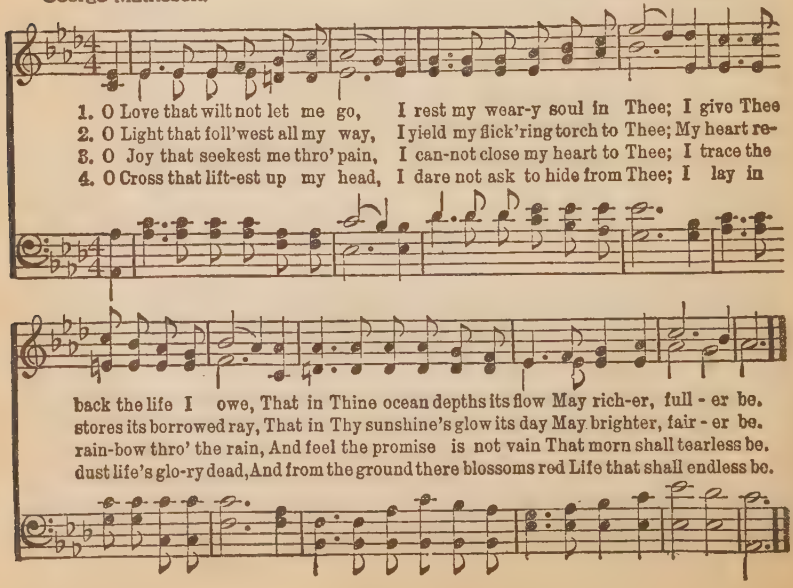
No. 260. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the
roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
strength of Israel's might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
ev - er-last-ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

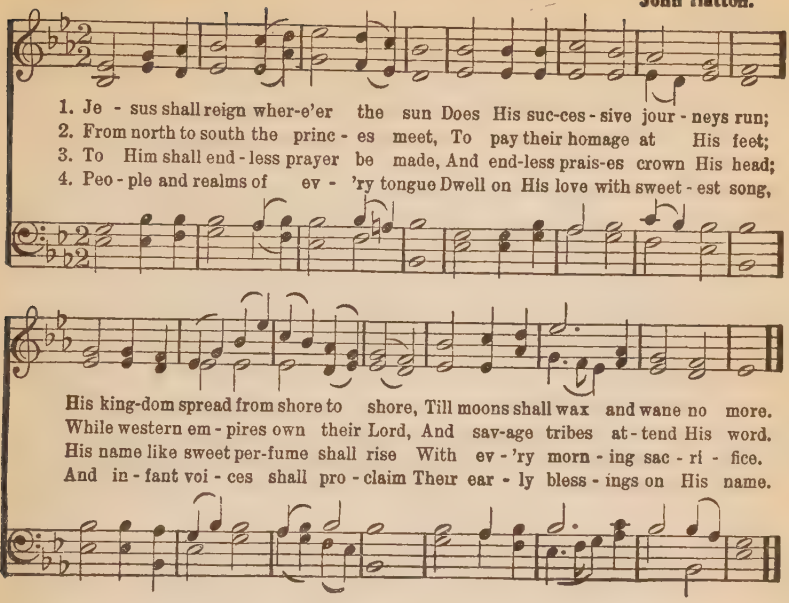
No. 261. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that foll'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in
back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich-er, full - er be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

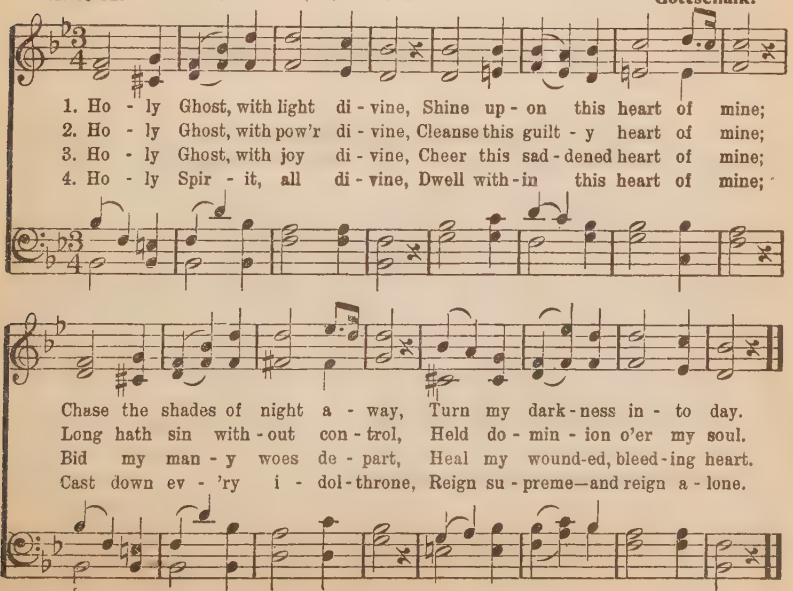
No. 262. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,
His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

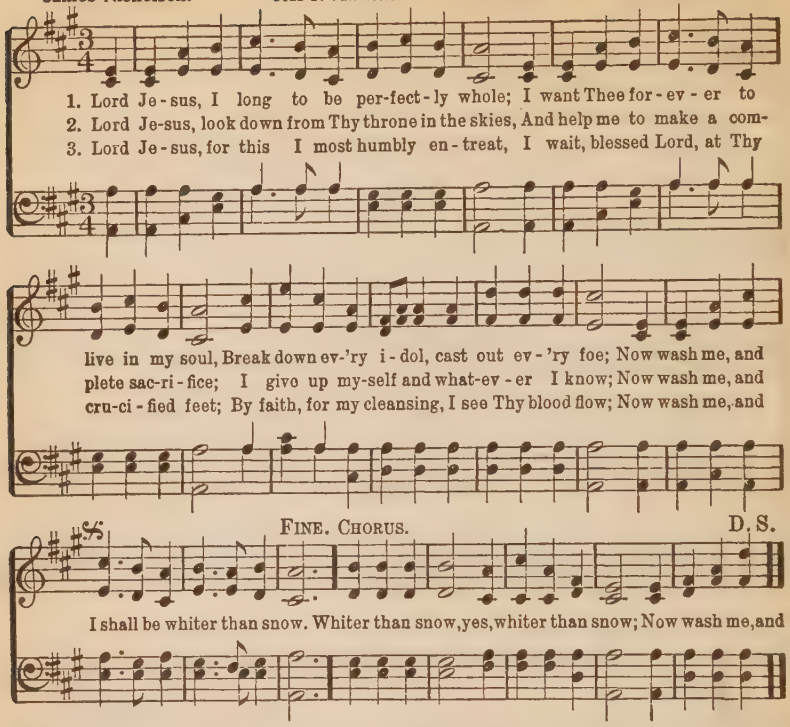
No. 263. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

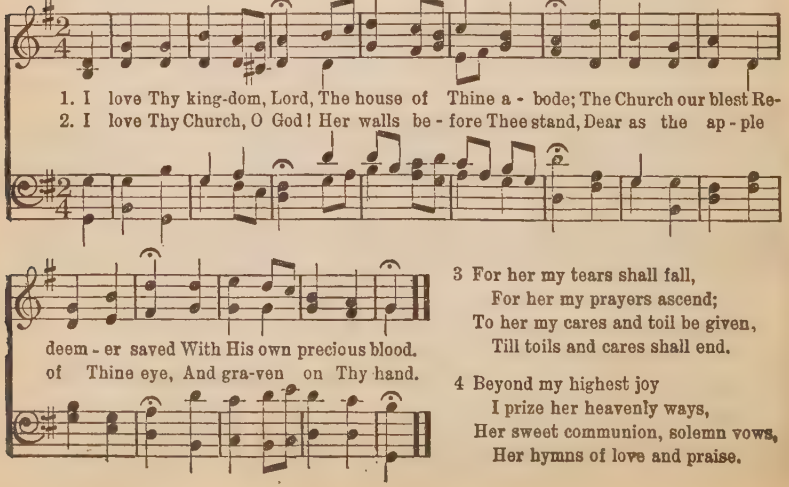
No. 264. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and
cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and

No. 265. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. Handel.

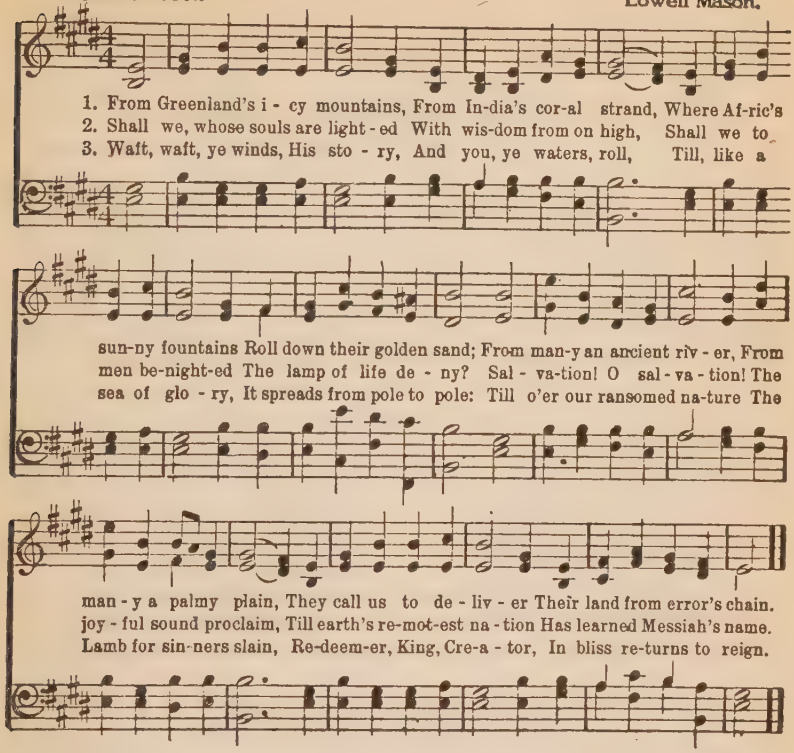

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple
deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

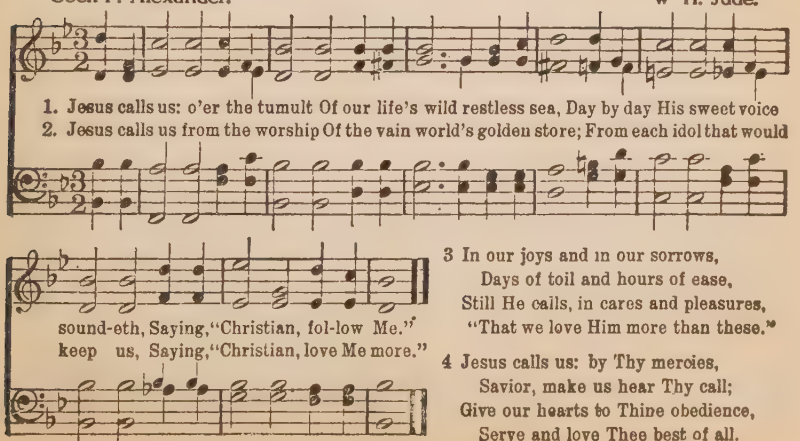
No. 266. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.


1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Wait, wait, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a
sun-ny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From man-y an ancient riv - er, From
men be-night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va - tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The
man - y a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's re-mot-est na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 267. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

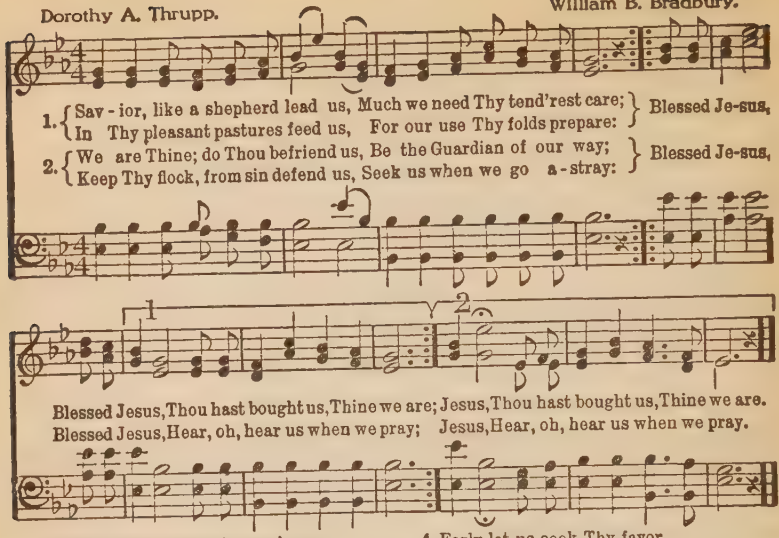

1. Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store; From each idol that would
sound-eth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 268. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

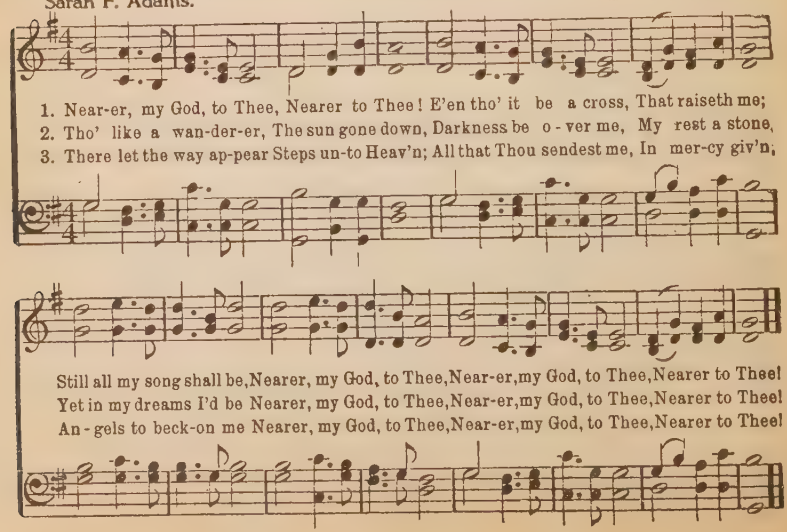

1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: Blessed Je-sus,
2. We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: Blessed Je-sus,
1
2
Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

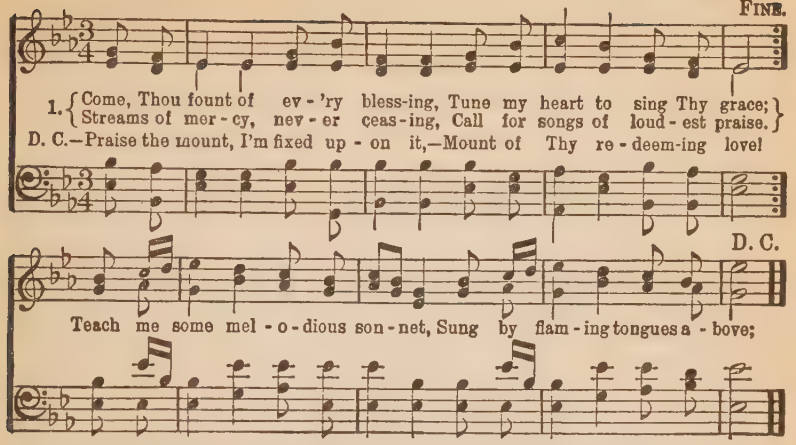
No. 269. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to Heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n,
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 270. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. John Wyeth.

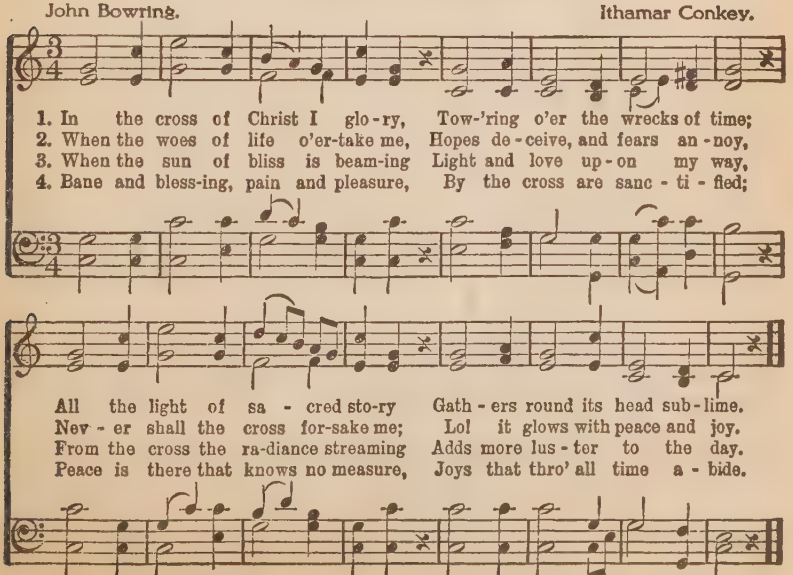

FINE.
1. Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it,—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love!
D. C.
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

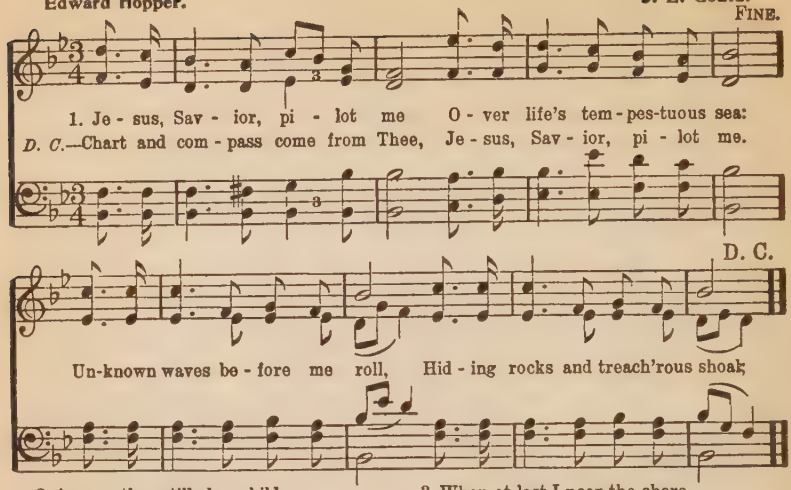
No. 271. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 272. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

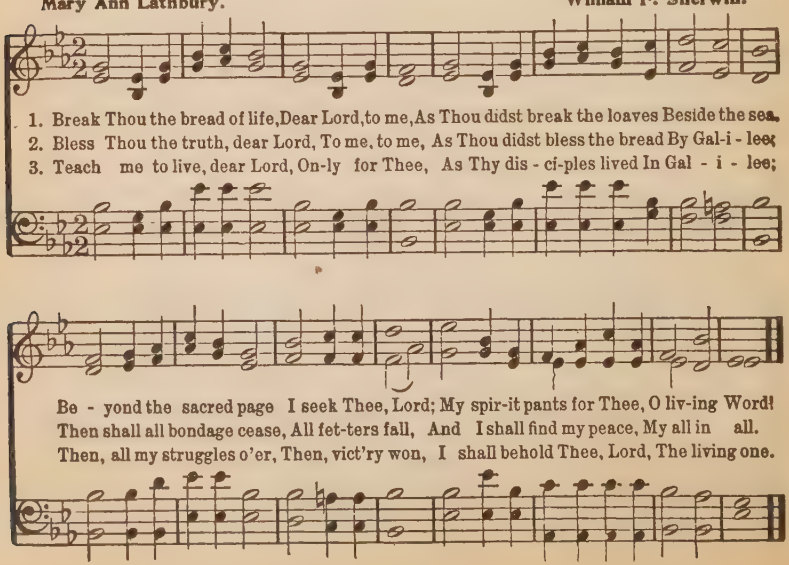

FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea:
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
D. C.
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

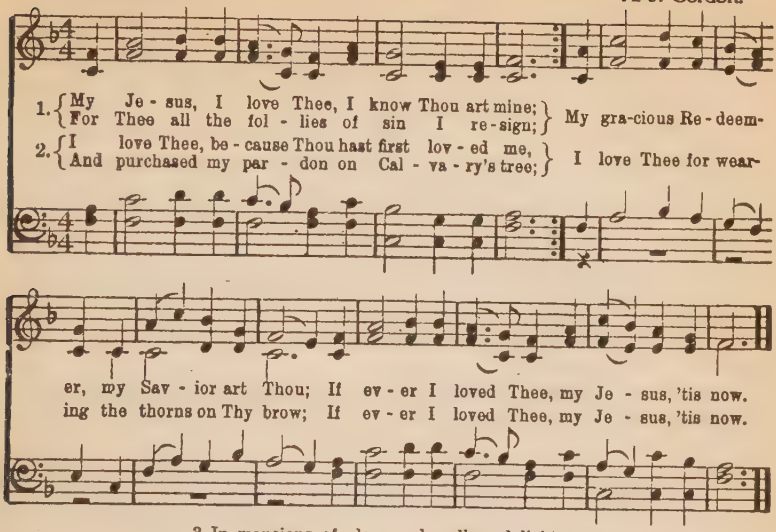
No. 273. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

No. 274. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

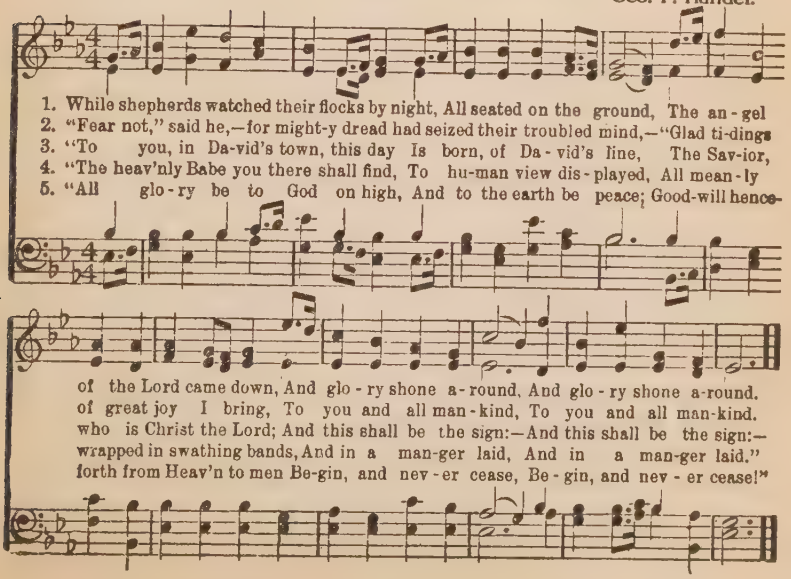
London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
My gra-cious Re - deem-
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
I love Thee for wear-
er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in Heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

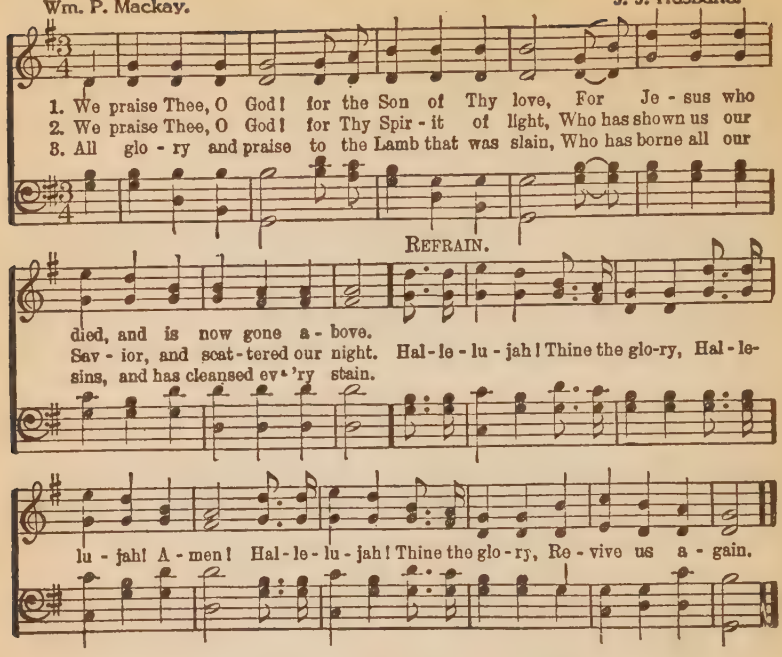
No. 275. While Shepherds Watched.

Nahum Tate. Geo. F. Handel.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an - gel
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread had seized their troubled mind,—"Glad ti-dings
3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day Is born, of Da - vid's line, The Sav-ior,
4. "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find, To hu-man view dis - played, All mean - ly
5. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a-round.
of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind, To you and all man-kind.
who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:—And this shall be the sign:—
wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."
forth from Heav'n to men Be-gin, and nev - er cease, Be - gin, and nev - er cease!"

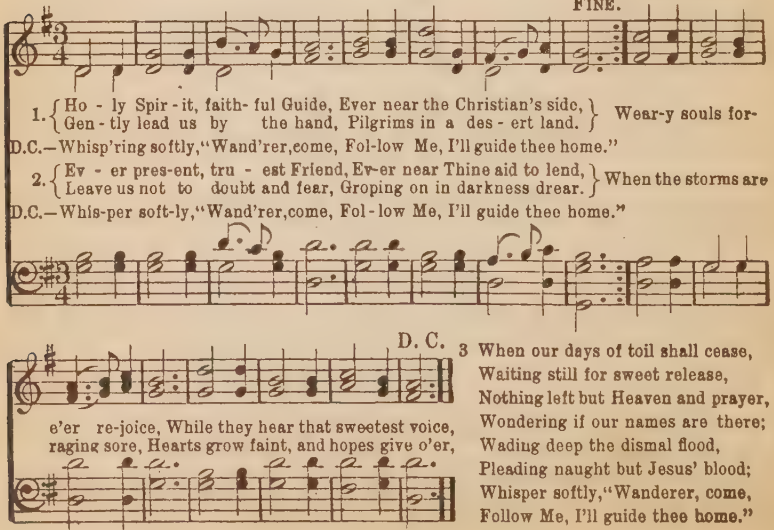
No. 276. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
REFRAIN.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le-
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 277. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

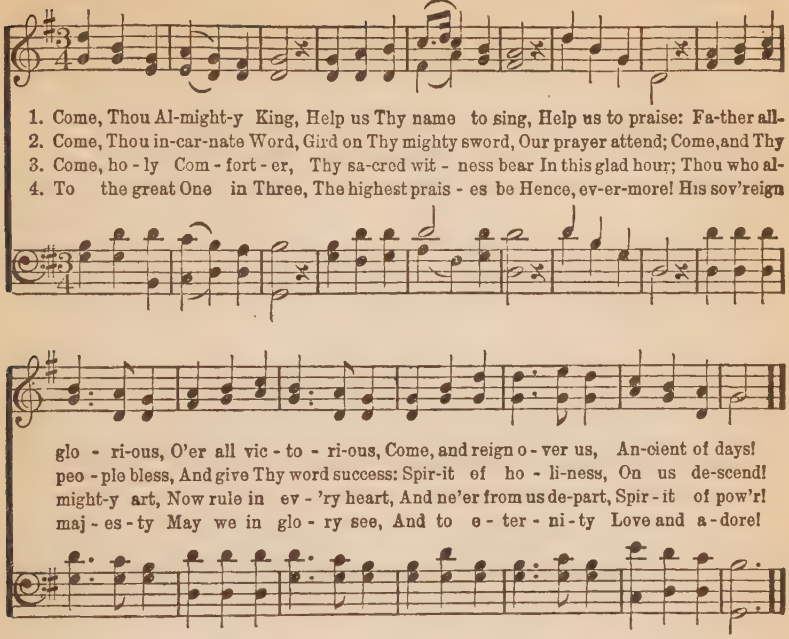
M. M. W. M. M. Wells.


FINE.
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith- ful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side, } Wear-y souls for-
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. }
D.C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
2. { Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, } When the storms are
{ Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear. }
D.C.—Whis-per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
D. C.
e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but Heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

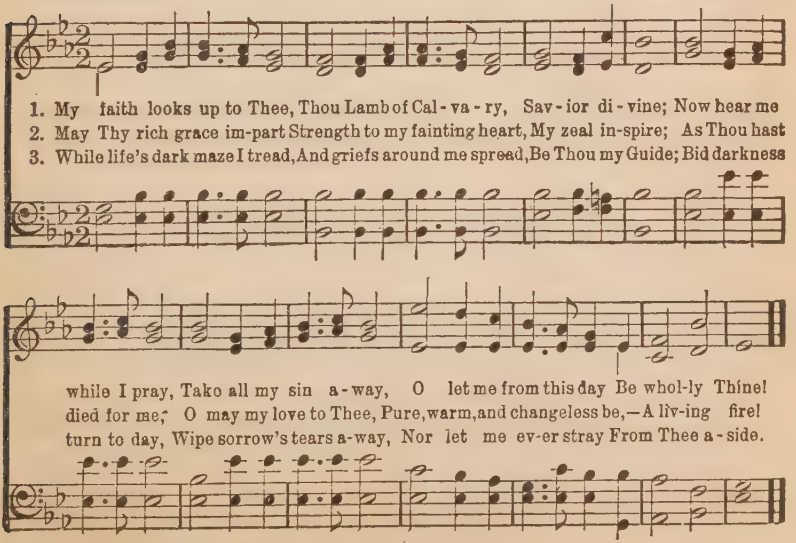
No. 278. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

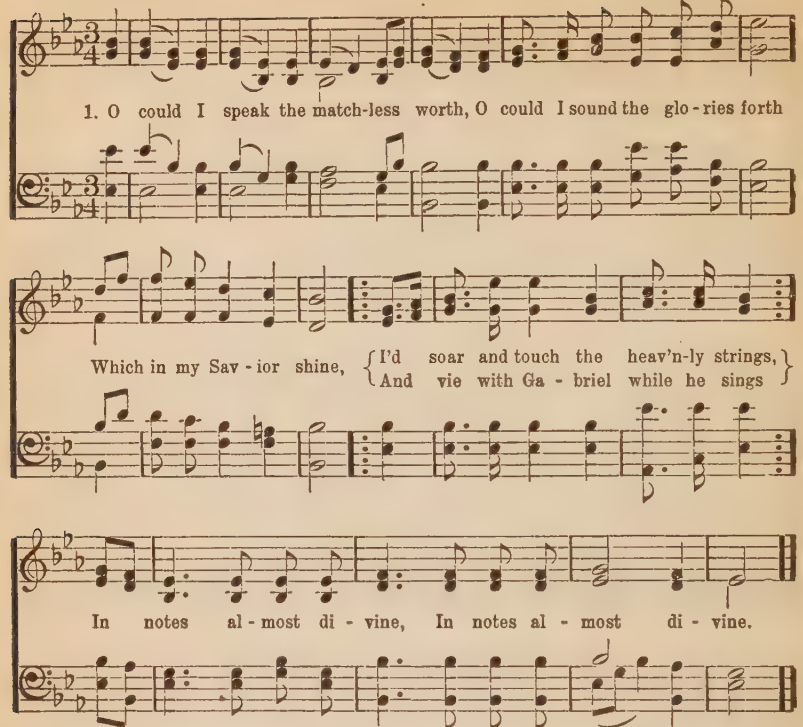
No. 279. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.

No. 280. O Could I Speak.

S. Medley. Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth
Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

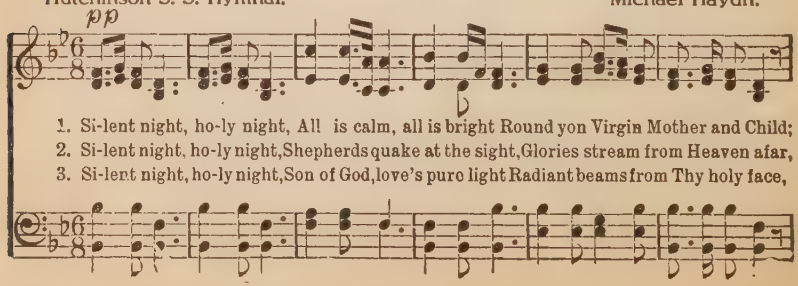
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

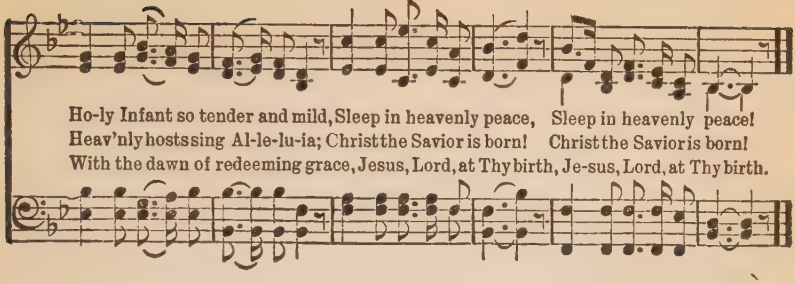
No. 281. Silent Night, Holy Night.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

Hutchinson S. S. Hymnal. Michael Haydn.


pp
1. Si-lent night, ho-ly night, All is calm, all is bright Round yon Virgin Mother and Child;
2. Si-lent night, ho-ly night, Shepherds quake at the sight, Glories stream from Heaven afar,
3. Si-lent night, ho-ly night, Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,

Silent Night, Holy Night.


Ho-ly Infant so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace!
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia; Christ the Savior is born! Christ the Savior is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

No. 282. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts.

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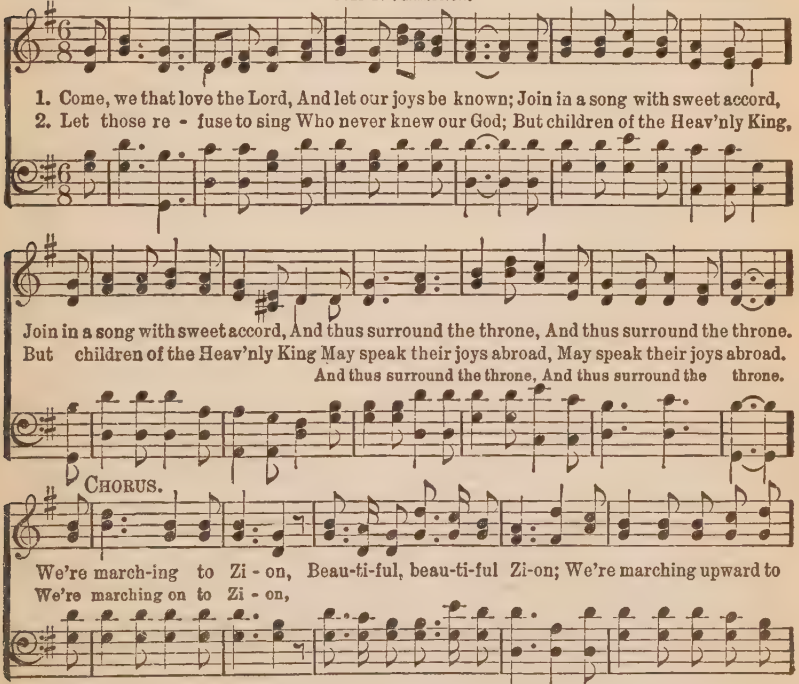
Rev. Robert Lowry.

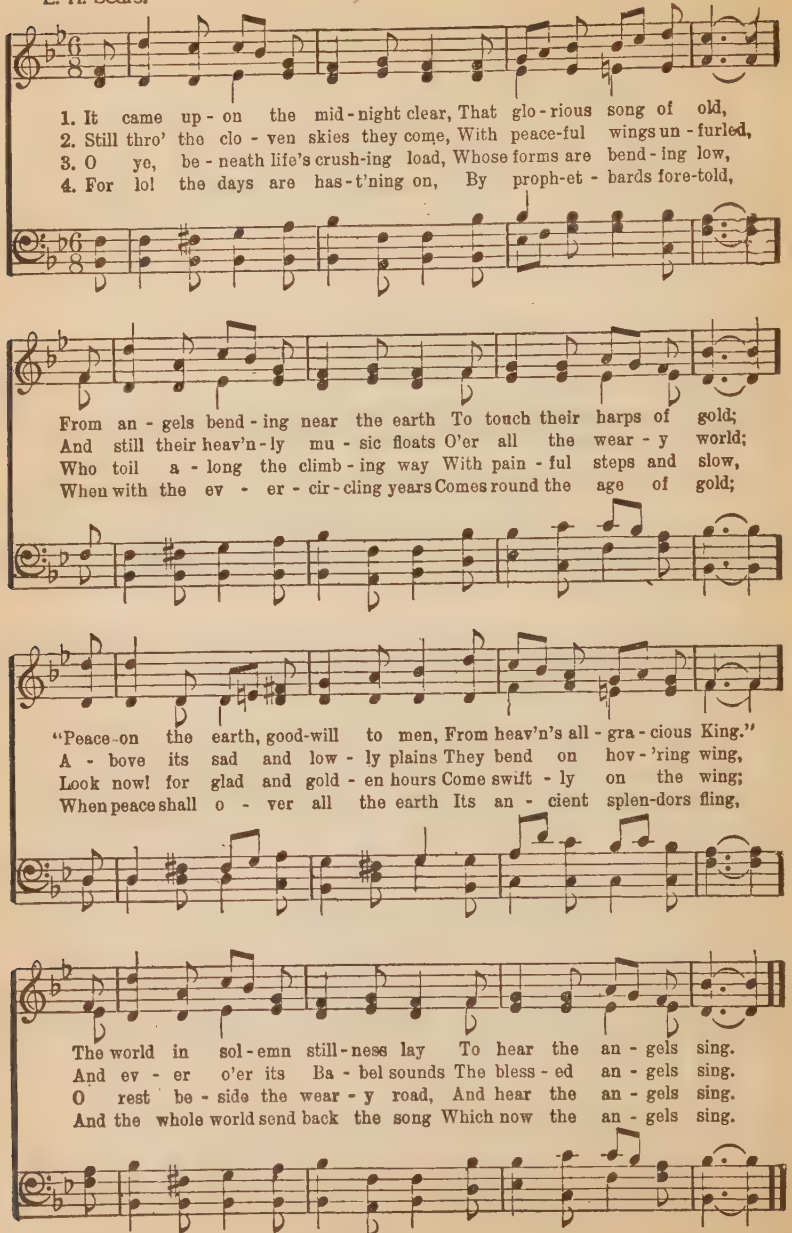

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heav'nly King,
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
But children of the Heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're marching upward to
We're marching on to Zi - on,
Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful Cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's

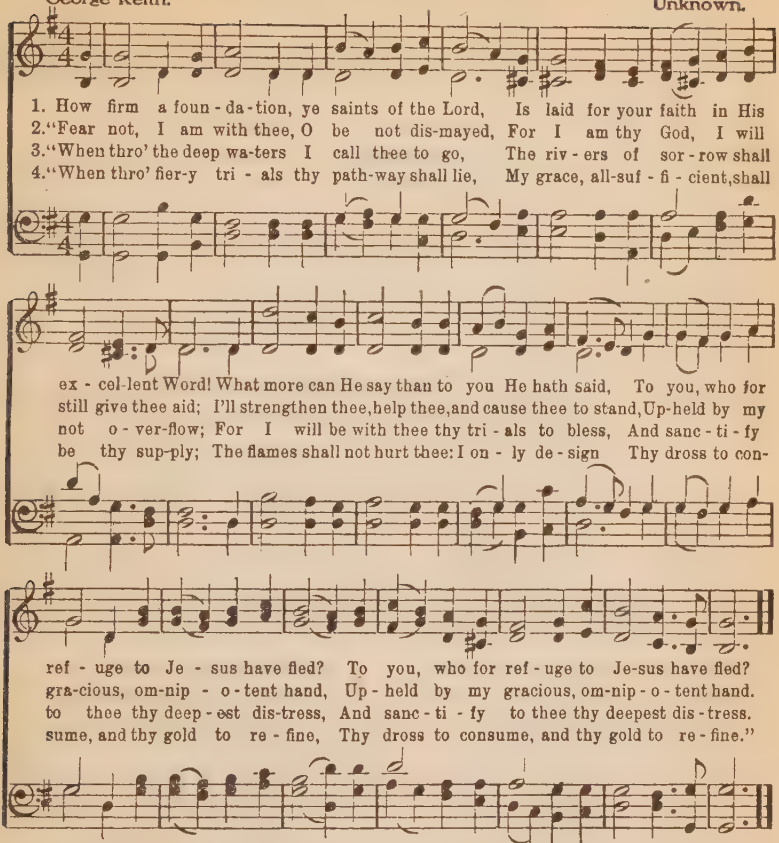
No. 283. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. R. Storrs Willis.


1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et - bards fore-told,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

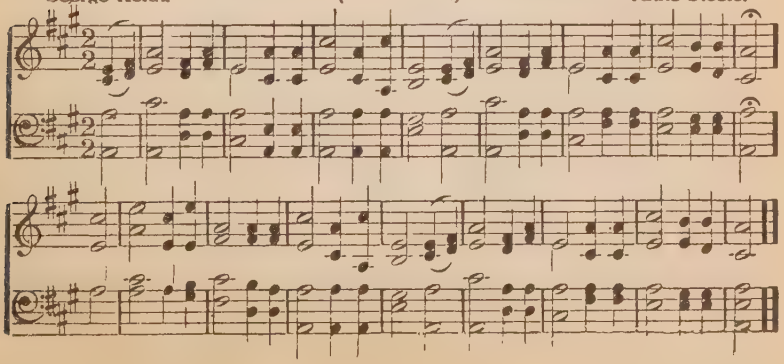
No. 284. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf - fi - cient, shall
ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy
be thy sup-ply; The flames shall not hurt thee: I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gracious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
to thee thy deep - est dis-tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis - tress.
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine."

No. 285. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. (*Second Tune.*) Anne Steele.



No. 286. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

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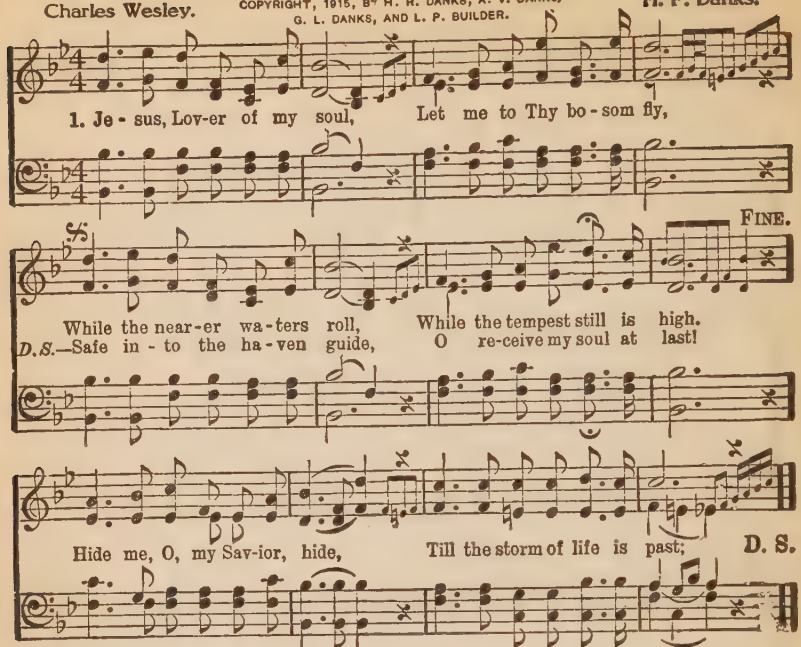
H. P. Danks.


1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
D.S.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
FINE.
Hide me, O, my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D. S.

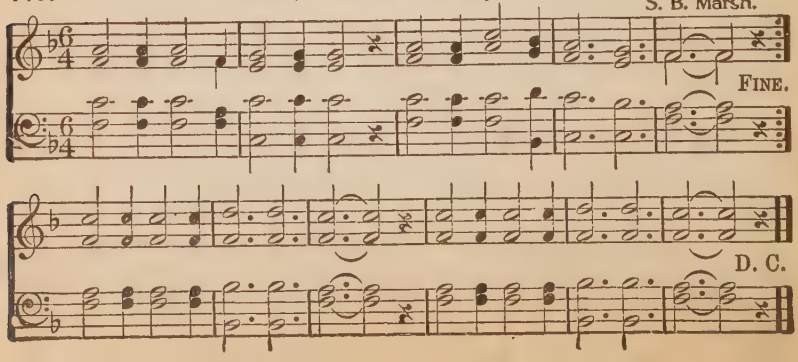
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

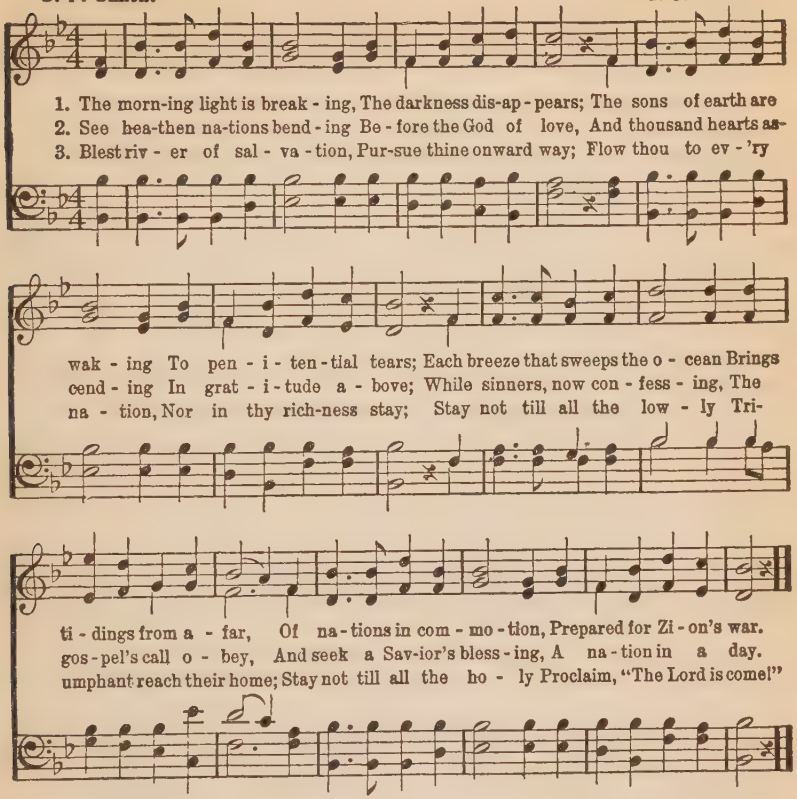
No. 287. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



No. 288. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.


1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of earth are
2. See hea-then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry
wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The
na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri-
ti - dings from a - far, Of na-tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
gos - pel's call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 289. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

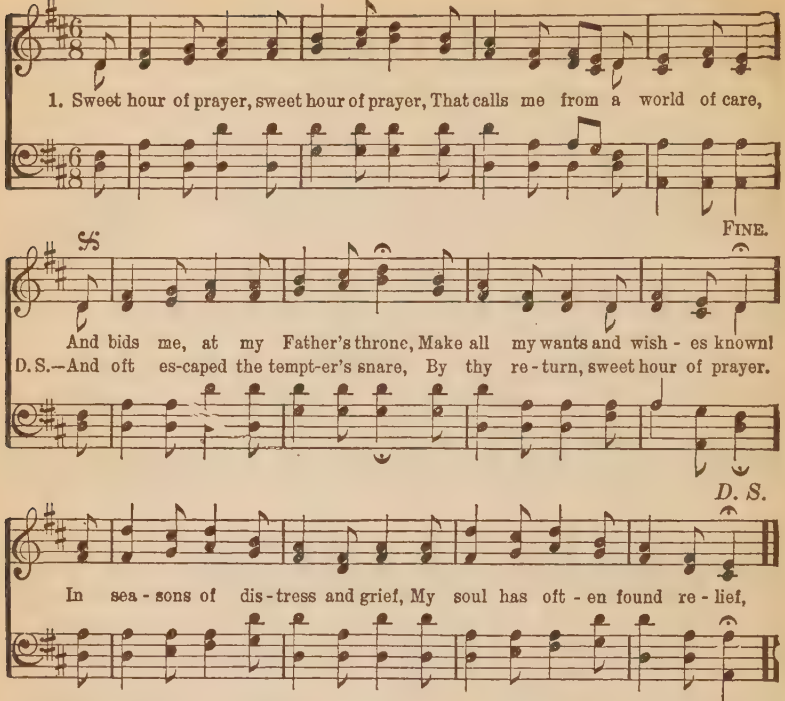
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield.*

No. 290. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

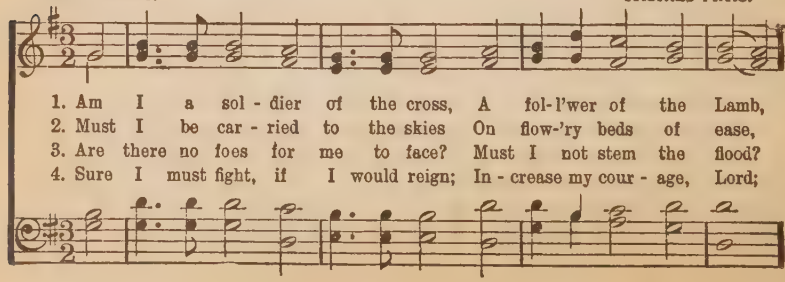

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D. S.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

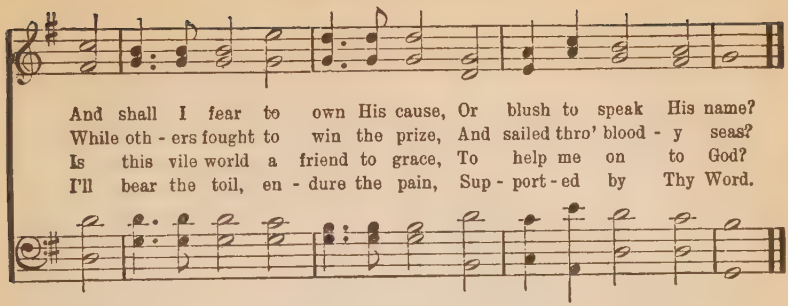
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 291. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. Thomas Arne.

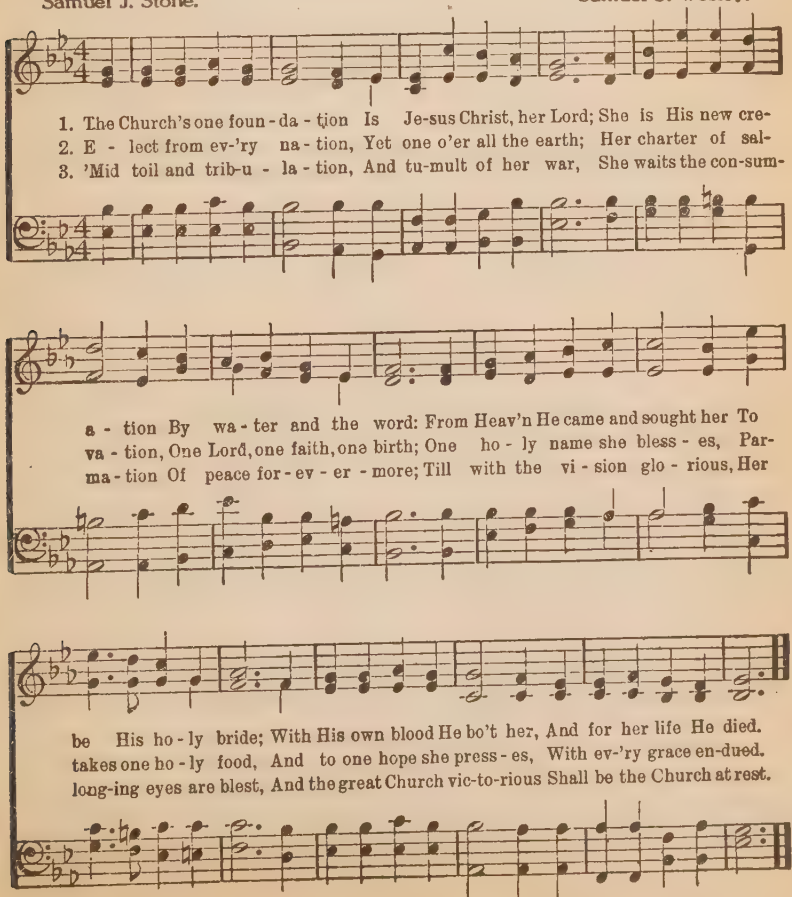

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

Am I a Soldier?


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.

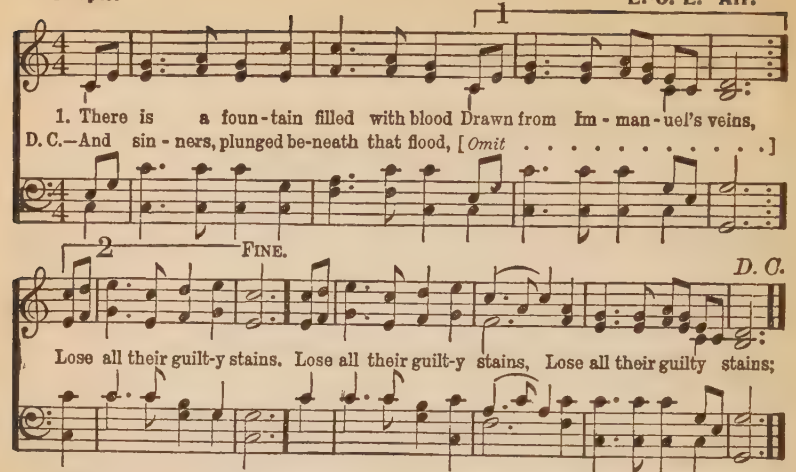
No. 292. The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. Samuel S. Wesley.


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord; She is His new cre-
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her charter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib-u - la - tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the con-sum-
a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From Heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more; Till with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her
be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
long-ing eyes are blest, And the great Church vic-to-rious Shall be the Church at rest.

No. 293. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. E. O. E. Arr.


1
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit . . . . .]
2
FINE.
D. C.
Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 294. Ghrist Arose.

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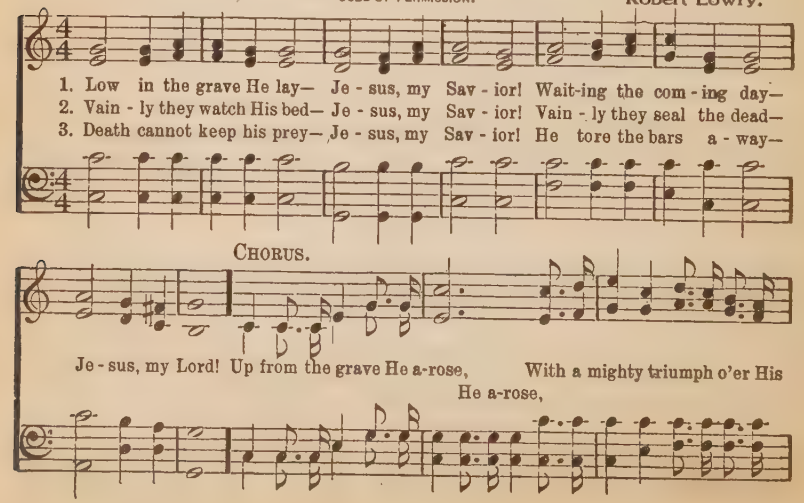
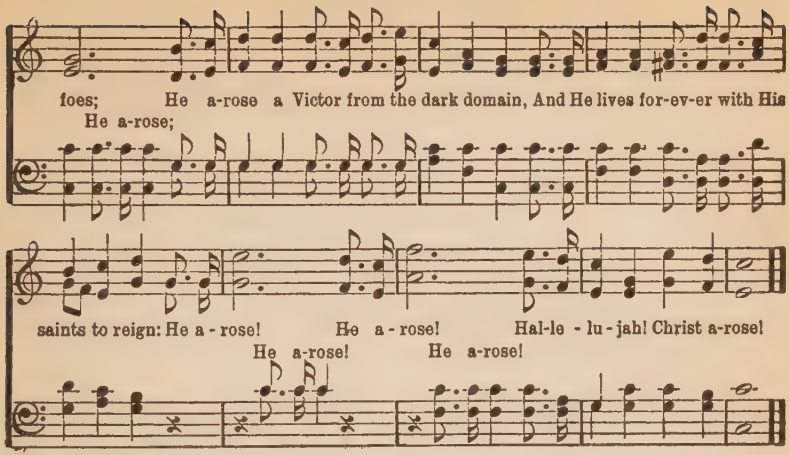
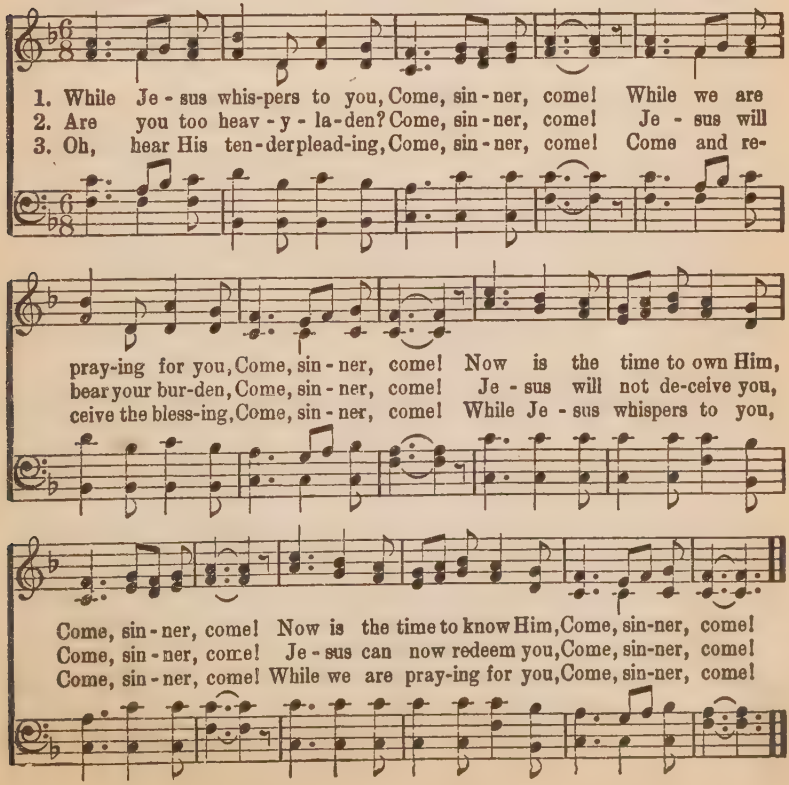
R. L. Robert Lowry.


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a-way—
CHORUS.
Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
He a-rose,

Christ Arose.

foes; He a-rose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
He a-rose;
saints to reign: He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal-le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

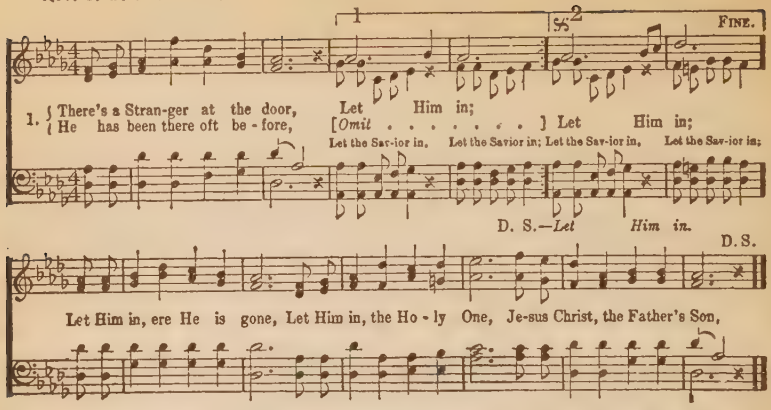
No. 295. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.


1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 296. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1
2
FINE.
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit . . . . .] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in. Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
D. S.—Let Him in.
D. S.
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

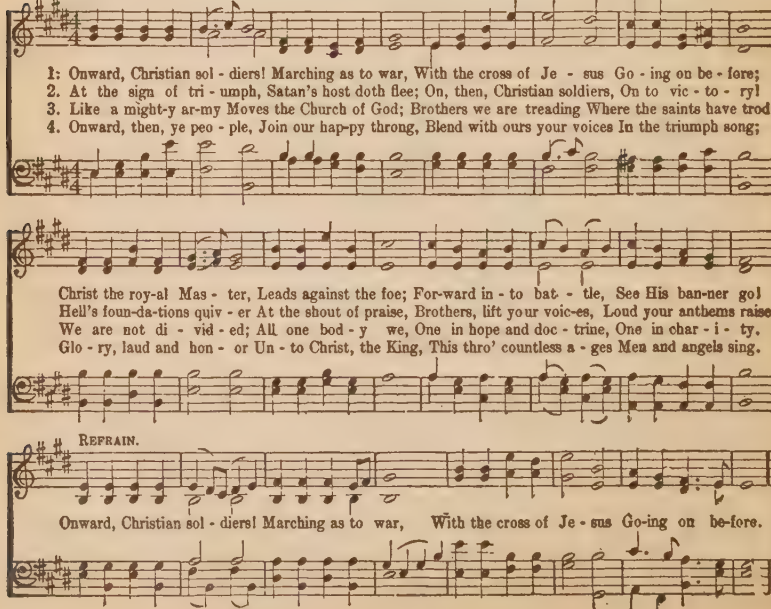
2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

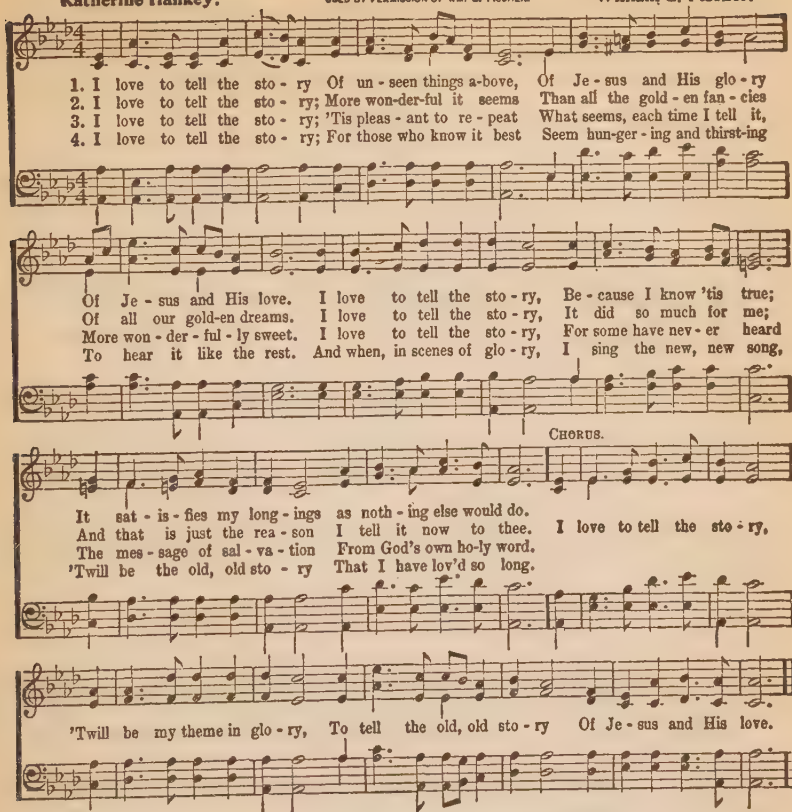
4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 297. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.

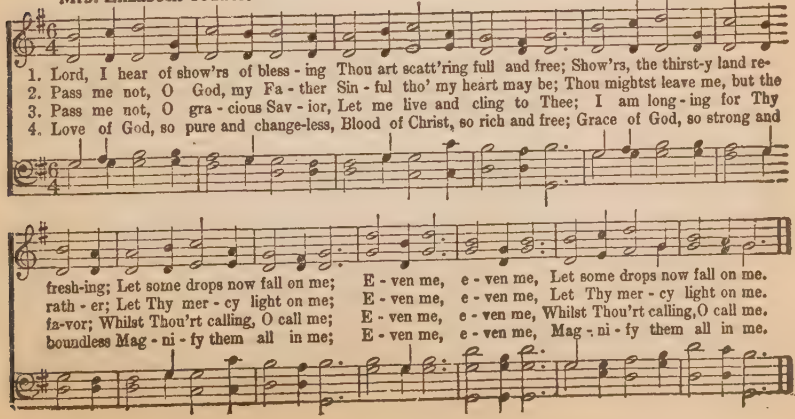

1: Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;
2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di-vid-ed; All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 298. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

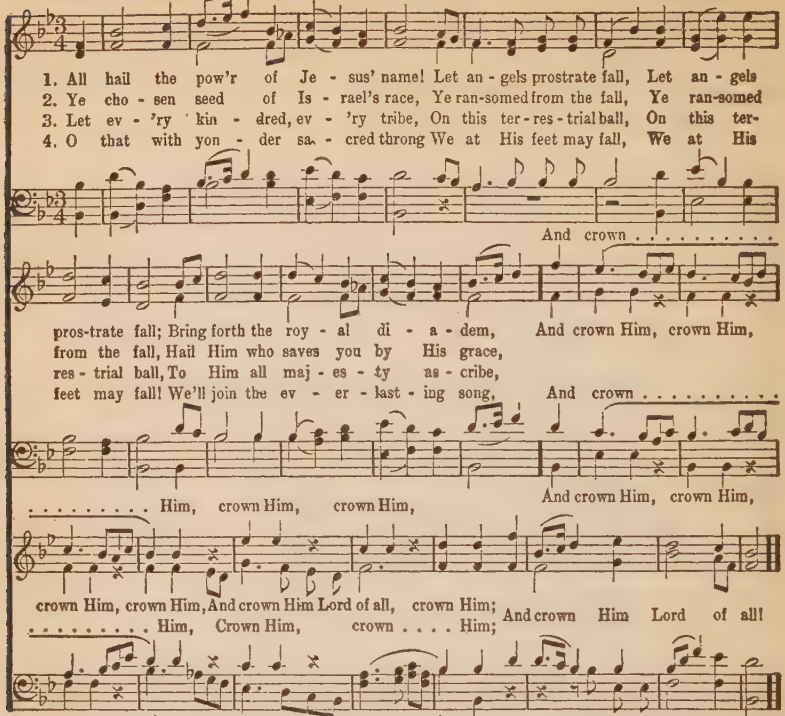
No. 299. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

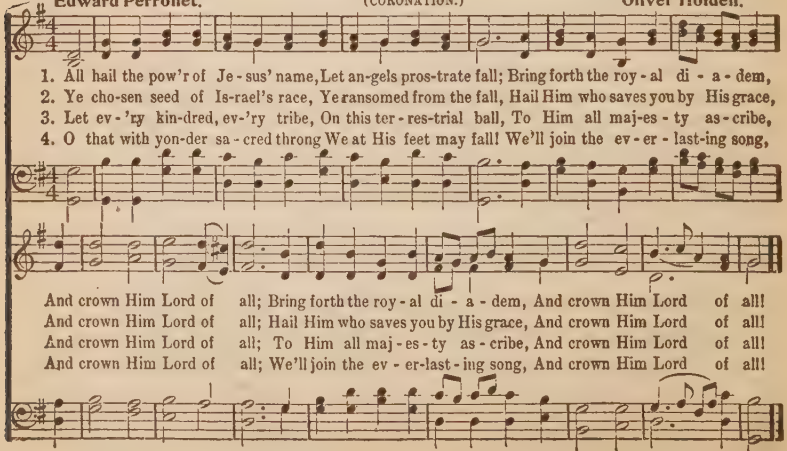
No. 300. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His
And crown . . . . . .
pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown . . . . . .
And crown Him, crown Him,
. . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!
crown Him Crown . . . . . Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 301. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as-cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

PATRIOTIC AND TEMPERANCE

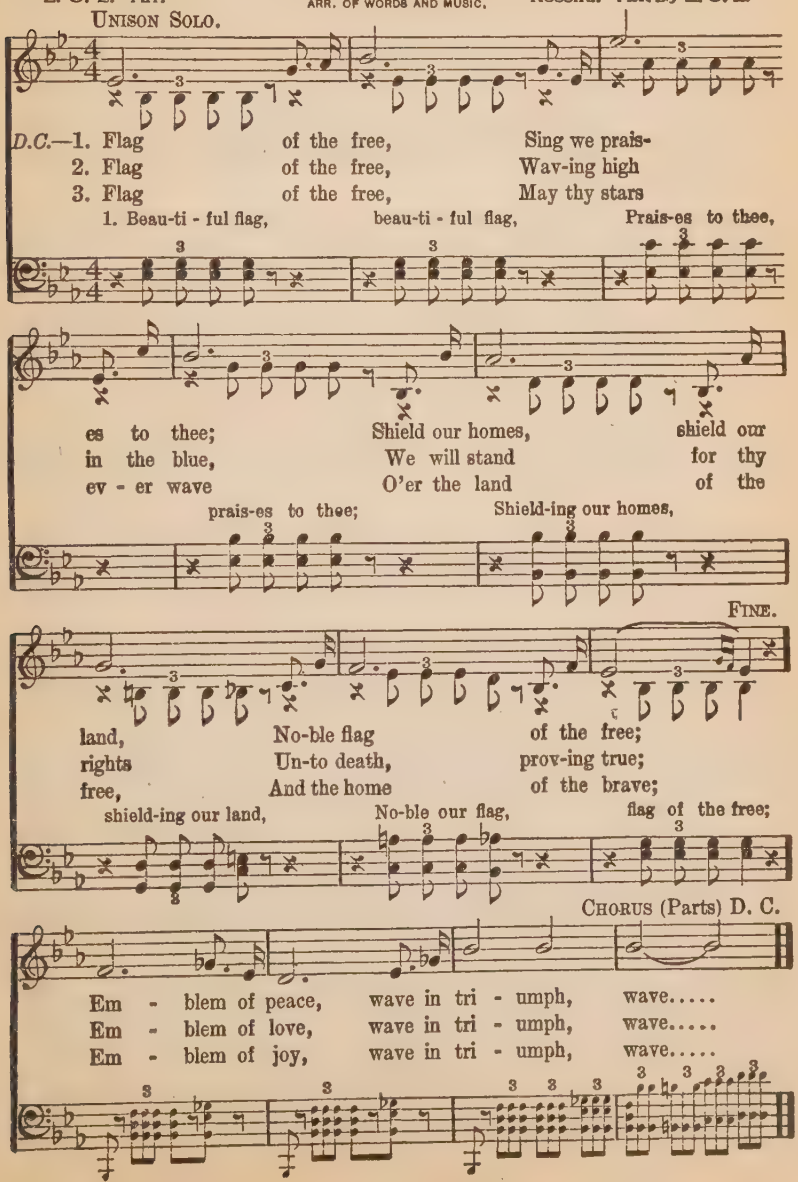
(FOR MIXED AND MALE VOICES)

No. 302. Beautiful Flag.

E. O. E. Arr.

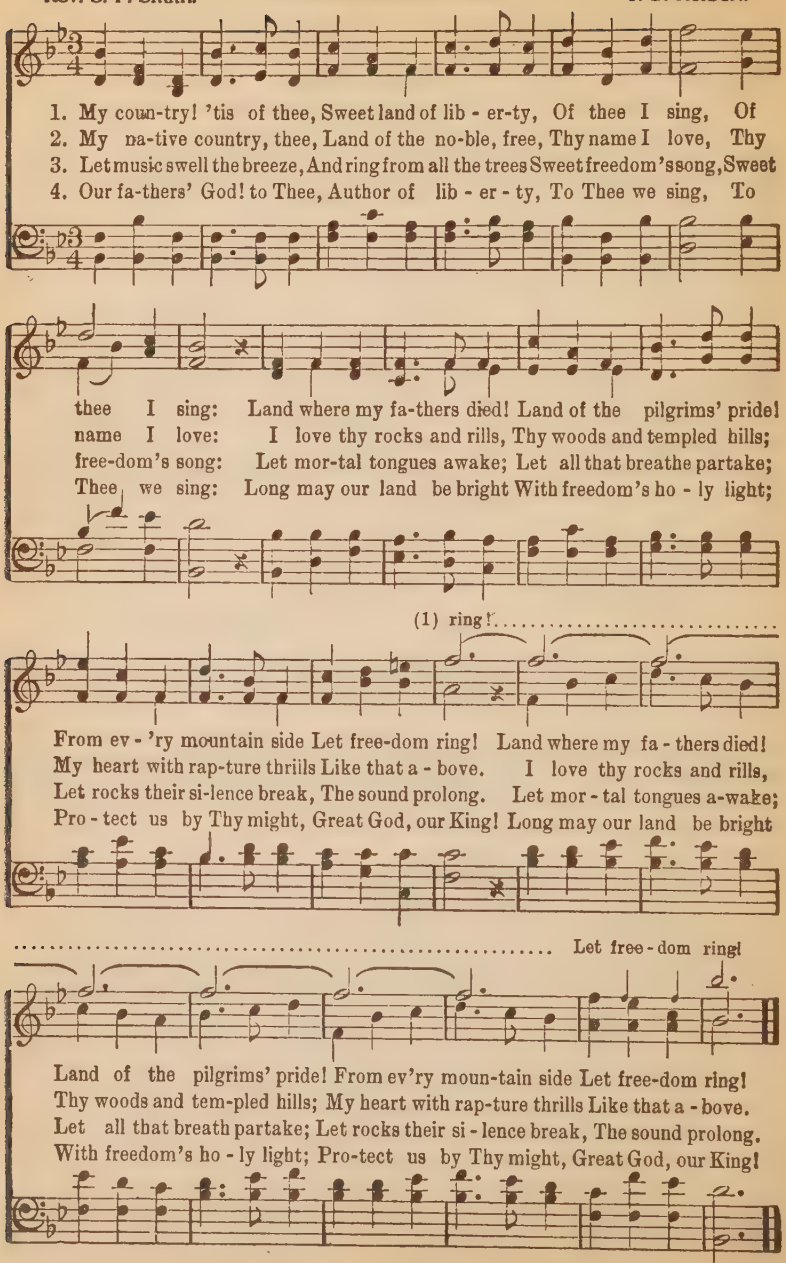
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
ARR. OF WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rossini. Arr. by E. O. E.


UNISON SOLO.
D.C.—1. Flag of the free, Sing we prais-
2. Flag of the free, Wav-ing high
3. Flag of the free, May thy stars
1. Beau-ti - ful flag, beau-ti - ful flag, Prais-es to thee,
es to thee; Shield our homes, shield our
in the blue, We will stand for thy
ev - er wave O'er the land of the
prais-es to thee; Shield-ing our homes,
FINE.
land, No-ble flag of the free;
rights Un-to death, prov-ing true;
free, And the home of the brave;
shield-ing our land, No-ble our flag, flag of the free;
CHORUS (Parts) D. C.
Em - blem of peace, wave in tri - umph, wave.....
Em - blem of love, wave in tri - umph, wave.....
Em - blem of joy, wave in tri - umph, wave.....

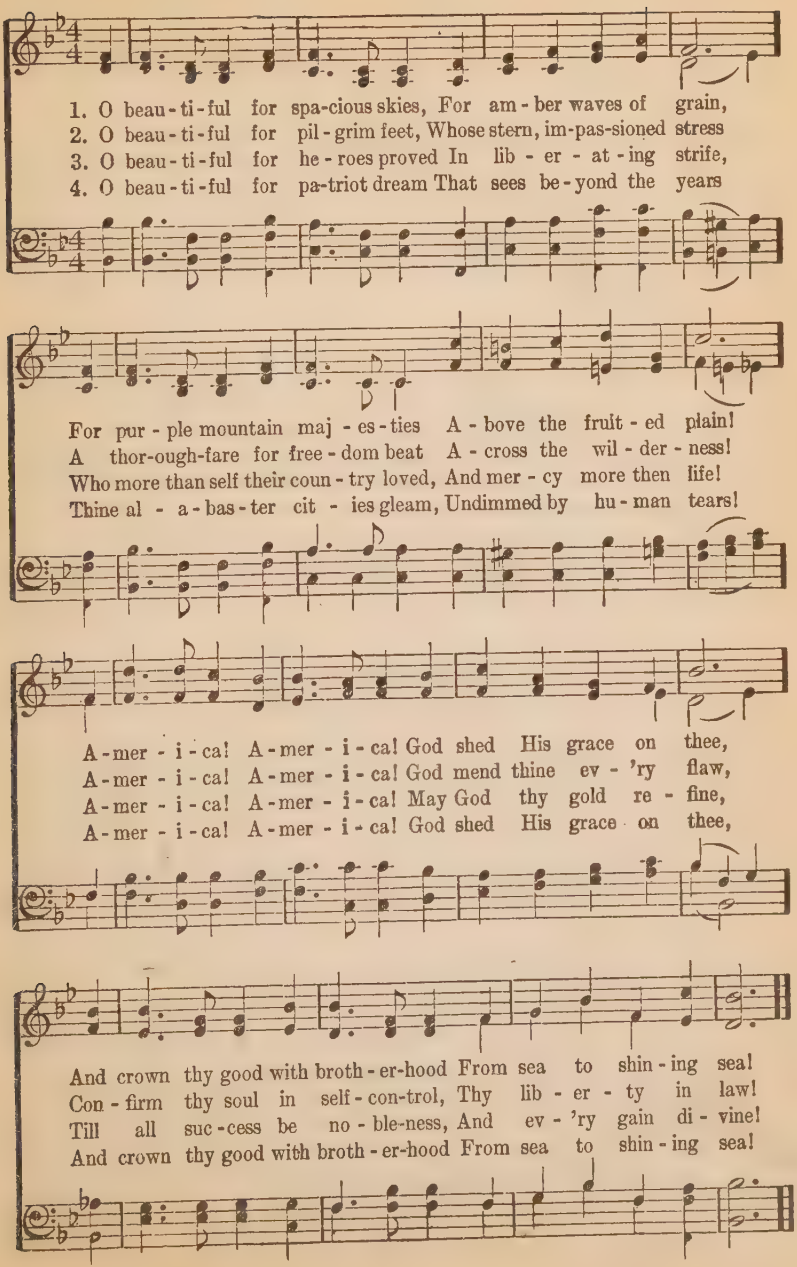
No. 303. My Country.

Rev. S. F. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. B. Herbert.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing, Of
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love, Thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To
thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride!
name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;
(1) ring!
From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fa - thers died!
My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong. Let mor - tal tongues a-wake;
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright
Let free - dom ring!
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 304. America the Beautiful.

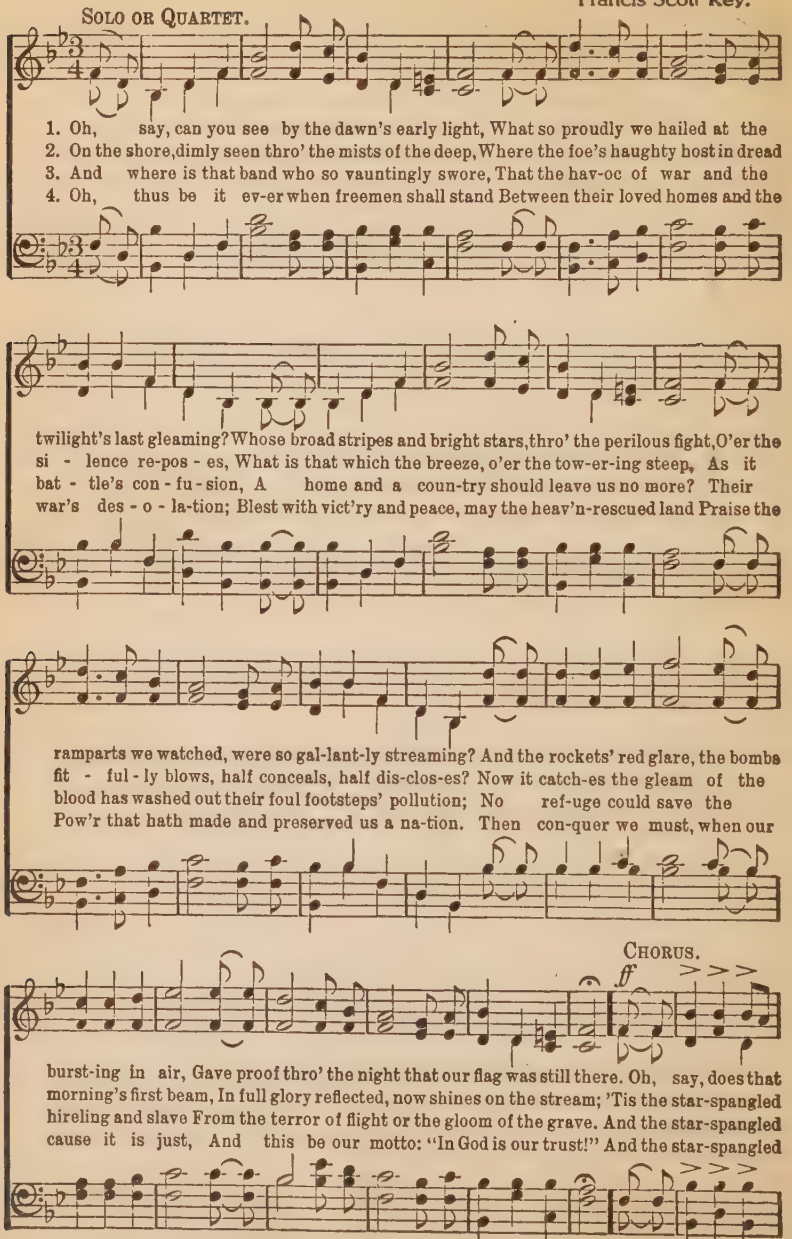
Katharine Lee Bates. S. A. Ward.


1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years
For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more then life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Undimmed by hu-man tears!
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

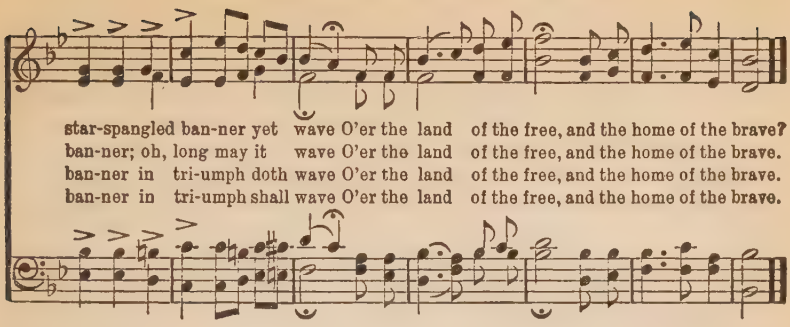
No. 305. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

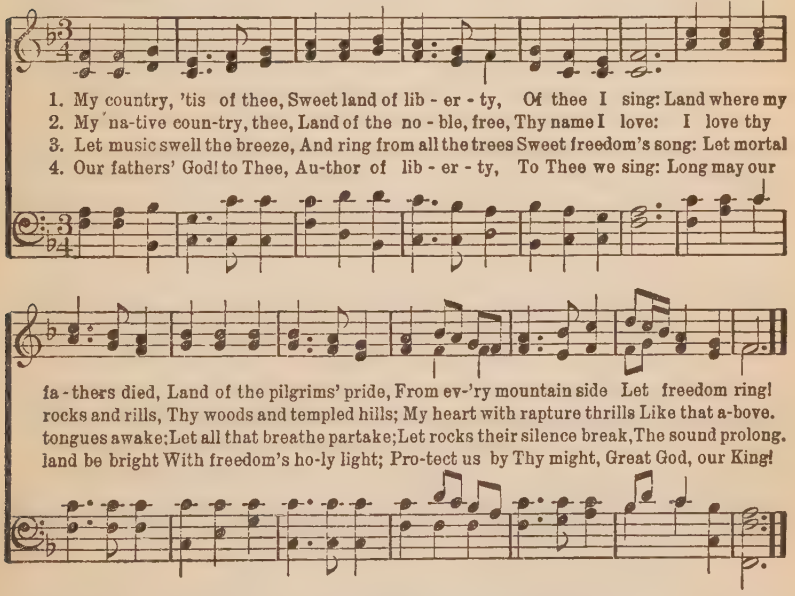

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our
CHORUS.
ff
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 306. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 307. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.

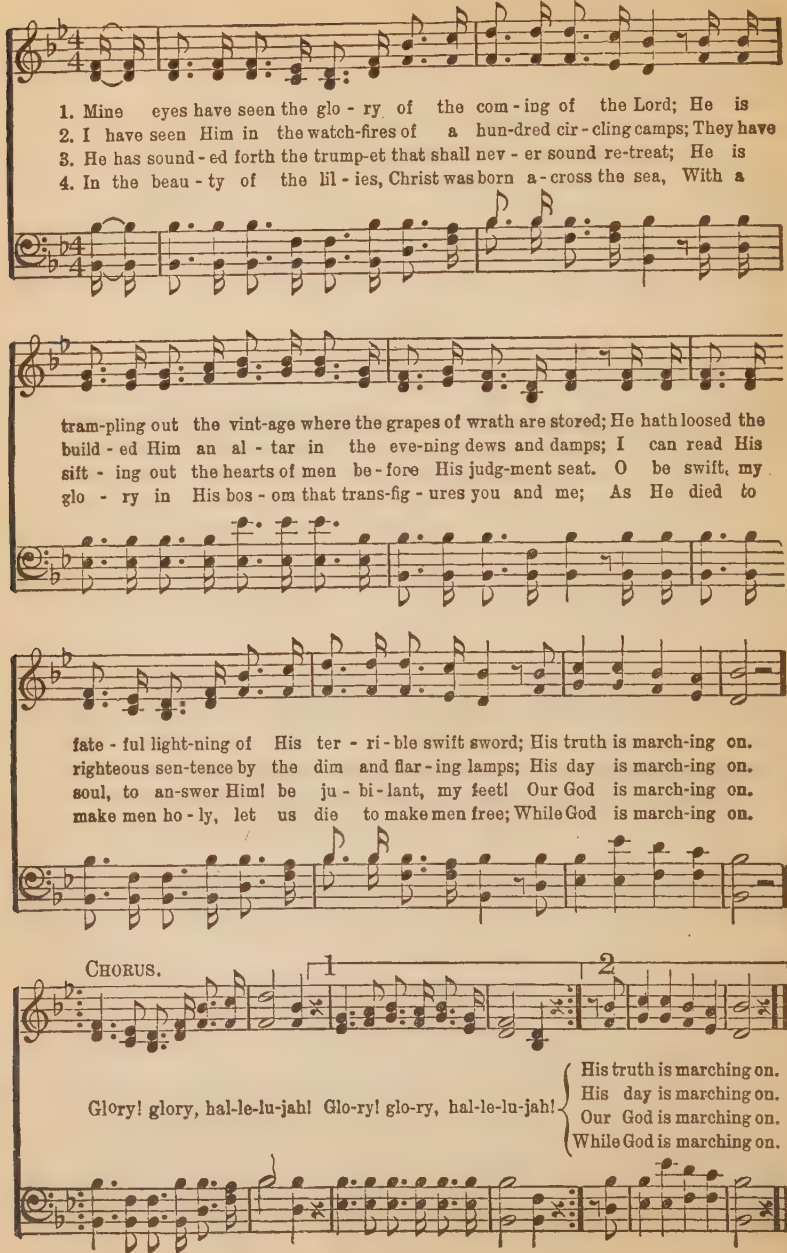
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.

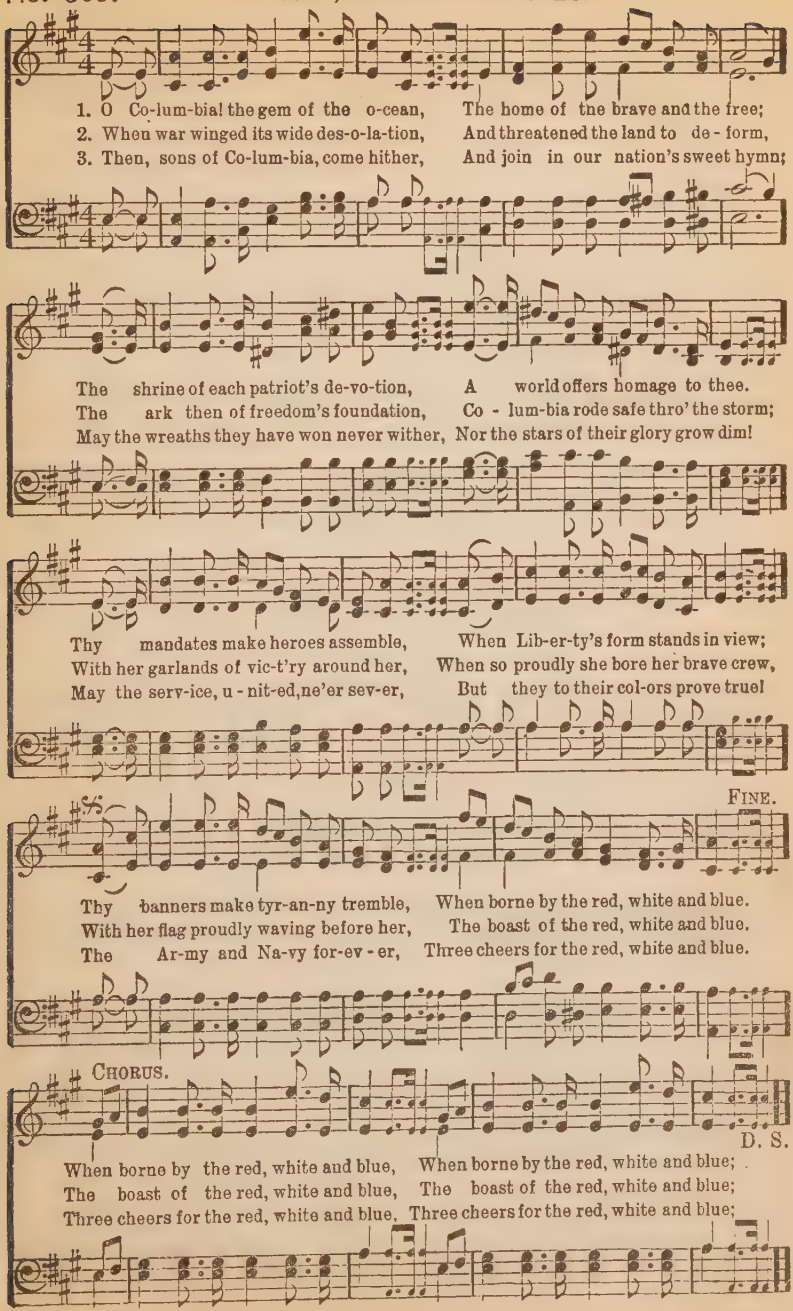
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 308. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
Chorus.
1
2
Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

No. 309. The Red, White and Blue.


1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!
FINE.
Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
CHORUS.
D. S.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

No. 310.

It Is Not Fair.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

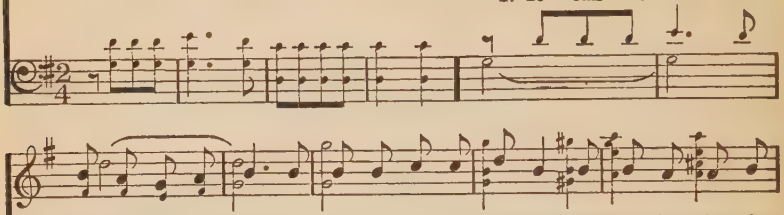
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

P. D. Bird.

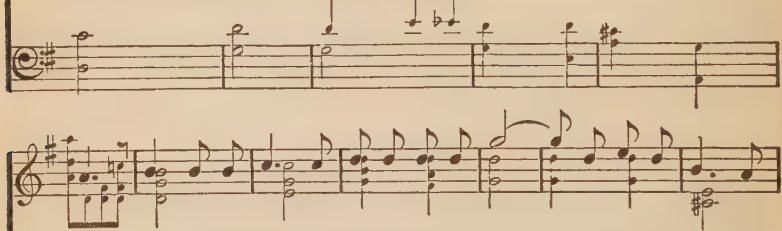
Moderato.

1. It is not fair that
2. It is not fair that
3. It is not fair that
4. It can-not be that

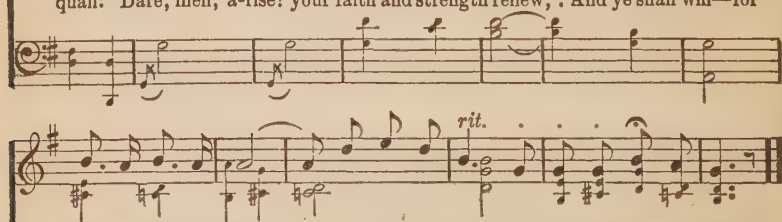
INTRODUCTION.



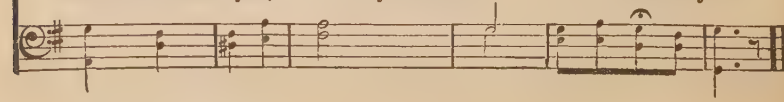
grief should so a-bound, That want and deg-ra - da-tion should ev-'ry-where be
rum should blot out lives; It is not fair the de-mon should rob our babes and
rum should smite the will, Should pal-sy soul and bod-y—should blast and blight and
God's own work should fail, That soldiers should be cowards—should fal-ter, shirk and



found: Arm for the fight—our banners wide un-furled! . It is not fair that
wives; No, 'tis not fair so man-y to en-slave, . It is not fair, rise
kill; Rise, men, for war! put down this monster foe, . . It is not fair that
quail: Dare, men, a-rise! your faith and strength renew, . And ye shall win—for



rum should rule the world, . It is not fair that rum should rule the world.
up, O men, to save, . . It is not fair, rise up, O men, to save.
wrong should triumph so, . . It is not fair that wrong should triumph so.
God will be with you, . . And ye shall win—for God will be with you.



No. 311.

Break Your Pitchers!

A. W. S.

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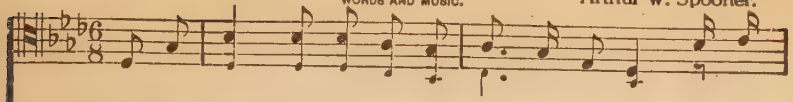
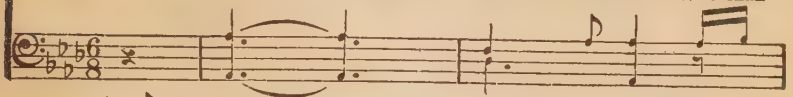
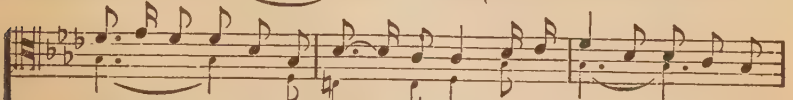
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Arthur W. Spooner.

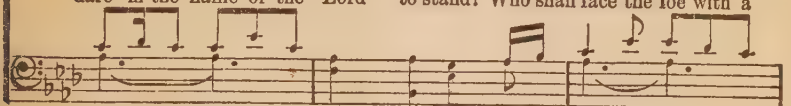
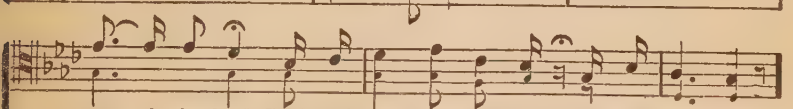


1. Do you know the sto - ry of Gid - e - on's band; In the
2. Far down in the val - ley the en - e - my lay, Like the
3. Can't you hear God call - ing for Gid - e - on's band? Who shall

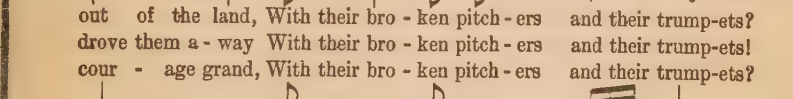


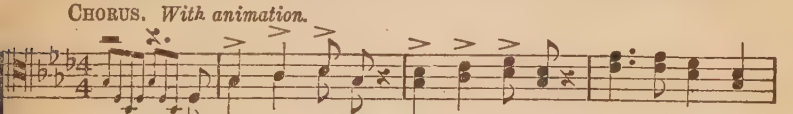


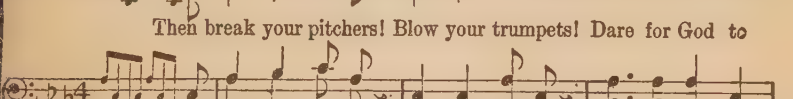
name of the Lord how they dared to stand? How they drove God's en-e-mies
sands of the sea with-out num-ber, they say,—But the brave three hundred soon
dare in the name of the Lord to stand? Who shall face the foe with a

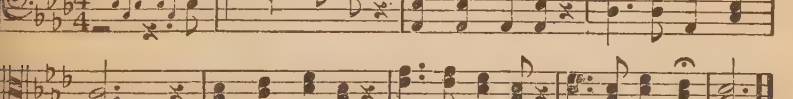


out of the land, With their bro - ken pitch - ers and their trump-ets?
drove them a - way With their bro - ken pitch - ers and their trump-ets!
cour - age grand, With their bro - ken pitch - ers and their trump-ets?

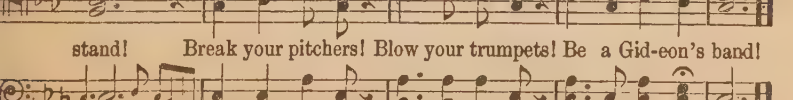


CHORUS. *With animation.*

Then break your pitchers! Blow your trumpets! Dare for God to





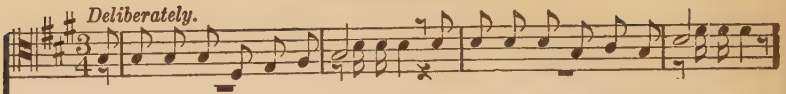
stand! Break your pitchers! Blow your trumpets! Be a Gid-eon's band!



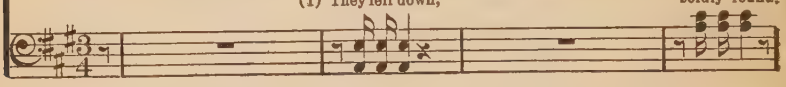
No. 312. The Walls of Jericho.

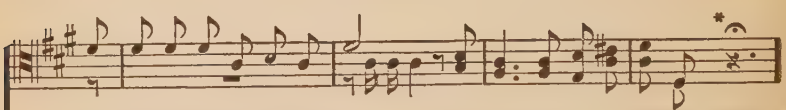
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. B. H. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. B. Herbert.

Deliberately.

1. The walls of Jer - i-cho fell down, As Israel's host marched boldly 'round,
2. They marched around for seven days, The walls stood si - lent in a - maze;
3. The liquor men are on the run, Their troub-les have but just be - gun;
4. Get read-y for the ju - bi - lee, We're march - ing on to vic - to - ry;

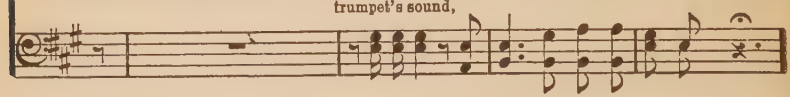
(1) They fell down, boldly 'round.

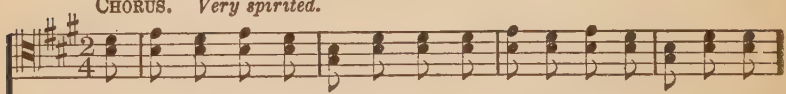


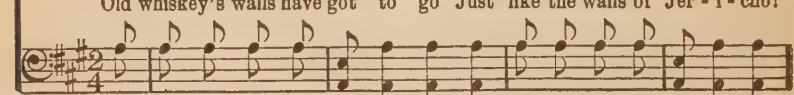
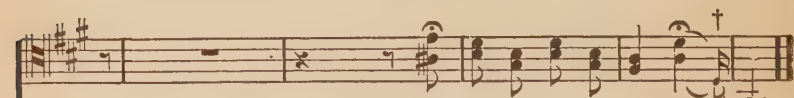


Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, And ev - 'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
Then fell down flat, the Scripture says, When ev - 'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
It's our turn now to have some fun, Let ev - 'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)
Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? Let ev - 'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)

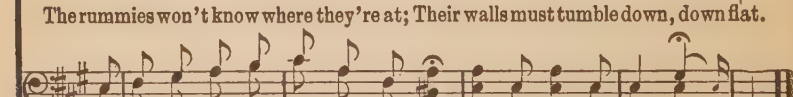
trumpet's sound,



CHORUS. *Very spirited.*

Old whiskey's walls have got to go Just like the walls of Jer - i - cho!



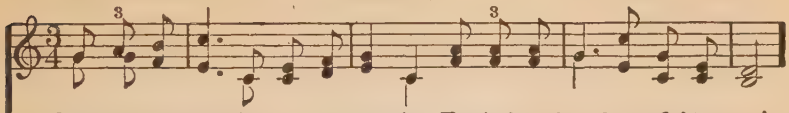
The rummies won't know where they're at; Their walls must tumble down, down flat.

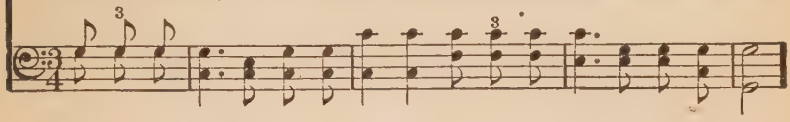


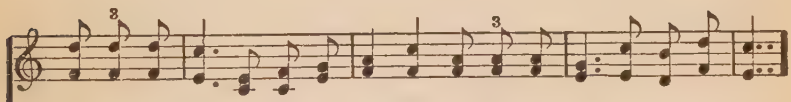
* Quartet shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

† With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor for the word "flat."

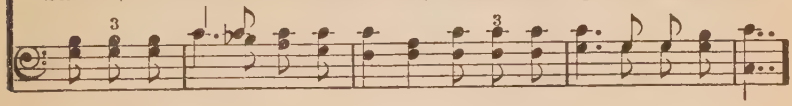
No. 313. A Thousand Years of Prohibition.

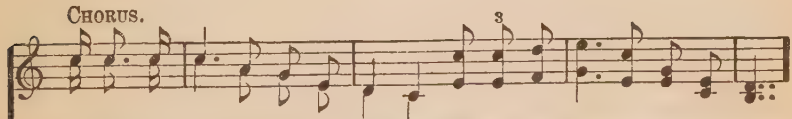
Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. Henry C. Work.
WORDS AND ARR.

1. Lift up your hearts in ex - ul - ta - tion, Ye who have feared your fight was vain,
2. Long have we fought against the de - mon, Lur-ing our sons to drunkard's graves:
3. O land of ours, that weeps in sor - row O - ver the graves that drink has made,
4. God's on our side, He will not fail us, Rise in the strength God gives to - day;

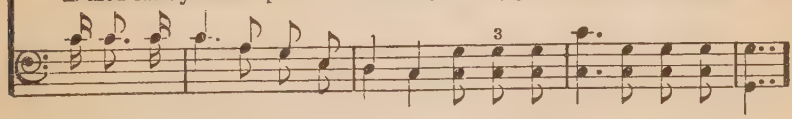
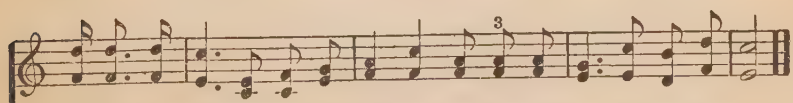


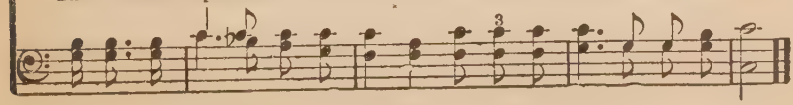


Hear the glad cry that thrills the na - tion, We shall be free from liq-uor's chain.
Broth-ers of mine, let us be freemen, Down with the drink that makes men slaves.
Pray and be glad, for on the mor - row Low in the dust the foe be laid.
Strike down the foes that would as-sail us, Ban-ish the liq - uor-curse for aye.

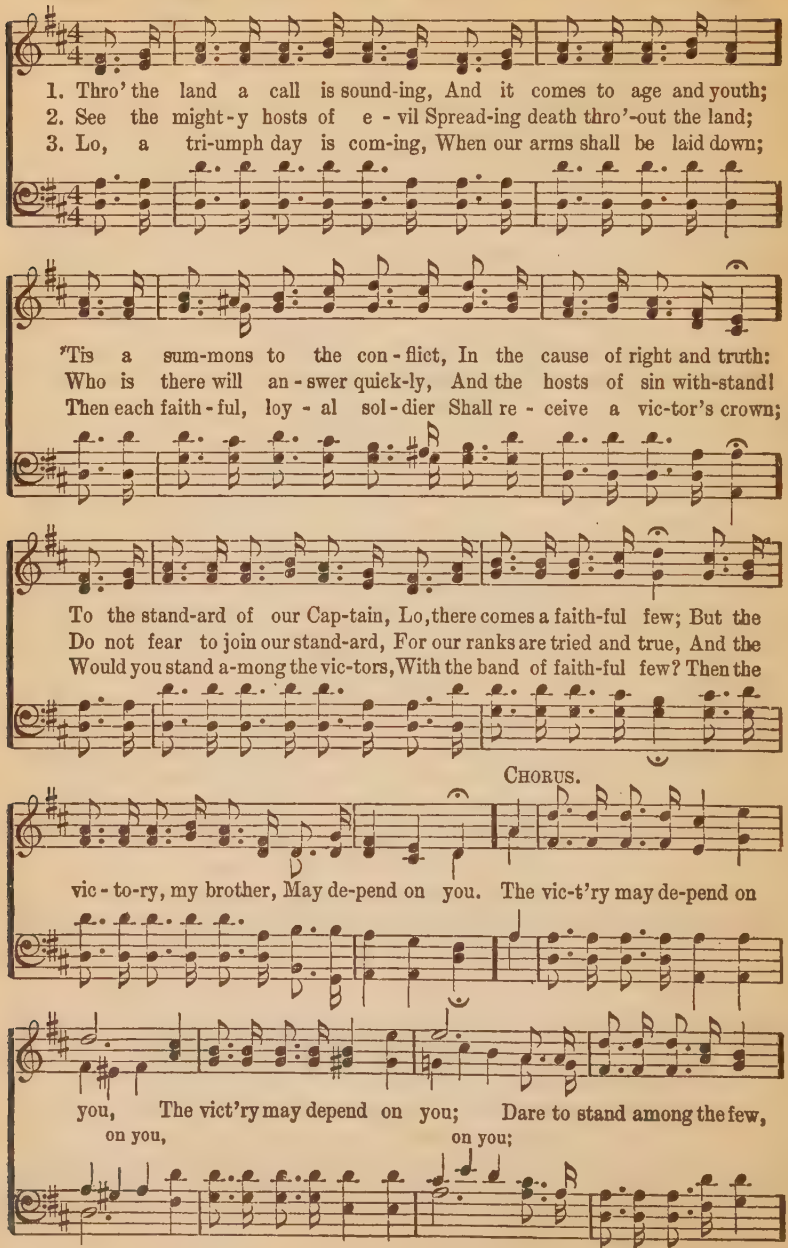


CHORUS.

A thou-sand years of pro - hi - bi - tion, Lift up your eyes, be-hold the dawn!

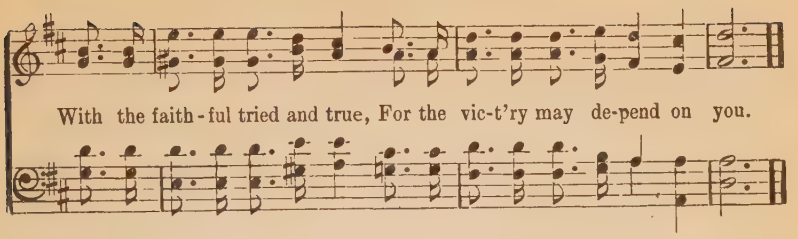


The Nation's hope shall find fru - i - tion, When from our land the curse has gone.

No. 314. The Victory May Depend on You.

George O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO. J. H. Fillmore.

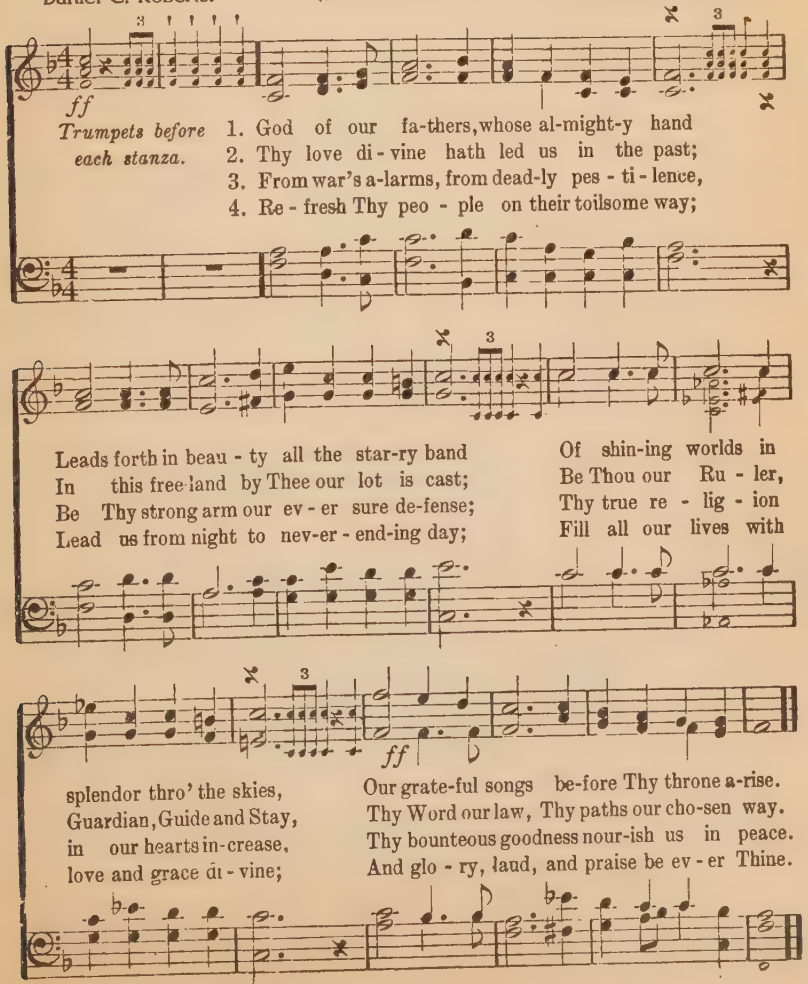

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e-vil Spread-ing death thro'-out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;
'Tis a sum-mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth:
Who is there will an-swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand!
Then each faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a vic-tor's crown;
To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith-ful few; But the
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the
Would you stand a-mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few? Then the
CHORUS.
vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-pend on
you, The vict'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you;

The Victory May Depend on You.



No. 315. God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts. (NATIONAL HYMN.) George W. Warren.


ff
Trumpets before each stanza.
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toilsome way;
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;
Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Ru-ler,
Thy true re-lig-ion
Fill all our lives with
splendor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine;
ff
Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine.

No. 316. Will Your Heart Ring True?

Almeda Hall Tarrant.

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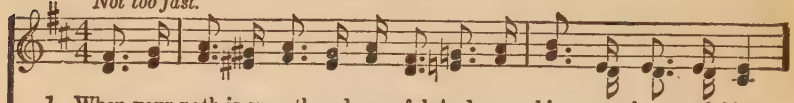
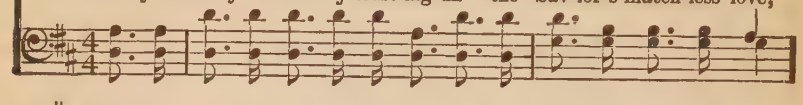
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

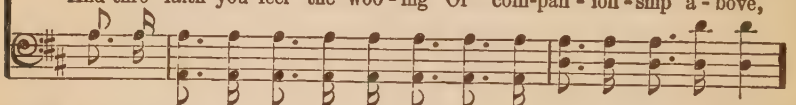
Not too fast.



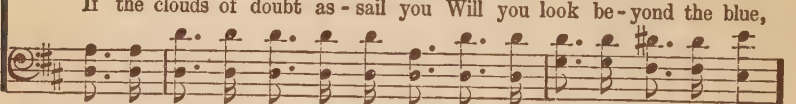
1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau-ty bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full-y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,



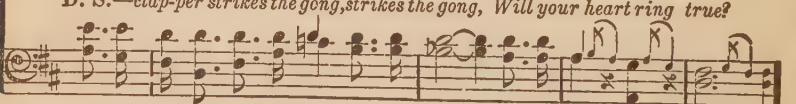
You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap-py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov-ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi-ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo-ing Of com-pan-ion-ship a-bove,



If af-flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you,
If you meet with sad re-vers-es And the tempt-er fa-ces you,
If the clouds of doubt as-sail you Will you look be-yond the blue,

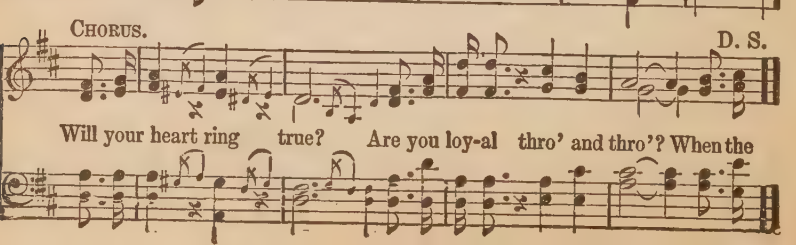


When the clapper strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
D. S.—*clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?*



CHORUS.

D. S.



Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the

No. 317.

Let Us Be Strong.

Jennie B. Hussey.

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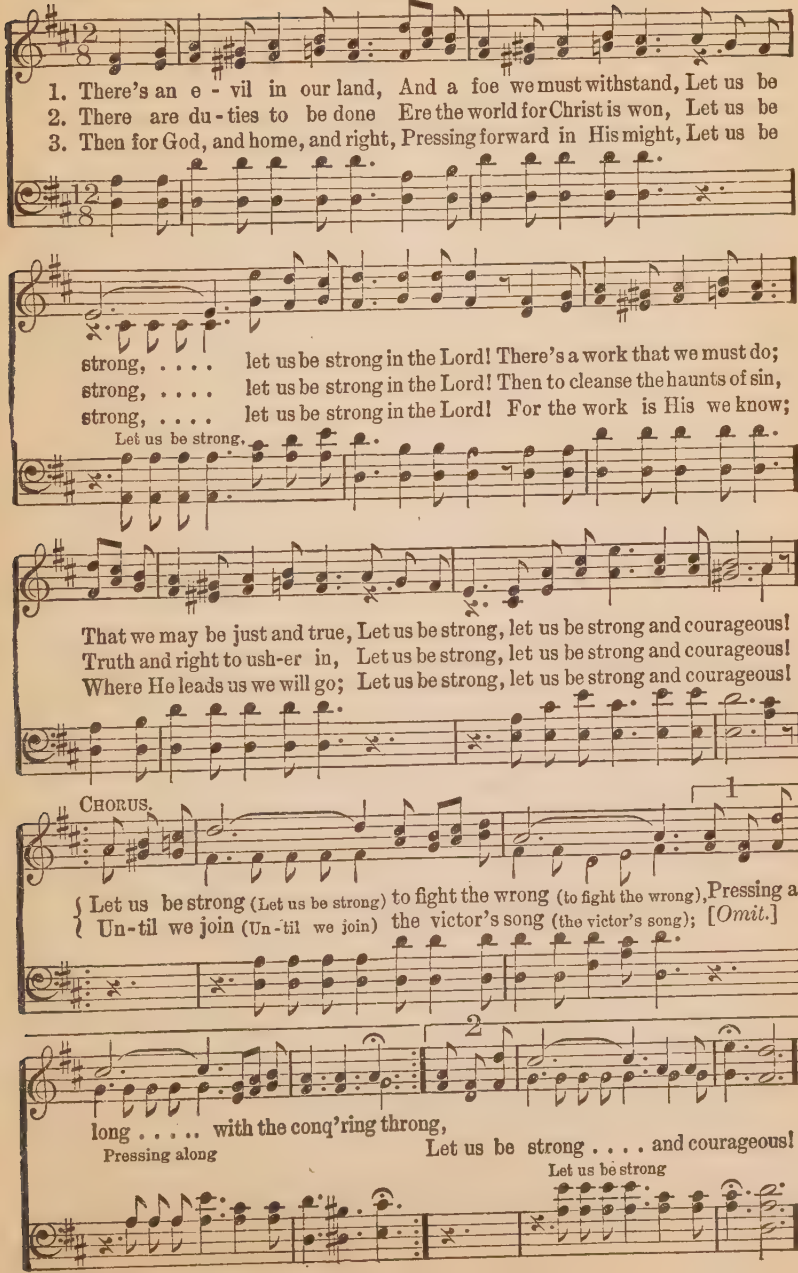
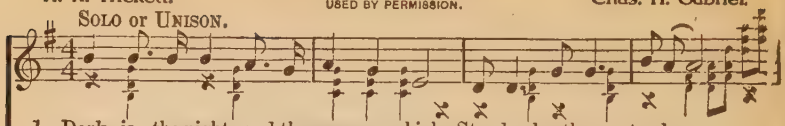
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

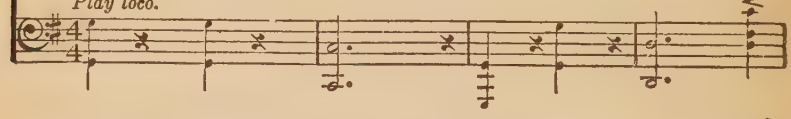
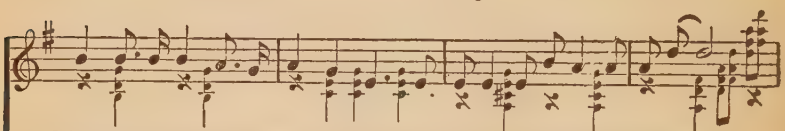

1. There's an e - vil in our land, And a foe we must withstand, Let us be
2. There are du - ties to be done Ere the world for Christ is won, Let us be
3. Then for God, and home, and right, Pressing forward in His might, Let us be
strong, ... let us be strong in the Lord! There's a work that we must do;
strong, ... let us be strong in the Lord! Then to cleanse the haunts of sin,
strong, ... let us be strong in the Lord! For the work is His we know;
Let us be strong,
That we may be just and true, Let us be strong, let us be strong and courageous!
Truth and right to ush-er in, Let us be strong, let us be strong and courageous!
Where He leads us we will go; Let us be strong, let us be strong and courageous!
CHORUS.
1
Let us be strong (Let us be strong) to fight the wrong (to fight the wrong), Pressing a-
Un-til we join (Un-til we join) the victor's song (the victor's song); [Omit.]
2
long .... with the conq'ring throng,
Pressing along
Let us be strong .... and courageous!
Let us be strong

No. 318. Steady, Brothers, Steady.

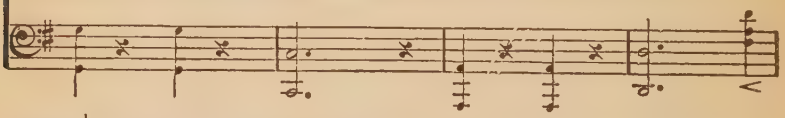
H. R. Trickett. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY FILLMORE BROS. USED BY PERMISSION. Chas. H. Gabriel.

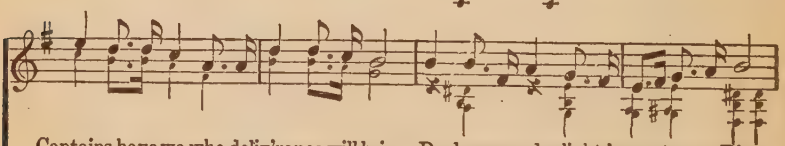
SOLO or UNISON.

1. Dark is the night, and the waves run high, Steady, brothers, stead-y;
2. Swift on the wings of the roar-ing wind, Steady, brothers, stead-y;
3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Steady, brothers, stead-y;

Play loco.

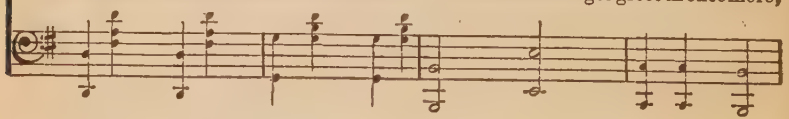


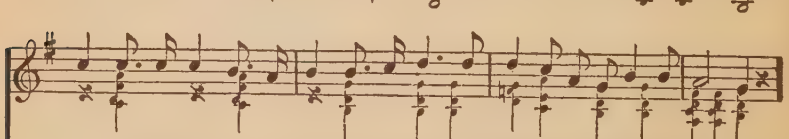
Hid are the stars, and the storm-clouds fly, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.
Fly thro' the night and the day-light find, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.
Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be ready, my brothers, be ready,



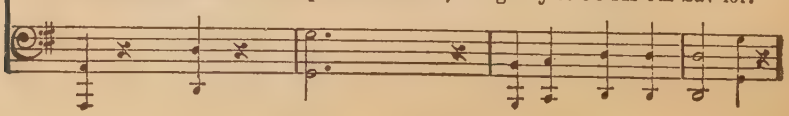


Captains have we who deliv'rance will bring, Darkness or daylight is one to our King,
Day-light shall o-pen her windows of gold, Safe-ty and Par-a-dise we shall behold,
Comrades have we who are safe on the shore—Comrades awaiting to greet us once more,



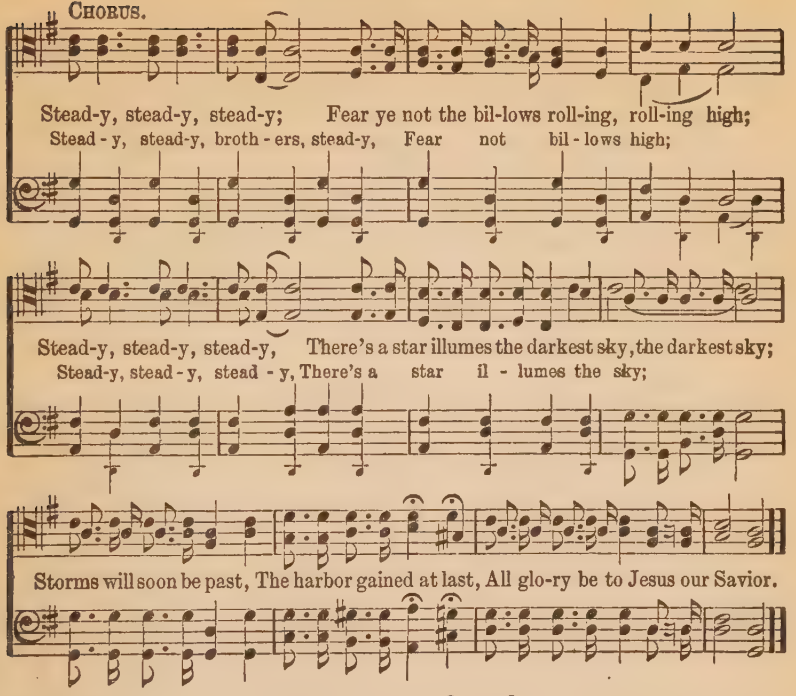


He will de-liv - er, so joy - ful - ly sing, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.
Shout ye for gladness, O hearts, true and bold, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.
Comrades from whom we will part nevermore, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.



Steady, Brothers, Steady.

CHORUS.


Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y; Fear ye not the bil-lows roll-ing, roll-ing high;
Stead - y, stead-y, broth - ers, stead-y, Fear not bil - lows high;
Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y, There's a star illumes the darkest sky, the darkest sky;
Stead-y, stead - y, stead - y, There's a star il - lumes the sky;
Storms will soon be past, The harbor gained at last, All glo-ry be to Jesus our Savior.

No. 319. Our Native Land.

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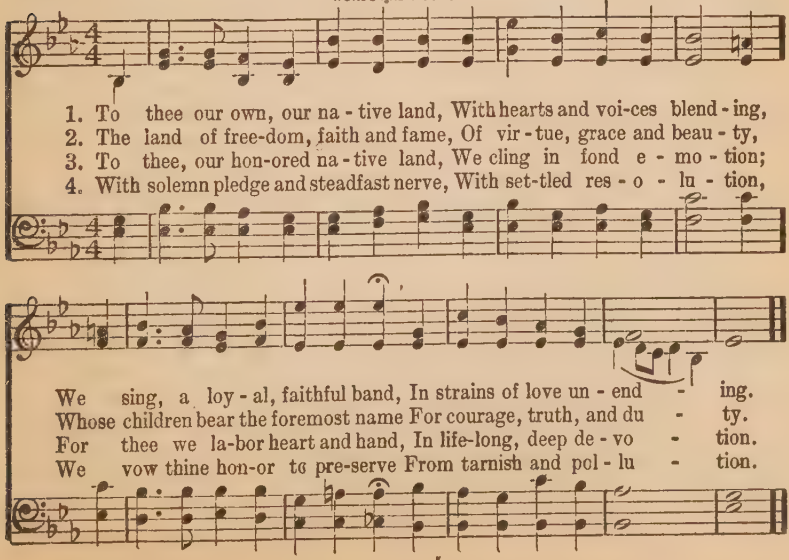
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Arr. E. O. Excell.


1. To thee our own, our na - tive land, With hearts and voi-ces blend - ing,
2. The land of free-dom, faith and fame, Of vir - tue, grace and beau - ty,
3. To thee, our hon-ored na - tive land, We cling in fond e - mo - tion;
4. With solemn pledge and steadfast nerve, With set-tled res - o - lu - tion,
We sing, a loy - al, faithful band, In strains of love un - end - ing.
Whose children bear the foremost name For courage, truth, and du - ty.
For thee we la-bor heart and hand, In life-long, deep de - vo - tion.
We vow thine hon-or to pre-serve From tarnish and pol - lu - tion.

No. 320. Rescue the Perishing.

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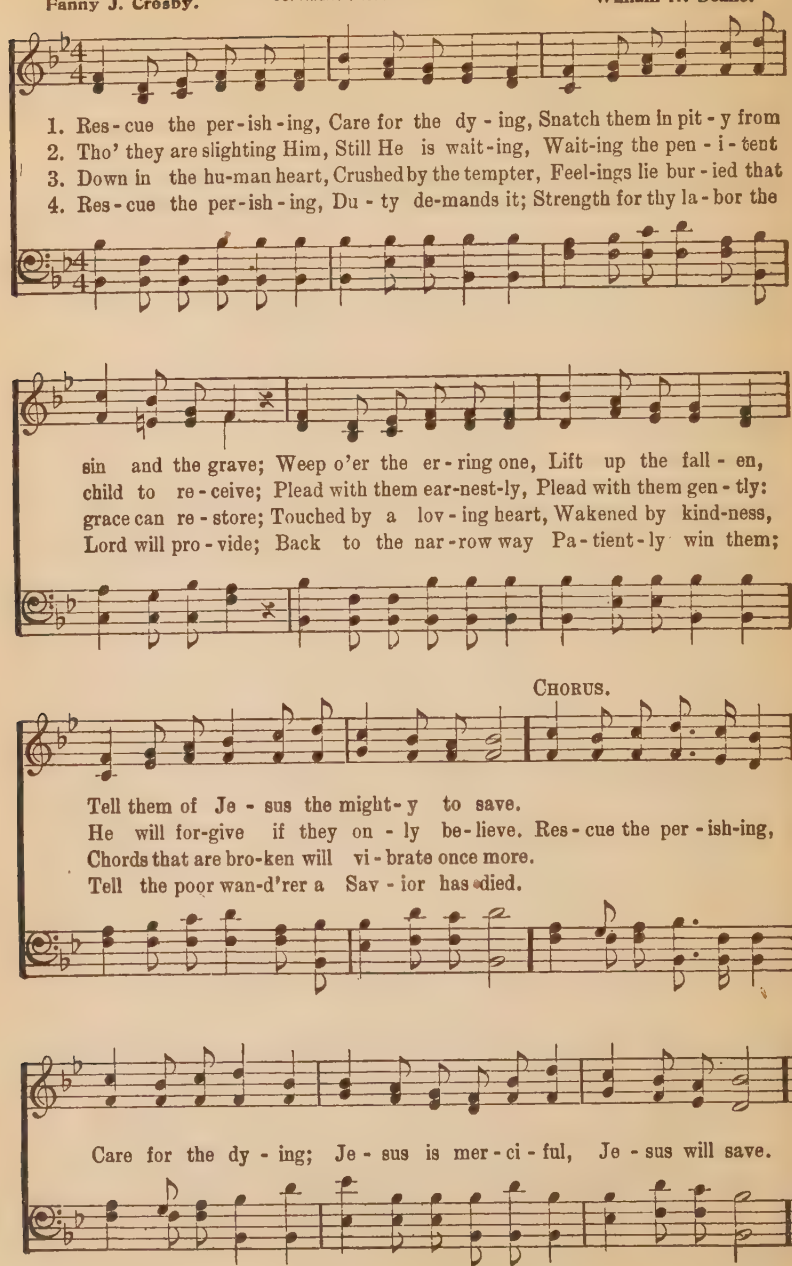

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

No. 321

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God;
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good;
His mercy is everlasting,
And his truth endureth to all generations.

No. 322

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.
As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.
Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

No. 323

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.
Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.
If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the LORD Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.
For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.
For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.
Whosoever believeth on him is not condemned, whosoever believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.
Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me.
Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.
Believe on the LORD Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

No. 324

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.
With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.
Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.
Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.
With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.
I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.
I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.
I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.
O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.
Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me.

No. 325

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?
Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?
Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?
And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:
And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

No. 326

O sing unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the heathen his wonders among all people.
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.
For all the gods of the nations are idols:
But the LORD made the heavens.
Honour and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.
Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth:
The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved:
He shall judge the people righteously.
Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord:
For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

No. 327

Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

No. 328

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the LORD;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another.

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath:

For it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the LORD.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink:

For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

No. 329

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him,

And without him was not anything made that was made.

In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

That was the true light,

Which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He was in the world and the world was made by him,

And the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

But as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God,

Even to them that believe on his name.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us —

And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father —

Full of grace and truth.

And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

For the law was given by Moses,

But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time:

The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

No. 330

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,

Is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

We have thought of thy loving-kindness O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:

Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces;

That ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever:

He will be our guide even unto death.

No. 331

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

No. 332

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

No. 333

And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.

And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him.

But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death.

And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar,

And saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.

And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures,

And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

And ye are witnesses of these things.

No. 334

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulcher.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

No. 335

After these things the LORD appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come.

Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest.

Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.

Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way.

And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

No. 336

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,

And for his wonderful works to the children of men,

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron.

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High;

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 337

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle, of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

No. 338

Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you;

But if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me;

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

No. 339

A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

No. 340

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the LORD and in the power of his might.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

No. 341

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring forever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

No. 342

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.
By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.
For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.
For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.
Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?
If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.
He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.
And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.
He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.
These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.
And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us:
And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.

No. 343

I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.
The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.
Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.
The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.
I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

No. 344

Praise ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.
He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.
Great is our LORD, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.
The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.
Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.
He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.
The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

No. 345

Be not wise in thine own eyes:
Fear the LORD, and depart from evil.
Honor the Lord with thy substance,
And with the first fruits of all thine increase:
So shall thy barns be filled with plenty,
And thy presses shall burst out with new wine.
My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord;
Neither be weary of his correction:
For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.
Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand;
And in her left hand riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.
The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech.
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth.
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

No. 346

If ye love me, keep my commandments.
And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;
Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.
I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.
Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.
At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.
He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

No. 347

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge:
But fools despise wisdom and instruction.
My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother:
For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head,
And chains about thy neck.
My son, forget not my law:
But let thine heart keep my commandments:
For length of days, and long life,
And peace, shall they add to thee,
Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:
Bind them about thy neck;
Write them upon the table of thine heart:
So shalt thou find favor and good understanding
In the sight of God and man.
Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;
And lean not unto thine own understanding.
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.

No. 348

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

No. 349

Honor the LORD with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his proverty might be rich.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the LORD.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

No. 350

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And I saw no temple therein: for the LORD God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun;

For the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Blessed are they that do his commandments,

That they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

No. 351

Attention. Doxology. (School Standing.)
Prayer. (Closing with the LORD'S Prayer.)
LEADER. Serve the LORD with gladness; come before his presence with singing.
SCHOOL. **Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.**
Song. (No. 106. Count Your Blessings.)
Memory Selection. Repeated by the School in Unison—School Standing.) (The Creed, the Commandments, or other supplemental matter, may be substituted.)
Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
Song. (No. 268. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.)
Responsive Reading. (The Lesson for the day, or other supplemental matter may be substituted.)
L. I will bless the LORD at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.
S. **My soul shall make her boast in the LORD: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.**
O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.
I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.
The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.
O taste and see that the LORD is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.
The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of the LORD is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.
Song. (No. 261. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.)
Call to Study.
LEADER. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.
SCHOOL. **Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes.**
ALL. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

No. 352 CLOSING

Reports and Announcements.
Closing Song. (No. 158. God Will Take Care of You.)
Brief Prayer.
Consecration. (To be repeated by the School.)

Have thine own way, LORD,
Have thine own way!
Thou art the Potter,
I am the clay;
Mould me and make me
After thy will,
While I am waiting,
Yielded and still.

Benediction:
L. The LORD bless thee, and keep thee:
S. **The LORD make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:**
All. The LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

No. 353 CHRISTMAS.

Attention. (School Standing.)

LEADER. O come, let us sing unto the LORD.

SCHOOL. **Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.**

Song. (No. 301. All Hail The Power.)

L. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

S. **For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.**

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this.

Prayer. (Close with the Lord's Prayer.)

Memory Selection. (School Standing)

ALL. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the LORD came upon them, and the glory of the LORD shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the LORD. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Song. (No. 275. While Shepherds Watched.)

Responsive Reading.

L. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

S. **Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.**

L. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

S. **And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.**

L. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

S. **And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.**

L. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

S. **And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.**

L. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

S. **When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.**

Song. (No. 234. Joy to the World.)

Call to Study.

L. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

S. **Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes.**

ALL. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

No. 354 CLOSING

Reports and Announcements.

Song. (274. My Jesus, I Love Thee.)

Brief Prayer.

Consecration. (School to repeat.)

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

Benediction.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

S. **The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:**

ALL. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

No. 355 MISSIONARY

Attention. (School Standing.)

LEADER. Let the people praise thee, O God; Let all the people praise thee.

SCHOOL. **O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.**

Song. (No. 262. Jesus Shall Reign.)

Prayer. (Closing with the LORD'S Prayer.)

Responsive Reading.

L. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

S. **Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.**

L For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

ALL. **And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.**

Song. (Hymn No. 266, From Greenlands Icy Mountains.)

Responsive Reading.

L. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest; behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

S. **But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.**

L. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:
Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

S. **And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.**

L. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the LORD, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

S. **The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.**

L. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

S. **Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.**

Song. (Hymn No. 288, The Morning Light is Breaking).

Call to Study.

L. I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

S. **I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.**

No. 356

CLOSING

Reports and Announcements.

Closing Song. (No. 80. Jesus Saves.)

Brief Prayer.

Consecration. (To be repeated by the whole school.)

My life, my love, I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God who died for me!
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Savior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me.
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me.
My Savior and my God!

Benediction.

L. The LORD bless thee, and keep thee:

S. **The LORD make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:**

ALL. The LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

No. 357

TEMPERANCE

Attention. (School Standing)

Doxology.

LEADER. The LORD is in his holy temple.

SCHOOL. **Let all the earth keep silence before him.**

Prayer. (Close with the LORD's Prayer)

L. Serve the LORD with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

S. **Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.**

Song. (No. 150. The Fight Is On.)

Memory Selection. Repeated by the School in Unison—(School Standing.)

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

Song. (No. 314. The Victory May Depend on You.)

Responsive Reading.

L. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

S. **They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.**

ALL. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

L. Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

S. **For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.**

ALL. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

L. None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

S. **Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.**

L. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

S. **He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.**

L. Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

S. **For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.**

Song. (No. 20. As a Volunteer.)

Call to Study.

L. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

S. **Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.**

ALL. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

No. 358 CLOSING

Reports and Announcements.

Closing Song. (No. 18. Help Somebody Today.)

Brief Prayer.

Consecration. (To be repeated by the whole school.)

Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea!
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal
Chart and compass come from thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

Benediction.

L. The LORD bless thee, and keep thee:

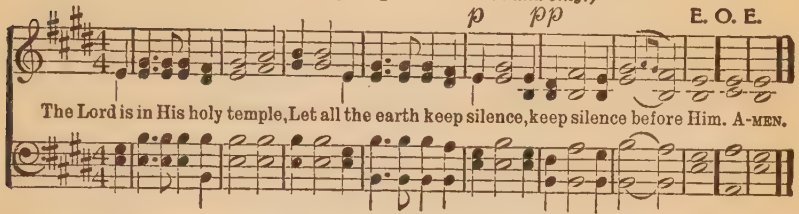
S. **The LORD make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:**

L. The LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace

ORDERS OF SERVICE

No. 359 His Holy Temple.

(At the sound of the piano all stand and sing.)



All repeat: (With bowed heads and closed eyes.)

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

Silent Prayer.

All repeat: (With bowed heads and closed eyes.)

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Leader—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Response—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love Thee.

L.—Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.

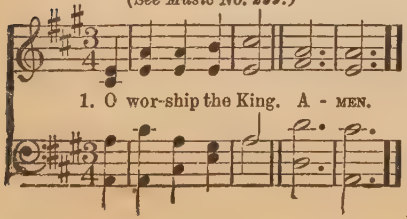
R.—Serve the Lord with gladness and come before His presence with singing.

L.—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.

All sing:

O Worship the King.

(See Music No. 259.)



1 O worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. Amen.

All repeat:

The Apostles' Greed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth;

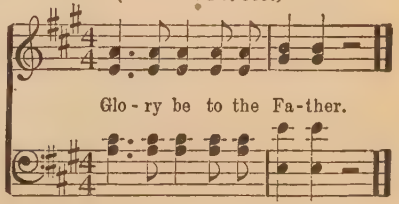
And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into Heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

All sing:

Gloria Patri.

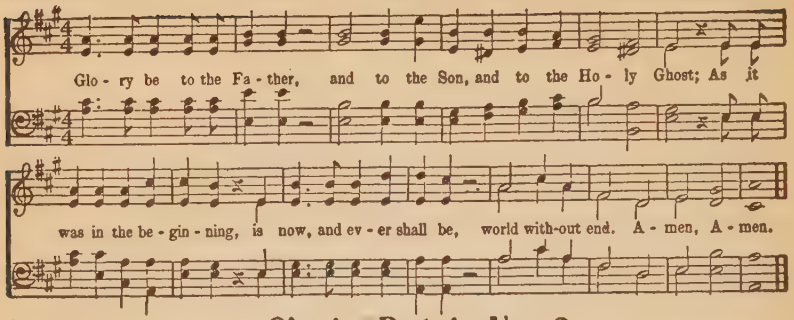
(See Music No. 360.)



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

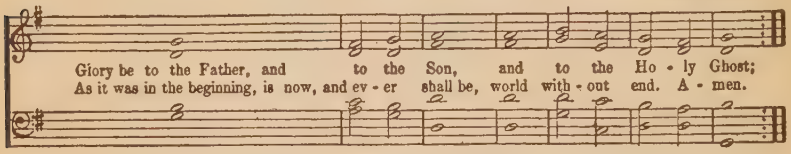
No. 360. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 361. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

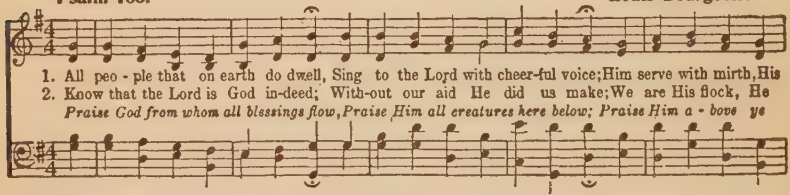
Gregorian.

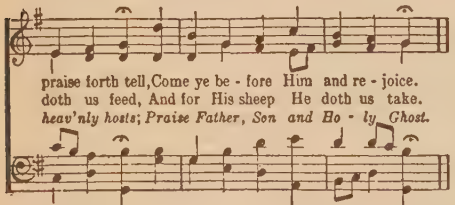

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 362. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye


praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

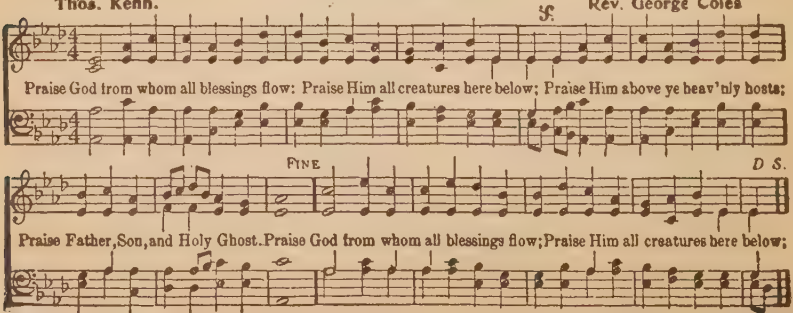
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 363. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles


Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
FINE
D. S.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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